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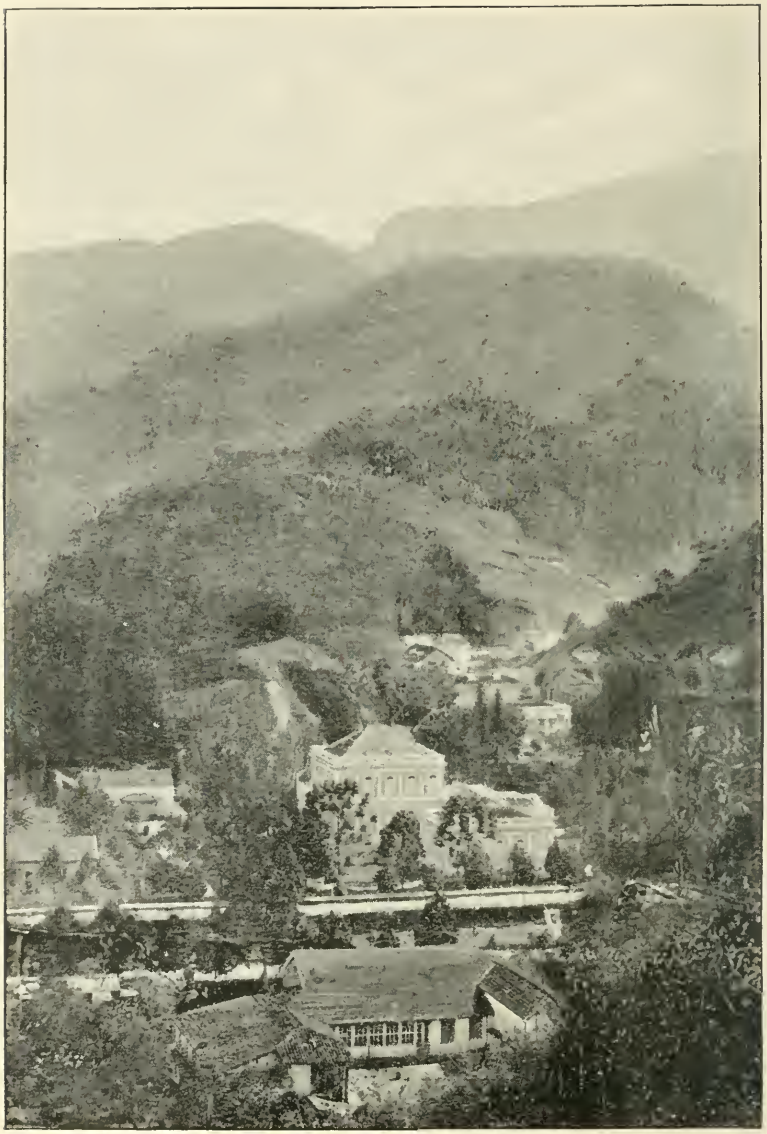

PRINCESS'S PALACE, PETROPOLIS

TROPICAL AMERICA

BY

ISAAC N. FORD

ILLUSTRATED

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1893

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TO DONALD NICHOLSON

My Dear Sir:

I wish to connect this volume with your name, not merely because the journeys in Tropical America of which it bears record were undertaken with your encouragement and co-operation, but also because twenty years of intimate acquaintance during working hours have unerringly revealed the strong fibre of your character and the graces of your friendship. It is a pleasure to make public acknowledgment of the fine qualities of heart and mind which all your associates have recognized. Permit me, my dear sir, to remain, with high personal regard, most faithfully yours,

ISAAC N. FORD

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PREFACE

In making the circuit of Tropical America described in these pages I was received with uniform kindness by the representatives of the United States Government in nearly all the capitals and ports which I visited. It is at once a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge their hospitality and aid, while it would be manifestly improper to hold them responsible in any degree for the opinions expressed in this volume. By introducing me to well-informed men and by many other courtesies they greatly facilitated my investigation of political and commercial conditions. I may at least express gratefully my pressing obligations to Consul Baker, of Buenos Ayres; to the American Ministers in Lima, Carácas, and Mexico; to Consul-General Adamson in Panama; and to Consul-General Williams in Havana. I have also to thank Mr. Charles R. Flint and Mr. Irving King of New York for their courtesy in providing photographs for four of the illustrations.

Returning to Cuba while this volume is in press, I find overwhelming evidence of the successful operation of the policy of commercial union with the United States and of the development of annexation sentiment. I am well pleased, however, to leave the chapter on "The Last Spanish Stronghold" as it was written. If it be a more conservative view of the Cuban question than the facts now seem to justify, I shall not be ex-

posed to criticism for exaggerating the importance of the annexation movement.

I have sought to exercise sobriety of judgment in commenting upon recent revolutionary movements in Brazil, the Plate countries, and Chili, and also in describing the travesties on republican government enacted in Colombia and Venezuela. Administrative corruption and military usurpation are the vices of Spanish-American civilization; but it has also great virtues — notably flexibility in dealing with inferior races, a genuine love of country, and energy in the development of industrial resources. There is vastly more to admire than there is to censure in the Southern half of our Continent.

I. N. F.

Havana, December 7, 1892.

CONTENTS

I. A Voyage to Rio

PAGE

Short Notice for a Long Journey — A Cargo of Jonahs — St. Thomas as a Naval Station — Lights and Shadows of West Indian History — Glimpses of Martinique and Barbadoes — Brazilian Coast Towns — Evolution of Native Costumes — Characteristics of Rio de Janeiro 1

II. Rio's Three Glorious Days

Mutiny of the Battalions — General Deodoro's Bravado — The Republic proclaimed — The Emperor's Surrender — An Orleans Bargain — General Causes of Disaffection with the Empire — The Revolution a Lottery 26

III. Petropolis without an Emperor

Journey to the Brazilian Catskills — Christmas in a Lovely Valley — A Palace Closed and Sealed — A Shabby-Genteel Court — Departure of the Imperial Exiles — Clericalism at Court — The Empress's Death 44

IV. A New Era in Brazil

American Precedents followed — An Enlightened Scheme of Constitutional Law — Deodoro's Dictatorship and Downfall — Disestablishment of the Church — Home Rule — Financial Disorders — A Struggle from Darkness to Light 58

V. Entrance of the Plate

How a Commercial Empire has been Won — Humble Pie for an American — European Maritime Enterprise — Montevideo and its Suburbs — Night Passage to Buenos Ayres 74

VI. Across the Argentine

PAGE

New Harbor of Buenos Ayres — Chicago Latitude South — La Plata and its Port — Rapid Progress of Rosario — Agricultural Colonies — Mediæval Cordova — Over the Pampas to Mendoza — The Argentine's Best Investment — An Orgy of Currency Inflation and Speculation — Political Cabals and Jobbery — The Revolution of July, 1890 — Future of the Argentine 87

VII. The Heart of the Andes

A Picturesque but Mendacious Guide — Mule Ride through Uspallata — An Attack of Sorroche — First Glimpse of the Highest Cordilleras — Ascent of the Cumbre — Adventures with a Drunken Guide 125

VIII. Chili and its Civil War

Signs of Patriotism and Thrift — A Homogeneous Population — Santiago and Valparaiso — Development of European Trade — The Constitutional Conflict — The Civil War — Downfall of Balmaceda 143

IX. The Rainless Coast

A Stupendous Natural Phenomenon — The Chilian Seaboard — Antofagasta and Iquique — Nitrate Beds — The Flag at Arica — The Peruvian Coast — Repudiation of Paper Money — Down the Andes in a Hand-Car — Mr. Meigg's Engineering Feats — An Irrational National Policy — A Master-Stroke of Finance and Diplomacy 165

X. Lima in Carnival Week

A Saturnalia of Practical Joking — Beauty of the Women — A Shabby but Delightful City — Past and Present in the Rimac Valley — Miraflores and Chorillos 194

XI. Guayaquil and the Isthmus

Voyage from Callao to Panama — Ecuador's Busy Port — The Isthmus Capital — Water after Cognac and Champagne — Conflicting views of the French Canal — Extension of the Concessions — Probable Action of the Colombian Government 209

XII. Cartagena and Carácas

PAGE

The Chief Fortress of the Spanish Main — Home of President Nuñez — The Colombian Travesty of Republican Government — Venezuelan Coast Towns — American Commercial Enterprise — Birthplace of Bolivar — Revolt against Guzman Blanco — A Presidential Inauguration at Carácas 224

XIII. Jamaica and the Bahamas

Port Royal as a Naval Station — Kingston and Rural Jamaica — The West-Indian Exhibition — A Canadian Flirtation with Poor Relations — Reciprocity with American Commercial Dependencies — A Working Governor — Bahama Hemp and Cane Sugar — Industrial Condition of the British West Indies — San Salvador 242

XIV. The Last Spanish Stronghold

Along the Cuban Coast — Expedients for Harassing American Shipping — Vanity Fair in Cienfuegos — Aspects of the Cuban Capital — Signs of Exhaustion in Matanzas — American Opportunities and Responsibilities — The Last Market for Cane Sugar — Unreciprocal Protection Ruinous to Cuba — Havana Helpless but Washington Powerful — Annexation and Commercial Union 260

XV. A Circuit of Mexican Towns

Ruined Races and Prosperous Industries of Yucatan — New Harbor Works at Tampico — Vera Cruz in White Cerements — Old-Time Scenes in Orizaba — Puebla and Cholula — The most Prosaic Capital of Spanish America — Toluca and Morelia — Lake Patzcuaro and Tzintzúntzan — An Indian Art-Idol in a Ruined Church — Contrast between Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosí — Monterey in a Transition Stage 291

XVI. Future of Mexico.

The Agricultural Industries — The Cactus Procession — Conservatism and Labor — Blunders of American Diplomacy and Tariff-Making — Commercial Union between Silver-Producing Countries — Signs of Progress — A New Order of Intellectual Independence 323

XVII. The Mosquito Reservation

PAGE

A Region of Anomalies — Moravian Missions in Bluefields — The Mosquito Crown Captured by a Yankee —Negro Rule and Nicaraguan Ambition — Voyage with a Carib Pilot — The Coral Cays and Monkey Point — A Dead Calm in the Caribbean — A Diet of Young Cocoanuts 341

XVIII. Up the San Juan

Contrast between Panama and Greytown — The Nicaragua Canal — Passage of the Colorado Bar — The Central American Forest — The Rival Interoceanic Waterways — Lake Nicaragua — Walker's Exploits — American Control over an Interoceanic Canal 358

XIX. Glimpses of Central America

Cities and Scenery of the Western Plateau — Passion-Plays and Religious Processions — Progress of Costa Rica — Faction Feuds and Standing Armies — The Barrundia Affair — Federation and Railway Construction 376

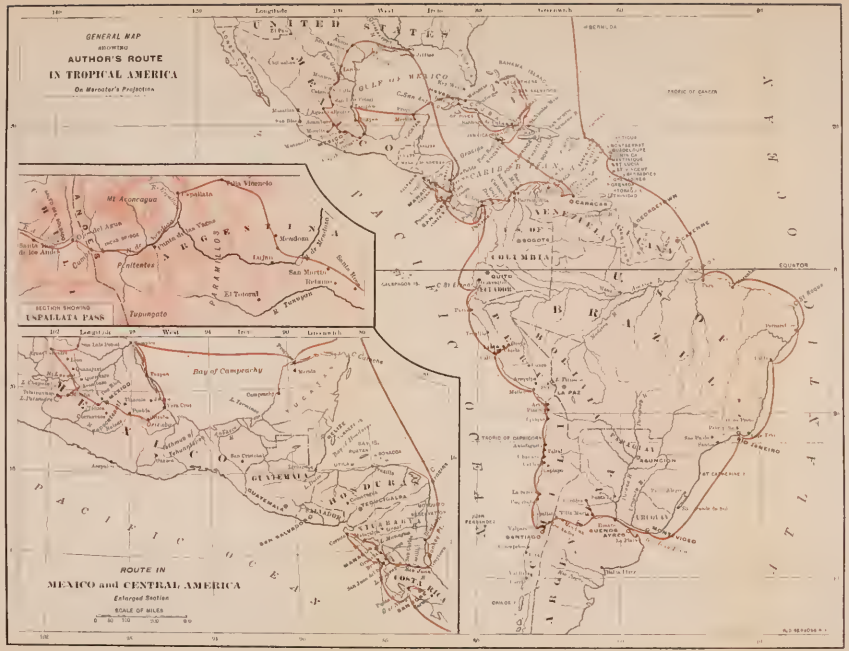
XX. Our Continent

European Commercial Dependencies — The Monroe Doctrine Unintelligible to Southern Races — The Pan-American Congress — The Reciprocity Policy — The Three Americas' Railway — Interoceanic Canals — American Trade Dependent upon the Reproduction of European Enterprise 390

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PRINCESS'S PALACE, PETROPOLIS	*Frontispiece*
	Fronting page
AUTHOR'S ITINERARY	1
MARKET SCENE, DANISH WEST INDIES	6
PERNAMBUCO	16
BAHIA	32
A BRAZILIAN PORT	60
PLAZA CAGANCHA, MONTEVIDEO	82
STREET IN BUENOS AYRES	90
CATHEDRAL AND CABILDO, CORDOVA	104
ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO	154
NEW VERRUGAS BRIDGE	184
CATHEDRAL, LIMA	198
CARÁCAS, FROM PUBLIC GARDENS	234
STREET SCENE IN BARBADOES	246
PLAZA IN CIENFUEGOS	266
MORELIA	310
MOUTH OF THE CHAGRES	392

TROPICAL AMERICA


GENERAL MAP
SHOWING
AUTHOR'S ROUTE
IN TROPICAL AMERICA
On Mercator's Projection
SECTION SHOWING
USPALLATA PASS
ROUTE IN
MEXICO and CENTRAL AMERICA
Enlarged Section
SCALE OF MILES
UNITED STATES
GULF OF MEXICO
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Bay of Campeachy
Mt Aconcagua
Uspallata
Villa Vicencio
Mendoza
Punta de las Vacas
Puente del Inca
Portillo
Tupungato
Tunja
San Martin
Bebedero
El Totoral
Tupungato
Santa Rosa de los Andes
Cumbre
Mt Aconcagua
ARGENTINA
CHILI
ANDES
PARAMILLOS
Longitude
West
Greenwich
TROPIC OF CANCER
EQUATOR
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
BERMUDA
JAMAICA
HAYTI
CUBA
CARACAS
BOGOTA
COLUMBIA
QUITO
ECUADOR
GALAPAGOS IS.
LIMA
LA PAZ
BRAZIL
RIO JANEIRO
ASUNCION
PARAGUAY
URUGUAY
MONTEVIDEO
BUENOS AYRES
SANTIAGO
VALPARAISO
JUAN FERNANDEZ
ORINOCO
MEXICO
GUATEMALA
HONDURAS
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA
SAN SALVADOR
SAN JOSE
PANAMA
ALL RESERVED

TROPICAL AMERICA

I

A VOYAGE TO RIO

SHORT NOTICE FOR A LONG JOURNEY — A CARGO OF JONAHS — ST. THOMAS AS A NAVAL STATION — LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF WEST INDIAN HISTORY — GLIMPSES OF MARTINIQUE AND BARBADOES — BRAZILIAN COAST TOWNS — EVOLUTION OF NATIVE COSTUMES — CHARACTERISTICS OF RIO DE JANEIRO

For a journey around Tropical America I received the short notice of forty-eight hours. The summons came as the sequel to the lucky twirl of a penny. The revolution in Brazil had occurred on the 15th of November, 1889, but for three days the press despatches had been meagre and unintelligible. One afternoon, as I was sitting at the reading-table of one of the pleasantest editorial rooms in New York, an associate exclaimed, "Somebody ought to go to Brazil by the first steamer!" The prospect of a long voyage in the tropics opened an attractive vista before eyes that were weary of looking at the four walls of the same room after twenty years of office routine. "I am ready," was my quick response, "unless you wish to go. Or shall we flip a penny for it?" Laughingly we agreed that the winner was to sail for Rio de Janeiro, while

the loser was to present the case to the editor and obtain leave of absence and an adequate letter of credit. The penny came to me. The loser was as good as his word in arranging the details, but serious argument was not required; for without our knowledge the editor had already decided to send a correspondent and had ascertained that a steamer was to sail for Brazil on the 20th. The lucky penny removed a generous competitor and enabled me to spend nine months in Tropical America. The commission was enlarged so as to include a journey over the Andes from the Plate and a voyage along the west coast to Peru and Ecuador, and thence by the Isthmus to Caracas; and another winter found me again in the West Indies on the way to Mexico and Central America.

Worse fortune can befall a traveller than to start on a circuit of Tropical America without a longer warning than forty-eight hours. Panic-mongers will not have time to alarm him with forecasts of pestilence and imprisonment in quarantine. He will not study routes, nor make elaborate plans, but will be content to drift with the languid courses of travel in Mañana lands where Yankee energy is only weariness to the flesh. He will set out with a light equipment and not have leisure for collecting a travelling library. Nine months in Tropical America have convinced me that my greatest stroke of luck, after the turn of the penny, was the short notice for the journey. I started without useless baggage, and being dependent wholly upon my own observations was under no obligation to verify the impressions of book-writers. Foreign countries and races were my only books, and I had at least an American pair of eyes with which to read them. In order to

derive the largest benefit from such a journey one must leave behind him prejudices and theories, and be prepared to see things as they are, without seeking to adjust new facts to preconceived notions, nor to assimilate the opinions of old-time travellers. Every nation has characteristic traits and institutions, and the highest value of travel consists in the perception of their significance. Every race has elements of genius in its civilization and there is something in its experience which can be made helpful to nations differing from it in creed or in breed. If one wishes not only to increase his stock of facts, but also to learn their real meaning, he must not be encumbered, when he travels, with theories, his own or other men's. Otherwise he cannot become a free conduit for communicating the freshest intelligence and the best influences of other countries to his own. If he begins by taking Dr. Johnson's advice and divesting his mind of cant, he will be a more tolerant critic of men, institutions, and alien forms of civilization.

The steamer *Advance*, after leaving New York, ran into Newport News to coal for the long voyage and to receive its full complement of passengers. There were twenty refugees from a northern winter taking passage for Barbadoes; there was a group of Brazilians bound for Rio de Janeiro, one of them an ardent Republican; there was an American dentist with a drove of Kentucky horses consigned to the Argentine; there was an agent of an electric plant company, planning an extended business tour in the Plate countries and in Brazil; there were two American families fidgeting a month in advance over the possibilities of quarantine at Montevideo; there was an ardent young Spaniard from

La Plata, doomed to fall desperately in love with the prettiest of the American girls booked for the Windward Islands; and there was a large company of Presbyterian missionaries, including the moderator of the Brazilian Synod, several young ministers, with Portuguese to cram on the voyage, and two charming and intelligent ladies, teachers in the Protestant schools of São Paulo. A long cruise was before us, and the resources of a shipload of passengers gave promise of varied entertainment and relief from weariness of the sea.

"Too many Jonahs!" was an exclamation frequently heard on the ship during the next month of constant detention and laborious progress. At the outset arose an unexpected complication, for which the presence of so large a missionary force could not be held accountable even by the most superstitious sailor. A few hours before the steamer was to sail the sharp report of a pistol-shot was heard between decks with sounds of scuffling and scurrying and angry cries of "Murder!" and "Arrest him!" One of the assistant engineers had fired upon the chief cook, but happily without effect. The steward and his force demanded the immediate discharge of the assailant, but the chief engineer pleaded with the captain for his retention and was allowed to have his way. While this parley was proceeding, the firemen took counsel together and concluded that it would be dangerous for them to work under the supervision of an intemperate and passionate officer. They went to their bunks, packed their kits and marched in single file down the gangway-plank, deserting the ship. While negotiations were pending for securing their return to duty the assistant engineer made a second

assault upon one of the steward's men. The cooks and cabin-boys at once revolted, and there was a menace of a second series of desertions from the steward's department. The captain forestalled a mutiny in cabin and scullery by discharging the turbulent engineer. A raw force of untrained coal-heavers was hired, and late in the evening the ship cast off from the wharf and headed for the open sea. A Jonah on land was without reproach among the marines; but when the voyage was fairly begun the poor missionaries were chaffed unmercifully, and threatened with immersion in the sea whenever currents were adverse, or the machinery was out of gear, or the ship ran aground on a sand-bar or caught the ebb of the tide in entering port.

The run to St. Thomas was made in six days through waters of luminous blue steadily deepening in tone and under a sky in which white clouds were constantly quickening their flight on the wings of the trade winds. After the Gulf Stream was crossed a lonely reach of the sea was entered where there were no birds in the air and where the sun-baths of porpoises and the pantomime of flying-fish ceased. Dr. Lane, who had a talent for coining striking expressions, described it as one of the deserts of the ocean. A very bright and genial companion was this Presbyterian missionary. For twenty years he had been in Brazil preaching in mission chapels and on street corners, printing Protestant tracts and organizing large and successful schools. A keen controversialist, he had a rich vein of Irish humor. I do not know how successful he was in translating his jokes into Portuguese, but the merry twinkle in his eyes must have informed his Protestant converts that the solemn earnestness of the missionary was overlaid with genial pleasantry.

St. Thomas has one of the most picturesque harbors to be entered in the West Indies. At daybreak we drew near the high cliffs at the entrance and caught an entrancing glimpse of the town built on three hillsides with a background of mountains and here and there a miniature castle of the days of the buccaneers. The whitewashed walls of the shops and houses surmounted with red-tiled roofs were relieved by the green slopes of the hills with their rocky and barren crests. As it is approached from the harbor light St. Thomas is a silhouette of singular beauty; but like nearly all West Indian towns it has the self-conscious air of having seen better days and of suffering from the decline of trade. The firing of the steamer's gun brought a swarm of negroes in small boats from the shore, and the familiar cries and antics of divers in search of pennies were speedily repeated for the benefit of the passengers. A young German from Zanzibar accompanied me to a great barrack of a hotel, where we had a genuine West Indian breakfast before starting out to make a round of calls on the consuls and to see the governor's residence, the shops, and the sights of the town. At every turn we met fellow-passengers enjoying heartily the pleasure of a day on shore after a week at sea.

What interested me most in St. Thomas was the harbor. It is capacious, fairly deep, and completely land-locked, except at the narrow entrance. As a naval station for the United States it would be markedly superior to either Samana Bay or Mole San Nicolas in the island of San Domingo. Those harbors are entered with difficulty, and are incapable of impregnable defence. St. Thomas, with its circular basin, commanded by abrupt hillsides, and with its lofty headlands guard-

MARKET SCENE, DANISH WEST INDIES

ing the entrance, could be converted into another Malta. It is not strange that Secretary Seward, when he visited the island, while recovering from the wounds of an assassin's knife, was greatly impressed with the advantages of the harbor. In view of recent negotiations for the acquisition of inferior coaling-stations in an island rent with civil war, where the United States government would be compelled to intervene constantly in political affairs, it is most unfortunate that his sagacious scheme was never carried out. President Lincoln favored the project toward the close of his first administration, because the inhospitality of British ports to Union cruisers and the enforcement of the twenty-four-hours' rule against them were a source of embarrassment in naval operations. If a coaling-station was urgently needed then for the avoidance of the restrictions of neutral ports, it will be required in any future war in which the United States may engage. St. Thomas, by virtue of its central position among the European possessions in America, and its strategic relations with the Isthmus and Nicaragua Canal routes, and the courses of trade with Brazil, would be an ideal coaling-station. The island is worth intrinsically less than it was when Secretary Seward visited it. Its commercial importance has declined since the Royal Mail steamers made Barbadoes the centre of trade and mail communications in the Lesser Antilles. The island itself, like St. John, is unproductive, but Santa Cruz has a well-organized sugar industry capable of profitable development. There was a transitory revival of the fortunes of St. Thomas during the American Civil War, but the Danes were willing to sell the island to Secretary Seward, and would probably take less for it now than they asked for it then.

The Swedes relinquished St. Bartholomew to the French in 1878. The Dutch would not stand upon the price if there were a purchaser bargaining for St. Eustatius and Saba.

From St. Thomas the course of the *Advance* lay nearly southeast to Martinique. Beginning with the swarm of the Virgin Islands, where the lovely legend of Ursula and her legion of attendants is brought to mind, the traveller in the Lesser Antilles repeats a litany to the saints as he sails. The Spanish system of nomenclature was simple. When islands were discovered in the early voyages, the calendar was piously consulted, and the names were taken from the saints' days. The Spanish navigators were satisfied with naming these beautiful islands. With the exception of Trinidad, they made no attempt to colonize them. For a century after the voyages of Columbus the four large islands of the West Indian archipelago were tenanted by gold-hunters and adventurers from Spain, but the crescent of gray pearls and dazzling emeralds from Porto Rico to the Orinoco was allowed to lie neglected and despised in the lap of the Caribbean. Another century passed, and the fleets of maritime Europe were battling for them in four great wars as the most precious jewels of the French, English, and Spanish crowns. A hundred years of peace have followed a hundred years of war, and the Lesser Antilles to-day are virtually abandoned to hives of blacks. Islands of enchanting loveliness, rising out of the bluest of seas, and floating like a mirage of fairyland in the golden vistas of the tropics, how unconscious they seem of the strange mutations and sharp contrasts of their fortunes! Whether they have been highly prized or neglected, nature's

dower of beauty has been always fresh, radiant in the lights, and undimmed by the shadows, of West Indian history.

The Virgin Islands, with the exception of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz, are low-lying reefs in an arid belt where there is a slight rainfall. With St. Kitt's begins the procession of highland islands, with blue peaks hooded by clouds and well-watered slopes on which sugarcane is cultivated to the ribbon of white beach at the water's edge. Then follow the gray cone of Nevis; the level meadows of Antigua, with St. John's, the capital, embowered in pineapple groves and sugar plantations; Montserrat, with its stately mountains; Guadeloupe, with its rugged coast, its lofty volcano, and its quaint French town, Pointe-à-Pitre; Dominica, with a grandeur of scenery unrivalled in the West Indies; and Martinique at the end of the Leeward group, with the Windward Islands, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, the Grenadines, and Grenada to the south, and Barbadoes to the east on the outer rim of the archipelago. Among these islands St. Kitt's was the common centre of English and French colonization, the two rivals beginning their career of maritime emulation and naval conflict by settling side by side. Thence the French passed rapidly to Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, and the Windward Islands, while the English occupied Barbadoes, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, Anguilla, Barbuda, and the Bahamas. Cromwell's raid upon Jamaica opened a new base for English colonization just as the occupation of Hayti enlarged the field of French enterprise. During the wars of the Spanish Succession and of Pitt and Napoleon the principal islands were taken and recaptured many times. Dominica, St. Vincent, and Grenada fell

to England after the conquest of Canada; all the islands except Barbadoes and St. Lucia were regained by France after Yorktown; Rodney's genius restored the West Indian Empire to England in the sea-fight between Dominica and Guadeloupe; Trinidad was wrested from Spain in 1797, and St. Lucia, Tobago, and British Guiana from France and her forced allies in 1803.

The Spanish navigators were strictly logical in their classification of the West Indies according to exposure to the prevailing trade wind. The entire group of the Lesser Antilles, from St. Thomas to Trinidad, was known in their records of discovery as the Windward Islands, while the four largest Antilles, Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, were named the Leeward Islands. The present classification is artificial, having been ordered for administrative purposes. The Leeward is the northerly group stretching from the Virgin Islands to Dominica. The three islands of St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada, with the tiny Grenadines, are officially known as the Windward group. Barbadoes, which lies most to the windward, is excluded from the second group because it has a governor of its own and is entirely distinct in its administrative system. Tobago, being united with Trinidad in colonial government, is also separated from its windward neighbors. The largest town is St. John's, Antigua, the seat of government of the Leeward group. The best harbor is Castries Bay in St. Lucia, which the British government has strongly fortified and converted into a naval and military station. The administrative systems of the two groups are similar, and each colonial governor has the despairing task of controlling a horde of ignorant blacks with the support of a few hundreds of whites.

Poor gray islands that have witnessed centuries of warfare, how has their lustre been tarnished in the sight of Europe! No longer precious jewels of a foreign crown, they are now black pearls of the same water as Hayti.

In marked contrast with the decadence of Dominica are the French islands, Guadeloupe and Martinique. The first is superior to the other two in natural resources, but under British rule nothing has been made of it. There is only a handful of whites in Dominica among a degraded swarm of blacks. Roseau is one of the most forlorn of West Indian towns, utterly without promise of industrial revival. The French islands are not only more densely populated than Dominica, but their industries are diversified; sugar-planting is economically managed, commerce is not declining, and the best creole race to be found in the West Indies is contented and loyal to the mother country. Guadeloupe and Martinique are represented in the French Assembly and have all the privileges of responsible home rule. France has protected their interests at high cost to its own treasury. It has opened its markets to their produce, promoted their industries by bounties, and continued to this day to take nearly all they have to export. They have not been cast off by an unnatural mother, but have been cherished as the only remaining children of a colonial family once large and powerful.

No traveller can visit Martinique without being impressed with a conviction that Rodney's splendid sea-fight, by which Dominica and other islands were wrested from the French, was a grave misfortune to the Lesser Antilles. If the islands, which were settled by the French, had not been regained by England, there would have been a larger measure of prosperity to-day in the

Leeward and Windward groups. No scenic picture in Tropical America is more beautiful than the quaint town of St. Pierre with Mt. Pelée behind it. The French settlers who founded the city were good Catholics and respected the memory of their patron saint when they laid its foundations on solid rock at the edge of a semi-circular bay. The houses are built of stone, and, while small and unpretentious, have an aspect of massiveness. A cathedral with two white towers is in the centre, and artistically grouped around it are houses and shops with red tiled roofs and gabled dormers. It is a French city with all the characteristics of the seventeenth century, but it has not been allowed to fall into ruin or to lose its air of antique refinement. The prevailing colors in the house-fronts are yellow and gray, with blue or green in the window shutters, and there is something in the rambling disorder of the crooked and steep lanes that bespeaks an artistic strain in the creole blood. The stone pavements are scrupulously clean; the flights of steps leading upward from the landing-pier open into miniature rues filled with a gaily dressed and pleasure-loving populace; the market is one of the best in the West Indies; palms wave their long plumes in numerous little squares and breathing-nooks; there are water-courses tumbling down the hillside and cooling the heated air, and fountains are seen unexpectedly in the sharp turns of the streets. St. Pierre has no statue of Josephine encircled by palms, like its rival, Fort de France, but it is more picturesque, prosperous, and energetic. The stone foundations of Fort de France have been shattered by earthquake shocks, and the town has been rebuilt with frame houses at the sacrifice of quaint characteristics. The memory of the lovely creole, who

became the wife and empress of the world's greatest soldier does not suffice to compensate for an inferior scenic setting and for signs of decadence. St. Pierre is the most interesting town of the West Indies. Americans have not yet discovered it, but when they do they will convert it into a Riviera more alluring than Nassau or Barbadoes.

From Martinique the *Advance* ran to windward a night and a day, outside the circle of the highland islands, until Barbadoes was reached on a lovely Sunday forenoon. Barbadoes is, after St. Kitt's, the oldest of the British settlements in the West Indies, and every available acre of its limited area has been for generations under thorough cultivation. The white descendants of the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the early colonial period have not abandoned their homes and plantations, but remain in about the same number as in 1800. Relatively their strength has been reduced; for while there were then 15,000 whites to 60,000 blacks, there are now 16,000 whites to 164,000 blacks. This makes the island one of the most densely populated districts of Tropical America, the average being 1084 to the square mile. Smaller than either Dominica or St. Lucia, it has an area of 166 square miles, yet with its population of 180,000, it rivals the companion colony of Trinidad and Tobago, with an area of 1869 square miles.

The two English colonies differ markedly in their history, one having been continuously English in its traditions, while the other was one of the last conquests from Spain in the West Indies. Barbadoes was a well-cultivated garden when Trinidad, of which nothing had been made under Spanish rule, passed

under British rule, to be converted, by the development of its resources, into the most prosperous of the Lesser Antilles. The smaller island had its single industry, cane sugar, but when every acre was planted and enriched with fertilizers the limit of its productiveness was reached. Beyond increasing by improved machinery the percentage of sugar to be squeezed from the cane, it could do nothing to improve its fortunes. With a population already so dense that there was hardly ground to spare for raising yams to keep the negroes alive, there was no chance for securing a superior class of labor from the East Indies. Trinidad, like British Guiana, could increase its population one-third by importing coolies, and could vary its industries by cultivating cacao and fruit as well as sugar, and by exporting asphalt from its famous lake. It was an undeveloped island, and its governors could report material gains in prosperity from year to year. As for Barbadoes, it had nothing to hope for except increased commercial prestige as the main shipping and distributing point of the Lesser Antilles, and enlarged patronage as a winter resort.

Bridgetown is now a bustling town with a population of 25,000, and a British garrison at St. Ann's Castle on the southern edge of Carlisle Bay. A railway line, twenty-four miles in length, runs across the island, and there are fine roads in all the parishes. All the characteristics of the town are markedly English, from the statue of Nelson in a mimic Trafalgar Square to the cathedral in the most densely populated quarter. The whites stand in no apprehension of being ruled by the blacks, for while largely outnumbered they are strong enough to maintain resolutely their ascend-

ency. The governor has the support of a body of white colonists almost fanatical in their loyalty to England; but the island is a commercial dependency of the United States. Its food supplies are derived almost wholly from the only market where its surplus sugar can be sold.

The *Advance* got off at midnight and continued her course to the mouth of the Amazon. It was a six days' run before the yellow shoals of the delta were descried. Among accumulations of sand, drift, and slime, which an equatorial sun clothes with rank verdure, the Amazon squanders resources borrowed from a hundred tributaries; but so vast are its reserves of power, that it preserves its identity for leagues seaward, and forms currents which are felt fifty or a hundred miles from the delta. Other rivers are instantly swallowed up by the sea; but the Amazon continues its triumphant course, a river in the ocean. As the missionaries had been held responsible by the jovial captain for a partial paralysis of the machinery, for the unusual resistance of the ocean currents, and for the quarantine at Barbadoes, so they were also reproached for a final mishap at the mouth of the river. The Indian pilot, misjudging the depth of water, ran the ship aground on one of the shifting bars, and for hours there was a desperate struggle to get her off. The captain's facetious proposal to lighten the ship by discharging the cargo of Jonahs was received good-humoredly by the long-suffering missionaries. As their attention had been called on the previous day to a school of whales spouting near the equator, their minds might well have been filled with foreboding of their fate, if any further accident were to befall the belated *Advance*. Accident there was none, but there was serious detention

at each of the ports off which the ship anchored before its arrival at the Brazilian capital. As the passengers in each instance had a full day ashore, they had no cause for complaint. They had leisure for exploring four characteristic coast towns, — Pará, lying at the gateway of the most wonderful river system of the world, with an equatorial empire behind it where nature seems to conquer man; Maranhão, with moss-grown streets and declining commerce, shrinking from sight in the reaches of an inaccessible lagoon; Pernambuco, with its natural breakwater, a Brazilian Venice encircled by harbor and sea, and pierced by narrow rivers; and Bahia, built like Quebec on high bluffs, with a lower town cluttered in a jumble of disorder along the water's edge.

Each Brazilian coast city seems to have its characteristic colors. Pará is what artistic decorators would describe as a symphony in green; Maranhão is an old bit of washed-out blue; Pernambuco affects a cheap and spongy alabaster in its gray and white; and Bahia is a study of buff and brown. If the architects sought to set the prevailing tone of color in these towns when they fashioned their sombre-hued temples and monasteries, they have been baffled by the love of vivid coloring inherent in the Portuguese blood. It may be that the primal hints for intensity in decorative effects have been received from nature. Nowhere is the ocean of so pronounced a blue as in tropical Brazil. Under no conditions of light or cloud is there the faintest touch of the North Atlantic green. It is literally the matchless dark blue sea of which poets have sung. Over it arches the dome of the tropical sky, frescoed in tones of luminous blue, incomparably richer than the blue of a northern sky. Against this background of vivid blue stand out

PERNAMBUCO

the intense green and flaming scarlet of tropical vegetation. While there are no trees in the South American woods which can be compared in form and symmetry with the oaks, elms, pines, chestnuts, walnuts, and conifers of a northern forest, the foliage has richer and deeper tints in its perennial freshness. The mangoes, with their dark olive leaves, match the bright and gaudy feathers of the palm. The mosses clinging to the cliffs, the tall, luxuriant grasses in shaded ravines, and the rank parasites overspreading with wanton growth the woodland thickets and rocky hillsides, furnish varied shades of green as intense as the blue of sky or ocean. In contrast with the green, but even stronger in color, are the burning scarlet, the royal purple, and the luminous yellow shining out from parterres of flowers in the gardens. Tropical flowers, while less fragrant and having less delicacy of form than the flowers of temperate climes, are more vivid in hue. Nature sets the example of profusion of color in Brazil, and man instinctively follows it in building and decorating the towns. Portuguese tiling can be had in all colors and patterns, and bright, showy paint does not cost more than the dull and quiet shades.

If each coast town has its characteristic colors, so also each has its own costumes for the swarming black population. From the equator to the tropic there is a process of evolution in dress. At Pará and Maranhão the negro children are stark naked. At Pernambuco and Bahia they wear calico dresses. At Pará the men begin with a pair of trunks without hat, shoes, shirt, or coat; at Maranhão they have a loose-fitting shirt flapping over the trousers; at Pernambuco a ragged coat is slipped over the shirt and a torn straw hat covers the

head; and at Bahia, shoes and stockings nearly complete the costume of a negro laborer. The costumes of the women are developed in the same progressive way. In the beginning there is a chemise, or what the ancients would have called a long tunic, with head and feet bare. Farther down the coast a calico skirt and waist is thrown over the chemise, and shoes are worn. At Bahia a light wrap is carelessly worn over calico suits of the gayest colors and patterns, and there is a lavish display of cheap bracelets, brass earrings, and amulets. These are the costumes of the lowest classes of blacks. With education and social equality the dress of the negroes and mulattoes changes until it is hardly distinguishable from that of the Portuguese. The negroes in Bahia are superior to those of the northern coast. The women who hawk fish or pineapples in the streets are marvels of physical development and grace. They are as straight as palms and as lithe as willows, and they walk like Greek goddesses. With purple, pink, or blue waists cut low in the neck, they display arms of the finest modelling, and a development of muscle and sinew and an erect and queenly carriage which must be the envy and despair of Brazilian ladies of the highest rank.

In every town are to be seen the domes and crosses of churches, monasteries, and convents. Many of these structures are empty and virtually closed, the laws against monastic orders having been enforced during the last decade of the Empire. Whenever I found a church open for mass I watched a motley company of kneeling worshippers of every shade of color from a white-faced Portuguese widow with a lace handkerchief wet with tears, to an ebony-black fisherwoman counting her beads under a faded shawl. Crude paintings, coarsely designed

and ill-dressed images, tawdry gilt ornamentation without lines of grace, were combined with a general coldness of architectural effect. The eye was repelled by the shabbiness and bareness of the crumbling churches and attracted by the spacious Portuguese mansions with their gardens aflame with scarlet and crimson flowers. More interesting than the churches and residences were the markets and bird-bazaars. A market is ordinarily to be regarded as the pulse of the town. If it be well served, clean, and orderly, the blood circulation of the community may safely be considered as excellent. Judged by this test, there are few towns in Brazil in which there is sound digestion. The markets are dirty, disorderly, and unattractive. There are scanty displays of meats, since the mass of the population live on jerked beef from the Plate countries. Of fish there is a larger assortment, but vegetables are lacking. In Bahia the oranges are large and delicious, and mangoes and bananas are abundant and cheap. The pineapples are mellow, overrunning with juice and of incomparable flavor.

After a voyage of thirty-two days from New York the most barren ledge of weather-beaten rock would have attractions for eyes weary of the wondrous blue splendors of the tropical seas. The Bay of January with its incomparable beauties inspired under these conditions the liveliest feelings of admiration and enthusiasm when the *Advance* entered it after a quick run from Bahia. Some of my fellow-travellers were disposed to be critical and to discriminate against Rio de Janeiro in favor of Naples and Sydney in the South Seas; but in my intense delight at being relieved from the tedium of a protracted voyage, during which every passenger except Dr. Lane had talked himself out, I was willing when

the ship cast anchor off the city to concede everything which the most fervid Brazilian would claim for that unrivalled harbor. All the day the coast scenery had been preparing me for the grandeur of the bay encompassed with its glorious mountains. At breakfast Cape Frio was in sight thirty miles away. Slowly it loomed up before the eyes, a majestic mountain of rock with its ragged crest 1286 feet above the sea. Behind it there was a stately procession of mountains forming a continuous line of sentries along the coast. For sixty miles from the cape these rock-bound giants exchanged their signals in guarding the entrance to Rio de Janeiro. Then the Sugar Loaf rising 1200 feet abruptly from the sea closed the outward file and opened the grand encampment of the Rio mountains. A companion promontory guarded the entrance to a bay eighty miles in circuit where all the navies of the world might find safe anchorage. The bay was encompassed with mountains on every side. On the left were Corcovado, the Gavea, and Tijuca, with the Organ range in the distance. On the right was an amphitheatre of hills, ranging toward the Serro do Mar. Imagination creates grotesque pictures and resemblances in these granite peaks and overlapping ranges. One generation amuses itself with outlining Lord Hood's nose in the Gavea and Tijuca, while another sees a sleeping giant reclining on his mountain bed. The bay with its towering mountain walls remains for all time a vision of enchanting beauty. Its surface is gemmed with emerald islands and fortifications shining in the moonlight like murky pearls; and where the city sits enthroned among its hills and ravines the white clouds reflect at night a radiant lustre enkindled by its myriad lights.

The Brazilian capital will always be embarrassed by the riches of its natural advantages. How beautiful and picturesque it needs to be in order to be worthy of the companionship of those majestic mountains and those tranquil waters! If it be inferior in loveliness to its harbor and the amphitheatre of granite peaks and verdant hillsides, it is still unique and unrivalled among South American cities. Half-hidden among its hills, it reveals itself with coy modesty to unaccustomed eyes. It is a city of magnificent prospects and constant surprises. Sharply graded streets boldly scale the hillsides or cautiously curve around the bases and lead to concealed suburbs. Castello and Antonio are the natural buttresses of the business section of the city; but Thereza, Gloria, and Larangeiras, behind Nova Cintra, are suburbs that have steadily grown until they are now favorite residence quarters. The shore line is dotted with hamlets and cottages. New vistas of outlying hills and ambitious suburbs are ever coming into view. Churches, convents, and monasteries are constantly looming up in unexpected places. The eye is refreshed with glimpses of lovely gardens, for which rockbound hillsides are a foil; and from every eminence the bay, with its wonderful panoramic effects of islands, fortifications, and shipping, bursts upon the view with endless variety.

Nature has been too lavish in her bounty of beauty for the welfare of Rio de Janeiro. The mountains which encircle it shut out the invigorating sea-breezes, and leave it in the seasons of inclement heat festering with disease and plague-stricken. Nature cannot be held wholly responsible for the unhealthfulness of the city. Human neglect has multiplied the evils of mountain shelter. No other great city has been governed

with less wisdom and prudence than Rio de Janeiro; and its population of less than 400,000 is ravaged every year by yellow fever, small-pox, and heat fever. Fortunately, during the winter of the revolution all fears of yellow fever were dispelled by welcome rains in December, and the death rate was reduced to twelve from that disease during the closing week of the year. From the middle of January to the end of February the plague is ordinarily at its height, but the visitation was averted by favorable weather, and the people were left exposed only to the fever of popular excitement caused by the revolution.

The new Republican government paid three of our passengers the compliment of sending out a special customs boat to take them ashore when the *Advance* arrived. The Minister of Finance, Senhor Barboza, welcomed us to the city by messages of hospitality delivered in high-sounding Portuguese by his brother-in-law, Senhor Vianna Bandeira, and translated into equally sonorous English by W. P. Tisdel, of Washington. By these courtesies I was saved a tedious hour in passing the customs line, and enabled to land at once. Mr. Tisdel was also the bearer of invitations from Mr. Adams, the American minister, whose hospitality I was to enjoy in Petropolis, and he had many thoughtful and helpful suggestions to make on his own account. The *Advance* lay near the anchorage ground of the gunboat to which the imperial family had been taken at midnight in the first stage of their enforced exile. In a short time we were climbing the stairs of the landing-pier where the unhappy monarch last trod on Brazilian soil. In another moment we were passing the shabby palace by the water's edge, and it was not long before

we were gazing at the quartel and the war-offices where the bloodless revolution had occurred. All was peaceful and quiet, albeit the memory of those momentous events was still burning in men's memories. In the early morning the city was preparing for another day of commercial activity, without regard for the misfortunes of dynasties or for the experiments of constitution-makers. The Ouvidor was taking down its shutters and opening its doors for a brisk day of Christmas trade, with no thought of the pangs of imperial exile or of the uncertainties and perplexities of the political morrow. The rains had come, and the progress of yellow fever had been stayed. The temperature was lower, and men would not be falling in the streets before noon from that terrible heat fever which resembles sunstroke. The climate in the capital is so serious a matter as to be uppermost in men's minds. Political revolutions seem trivial beside the contingencies of plague. Yellow Jack is the Emperor of Death, for whose downfall and permanent exile Rio de Janeiro despairingly hopes.

As soon as I had been reassured at the American consulate respecting the sanitary condition of the city, I looked for a comfortable hotel, and found one near the Passeio Publico, a beautiful water-side park, commanding from an elevated terrace fine views of the bay and Sugar Loaf. There I settled myself for several weeks; and since the dinners were excellent and the beds tolerable, I was not tempted to change my quarters. Introductions and invitations followed, and I soon had a delightful circle of acquaintances, and felt at home in the Brazilian capital. It is a city where one can live in comfort and even luxury for nine months in

the year, and during the heated term, when pestilence is to be dreaded, there are suburbs close at hand where the timorous traveller can find a safe refuge. There are good theatres, excellent restaurants with French cooking and wines, and innumerable excursions and interesting sights. The old town lies on a level plain between two ranges of hills. The streets are narrow, even the Ouvidor being hardly more than a paved lane, and most of the buildings are small, with rough stone or brick walls plastered on the outside or lined with Portuguese tiles. The architecture reproduces the effects of other Brazilian coast towns, with more ambitious lines of ornamentation and quieter tones of color. The government buildings are not impressive, the Mint and the new Custom House being the most pretentious structures. The National Library is not worthy of the reputation of the capital. The Misericordia is the largest of the hospitals, and it is conducted on humane and scientific principles. The churches are numerous, but shabby, neglected, and bare. Electric light has been sparingly introduced, and the streets are dimly lighted with inferior gas. The Jardin da Praca d'Acclamaçao is a beautiful and attractive park within easy walking distance of the Ouvidor, with the City Hall, the Mint, the military barracks, and the Dom Pedro II. railway station fronting upon its outer edges. It divides popularity with the Passeio Publico on the water-front, and is accessible from every quarter, whereas the Botanical Garden, with its famous alleys of palms and its bamboo clumps, is an hour's drive from the heart of the city. Rio de Janeiro is a city of great commercial importance, rivalled only by Buenos Ayres in South America, but it is backward and almost stationary in municipal improvements and modern progress.

Great as are the natural advantages of the Brazilian capital, and picturesque and inspiring as are the glimpses of its mountain and bay scenery, the traveller in midsummer finds his permanent source of recreation in watching the throng as it surges night and morning through the Ouvidor, and in catching the characteristic traits of the people. He soon ascertains that Rio de Janeiro aspires to be like Paris, and that it closely imitates in customs, manners, and politics the French people. There is a marked touch of Gallic flippancy in the tone of private conversation and public life. The Provisional Government of the revolutionary period was French rather than English, American, or Portuguese. One could feel in the Ouvidor the influence of Parisian thought and literature in forming the habits of thought and manner of life of the Brazilian capital. It is an open question whether a century of constitutional liberty in the United States has exerted as much influence in promoting the growth of republican sentiment there as the cycle of imitation during which French books have been read, and the Parisian philosophy of life practically adopted. Intelligent Brazilians are fond of newspapers, and prefer the French type. Large editions are printed every afternoon, and from the newsboys' excited outcries and frantic gestures one is tempted to believe that a fresh revolution has occurred, and the Empire been restored. Brazilians love excitement, noise, and fireworks. Before the revolution, almost the only town shows were the image-bearing processions during Holy Week and on saints' days. During the early weeks of the Republic files of troops were constantly parading, and the music of the fife and drum was heard morning and night. The revolution brought with it much pleasurable excitement for a volatile population.

II

RIO'S THREE GLORIOUS DAYS

MUTINY OF THE BATTALIONS — GENERAL DEODORO'S BRAVADO — THE REPUBLIC PROCLAIMED — THE EMPEROR'S SURRENDER — AN ORLEANS BARGAIN — GENERAL CAUSES OF DISAFFECTION WITH THE EMPIRE — THE REVOLUTION A LOTTERY

THE story of the Three Glorious Days, as the revolution of November, 1889, is already known in Brazil, was singularly bare of incident and excitement. The imperial government was overturned by what was hardly more than a parade of a few insubordinate battalions, who were disaffected because they had been ordered to go to a remote post in the interior. If there was any preconcerted plan among the revolutionary leaders, it was not formed before the night of November 9, 1889, when the Prime Minister was entertaining the officers of the Chilian ironclad *Almirante Cochrane* at a ball. On that night disaffected officers were known to be in consultation, but probably nothing was more remote from their thoughts than the expulsion of the Emperor from the throne. The Republican journals had been asserting for several weeks that the government intended to scatter the battalions among the provinces, and after completing the organization of a National Guard to proclaim the Princess as Empress,

the Emperor being willing to retire in her favor. Whether this was true or false, the officers were discontented and disposed to believe that the crown intended to humiliate them. Military agitators encouraged these suspicions. Republican leaders while not apprehending a revolution during the lifetime of the Emperor were in the habit of discussing at their clubs what would be the best method of procedure after his death. Suddenly the military outbreak revealed the helplessness of the throne. The leaders perceived their opportunity without having accurately forecast it. They acted almost as spontaneously as the soldiers, who found themselves shouting for a Republic as they were marching down the Ouvidor.

On November 14, 1889, two infantry battalions which had been ordered to leave the city the next morning showed signs of insubordination. The Minister of War was warned that there was danger of a general mutiny, but after consulting with his colleagues in the evening he decided to enforce discipline. There were in the capital about 2400 soldiers of all branches of the service. The Minister of War determined to concentrate this force, and with the aid of the marine corps and the police to compel the mutineers to obey orders for their transfer to a distant province. While he was preparing to overpower the insubordinate battalions, the mutiny was spreading. The officers of the Second Brigade stationed at São Christovão resolved to make common cause with the rebels, and sent word to General Deodoro da Fonseca that they would march to the War Offices early in the morning. These offices were situated in the heart of the city at the Campo Sant' Anna quartel, the general military barracks.

At sunrise the city was without premonitions of the revolution. The Minister of War, apprehending trouble at the quartel, had reinforced the police with a small body of marines and a corps of firemen. He had also recruited in Nictheroy an additional force of police. Soon after daybreak word was received at the War Office that the Second Brigade had revolted and were marching from São Christovão. Soon afterward it was learned that the cadets of the military school at Botofogo had seized their arms and were heading for the quartel. The Minister of War attempted to induce one of the generals at headquarters to rally a force against the Second Brigade, but received a blunt refusal. He then ordered a battalion to intercept the cadets, but the troops would not obey him. When the Second Brigade, headed by the Emperor's Guard, the First Cavalry, filed in front of the War Office and invested the quartel, it was evident that the troops inside could not be depended upon to oppose them. General Deodoro, who had been seriously ill at his house on the previous day, was in command of the besieging force, and summoned the Ministers to surrender. The Prime Minister, who had arrived at the War Office with other associates, returned a defiant answer; but within half an hour he was convinced that defence was hopeless. The troops were all in revolt, and the police and the firemen were in sympathy with them.

Meanwhile, the Minister of Marine, Baron Ladario, had left the quartel without an escort, to give instructions to a company of marines. When outside the door he was surrounded by several cavalrymen and called upon to surrender. Drawing a revolver, he tried to shoot one of the insurgents, but the cartridge missed

fire. General Deodoro then accosted him and warned him that he was a prisoner. The Minister fired upon him without effect. The soldiers at once returned the shot, and he fell to the ground seriously but not fatally wounded. This official, who fired the only shots in defence of the Empire, had served for several years in the United States navy.

At nine o'clock the mutinous troops of the Second Brigade were still outside the quartel, and the remaining military force was drawn up inside on the parade-ground. By a preconcerted arrangement the gates were suddenly opened, and Deodoro mounted on a fine horse rode in and approached the files of soldiers. Nothing was more remarkable in the events of the day than this triumphant bit of bravado. The Ministers were present, but they made no effort to secure his arrest. He rode along the line and inspected the men, slowly receiving a salute as he passed. Then he turned his horse toward the gates, and the troops with one consent broke ranks and followed him into the street. The garrison by deserting the Ministers left them at the mercy of the insurgents. The general after conferring with the adjutant-general announced that the army had deposed the Ministry. The Prime Minister and the Minister of War were placed under arrest. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The troops then marched through the Ouvidor with a swaggering air of triumph. It was hardly ten o'clock, and only one man had been wounded.

The Ministry had fallen, but not the Empire. The Emperor was known to be hastening to the city from Petropolis, having been summoned by Count Ouro Preto, the Prime Minister. Before his arrival at the palace the Republic had been proclaimed. The troops

had not revolted against the Emperor, but only against the administration of the War Office. At the outset they would have been satisfied with the appointment of a new Minister of War, but involuntarily as they were marching in the streets they began to shout for the Republic. The overthrow of the Ministry revealed the defenceless condition of the imperial family. The facility with which the revolution could be carried to its logical result tempted the leaders to go on and complete the work. Among the Republican agitators who had joined the insurgents were Colonel Benjamin Constant, of the Military School, and Quintino Bocayuva, editor of a prominent journal. After a brief conference they made arrangements for holding a meeting in the City Hall at three o'clock, in favor of the establishment of a republic. With cadets singing in the streets, soldiers shouting themselves hoarse, flags fluttering from every house, and enthusiasm spreading from hillside to hillside in the grim old capital, General Deodoro no longer hesitated. The Republic was proclaimed and a provisional government with a chief and seven Ministers was organized. At the City Hall after a speech from a popular agitator the Republic was accepted by a large concourse with every sign of public favor. Late editions of the evening journals published the first decree of the Provisional Government establishing the United States of Brazil.

The Emperor and the Empress had arrived during the afternoon at the palace without escort from the Prainha and had been joined by the Princess and her husband, Count d'Eu. The aged sovereign could not be convinced that anything more serious than a ministerial crisis had occurred. At half-past three o'clock

he received the resignations of the Ministers and asked Senator Saraiva to form a new government. The senator in declining to undertake the task sought to explain how critical was the situation. As hour after hour passed, signs of the dissolution of the Empire were multiplied. Every branch of the civil service in the capital was controlled by the revolutionists, and before nightfall the telegraph wires were bearing messages betokening the acceptance of the new order by the provinces. Guards were stationed at the doors of the palace, and the Emperor passed a sleepless night, humiliated by the thought that he was a prisoner and could no longer depend upon the loyalty of his people. So ended the first day of the revolution.

On the morning of the second day there were hurried consultations between the Emperor and his distracted family and ineffectual efforts to secure the services of a new Prime Minister. The guards in front of the palace were doubled and precautions taken by the revolutionary leaders to cut off communication between the occupants and their friends outside. At two o'clock, after an anxious morning, during which his helplessness was revealed, the Emperor received from the Provisional Government a summons to leave the country within twenty-four hours. It was embodied in an imperious letter from General Deodoro, in which the presence of the royal family in Brazil was declared to be incompatible with the new political situation. The Emperor was reminded of the patriotic example of his father, who had abdicated under similar circumstances nearly sixty years before, and was offered transportation to Europe and a continuance of the income which he had received from the State. Consultations with the Republican leaders

followed. The Emperor met them with bent form, a heavily-lined, distressed face, and the dazed air of a man who had received a shock which would carry him into his grave. The Crown Princess standing by his side was unable to control herself, and sobbed bitterly. Count d'Eu alone seemed to have his wits about him. Through the intervention of his steward the financial embarrassments of the Emperor were made known as an excuse for deferring his departure. From the statement furnished by the steward it appeared that 2,000,000 milreis would be needed at once. The Minister of Finance promptly issued a decree granting 5,000,000 milreis in one payment, in addition to his regular allowances from the civil list amounting to $400,000 a year. The bargain was closed. The Emperor and the Crown Princess consented to sail for Europe on the next day with their families. So ended the second of the Three Glorious Days.

The Orleans prince probably took great credit on that night for his practical ability in saving $2,500,000 out of the wreck of the imperial fortunes. He called in his steward and virtually sold out the reigning family's stock in trade. It was a shrewd stroke of business on his side; but when all the circumstances were considered, the main credit for making a good bargain could be taken by the revolutionary leaders. They were in a critical position. They controlled the garrison of the national capital, the treasury, and all the public offices; and in São Paulo and several other provinces provisional governments had been promptly organized; but in Rio Grande do Sul there were indications of disturbance, and it had been necessary to order the arrest of the most powerful leader of the province, Senator Silveira

BAHIA

Martins; and at Bahia, the ecclesiastical centre of the country, the revolutionary movement had been strenuously opposed. The temper of the northern and interior provinces was unknown. It was a matter of urgent necessity that the Emperor and his family should be taken out of the country with the least possible delay. If this could be done the battle of the Republic would be won without a struggle. If the imperial family were to remain in Brazil, the revolution might end in civil war. By the payment of $2,500,000 the Provisional Government secured the immediate adhesion of all the provinces. By producing evidence that the imperial family had sold out their rights and were ready to leave the country they convinced all classes that the Republic was the only form of government which was practical or even possible in Brazil. It was a master stroke of policy.

During the forenoon of the third day it was generally known that the imperial family had been conducted soon after midnight to a gunboat, and had been transferred subsequently to a steam packet bound for Lisbon. By their departure the population of the capital was relieved at once from dread of reactionary intrigue and civil war. The equivalent in hard cash paid for the vacation of the throne conciliated all classes with whom the Emperor had been popular, since it was a signal proof that he had not been turned adrift like a beggar after a long reign, but had been dealt with generously, and had been pensioned at the rate of $400,000 a year for the remainder of his life. At the same time it convinced them that monarchy was at an end and that a republic was a necessity. But the Emperor and Count d'Eu when they reached Lisbon, after an uneventful

voyage, repented of the bargain which had made the political fortunes of the revolutionists. They were convinced by their advisers that they had blundered in accepting a financial settlement which compromised their claims to the throne. When it was too late they repudiated the bargain, and subjected themselves to a retaliatory decree from the Provisional Government annulling the settlement, although the constitution subsequently provided for the payment of an annual pension to the Emperor. The revolutionary leaders derived all the advantages of magnanimous treatment of the imperial family without being forced in the end to pay the costs. The revolution ended on the third day with the departure of the royal exiles. The Prime Minister, Count Ouro Preto, was arrested a second time for violating his parole, but was allowed to leave the country. A decree of banishment was subsequently enforced against Senator Silveira Martins and a brother of Count Ouro Preto. These were the only proscriptions involved by a revolution conspicuous for the facility with which momentous changes were effected.

The revolution as a military event was one of the most grotesque in history. A few battalions which had been ordered to a remote province overturned the Empire. They were young, inexperienced, ill-disciplined soldiers, who had never had experience in field evolutions. They were raw and untrustworthy troops, and overthrew the Empire without bloodshed and almost without a struggle. The new government was established in a few hours; and within three days the provincial administrations were revolutionized all along the coast. By a few strokes of the pen all the legislative bodies in Brazil were abolished. All the institu-

tions of the Empire were swept away. The Provisional Government and twenty subordinate revolutionary administrations in the provinces were established as a substitute for everything that had previously existed under constitutional warrants. The Ministers began to issue decrees at a rate that made men's heads reel. The French Revolution in its most paroxysmal periods never witnessed activity equal to that of these new decree-makers. Naturalization, the franchise, civil marriage, a constitutional commission, and a hundred other matters of the gravest importance were settled off-hand by a revolutionary commission created by a few battalions of soldiers. The country acquiesced in all these arrangements with an apathy and an indifference never paralleled in history. The accomplished editor of the Rio *News* told the truth when he said to me that the Brazilians threw off the Empire as easily as they would have changed their coats.

The influence of the military officers was felt wherever the tidings of the revolution at Rio de Janeiro were received. There was a smaller Deodoro in every provincial capital, ready to act promptly and to take the initiative in transferring power from the imperial authorities to new hands, precisely as the greater Deodoro had done in the national capital. A coalition of insubordinate army officers and inexperienced constitution-makers would have been impracticable if the leaders had not known that the twenty provinces of the Empire were profoundly disaffected, and would regard with apathy the downfall of the Empire. This fact lies at the base of any adequate explanation of the revolution. The Military Club was a power in the capital; the Republican organizers had made progress in the more

enlightened and enterprising provinces like São Paulo; but the revolutionists would not have undertaken the political reorganization of Brazil if there had not been in every quarter of the sky signs of revolt against a despotic system of centralized administration. It was in this direction that every intelligent Brazilian whom I met never failed to point, when asked to explain the chief cause of the revolution.

Ruy Barbosa, Minister of Finance, in the course of frank conversations with me in Rio de Janeiro, strongly supported this view. He said that the most prominent ground of dissatisfaction with the Empire was centralization, with the absence of any real federal system. The people of Brazil had gradually lost all interest in the Empire. The Emperor might have had amiable intentions, but the system of administration was thoroughly corrupt and incompetent. The provinces had no rights as members of a confederation of states. They longed for autonomy in local administration. The Emperor had grown old, his mind had failed him, and he was suffering from an incurable disease. In his dotage, the Princess Isabel was the real head of the State. Surrounded by Jesuits, she had no will of her own. Priests were always about her, and clericalism was threatening to become a direct menace to Brazilian liberty. The Empire had served its purpose, and was out of date. It retarded national progress. It was absolutely necessary to assimilate the institutions of the country with those of the liberal and progressive republics on the American continent. Every thoughtful Brazilian had been conscious that the revolution was imminent. The military revolt would have failed if the country had not been gradually preparing for a change

of political order. The revolution was a startling surprise to those who were not familiar with the conditions of public thought; but all intelligent citizens had for a long time accepted it as a foregone conclusion. When the military forces set the patriotic example of declaring for the Republic, the people in all the provinces acquiesced in the movement with a unanimity that armed the Provisional Government with absolute authority. It was in its earliest aspect a military revolt, but the hearty support of all classes of Brazilians in all the provinces converted it at once into an irresistible national movement.

A leader of the revolution was not perhaps capable of forming an impartial estimate of the civic virtues of a sovereign who had enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most enlightened rulers of his time. Dom Pedro II. was a ruler with many fine qualities and estimable traits, who endeared himself to his subjects. He was not a constitutional reformer. The charter which he had received from his father was not modified in any essential respect during his long reign. It was a charter under which his father, after establishing the independence of Brazil, had sought to create a despotism. The father went into exile after a ten years' struggle against the aspirations of the provinces for home rule. The son followed him into banishment, after a long reign, during which the same tendencies of the federal provinces were systematically repressed. The governors or presidents were not elected by the people of the provinces, but were appointed by the Emperor, together with the military commandants. One of the standing evils against which the provinces ineffectually protested was the appointment either of adventurers who were

unfamiliar with the local requirements and interests, or of political partisans sent out from the national capital to promote the selfish interests of the party in power.

Throughout the closing years of the Emperor's reign it was an unfailing source of irritation and complaint that the provinces were governed, not for their own interests, but for those of the imperial administration. The main object seemed to be to get out of them as much money as possible for the national treasury and to leave little, if anything, for local requirements. The provinces were so many cows to be milked for the imperial dairy. Local government in any real sense they did not have. The legislatures meeting two months in the year exercised limited functions and were powerless to interfere with the military proconsuls. Every branch of the government was under pressure from an imperial system resembling the complex mechanism which Metternich established and controlled in Vienna, until it broke down under its own weight. Each party in turn was employed to operate the system, the Emperor pitting the Liberals against the Conservatives for no other apparent purpose than that of maintaining his own personal ascendency over both. Ministers became groups of professional office-holders and patronage-mongers, whose political opinions could with difficulty be differentiated.

A Liberal ministry was, if anything, less progressive in its tendency and more obsequious in its attitude to the throne than a Conservative ministry. The Emperor regarded the two groups of political rivals as alternating machines, fitting into and working with the imperial mechanism; and the governors of the provinces were twenty connecting cog-wheels kept in motion by the ministerial apparatus. Emerson once said of the Eng-

lish, " Their god is Precedent." Dom Pedro's god was Centralization. The provinces only needed evidence that a government competent to maintain public order and to repress anarchy had been formed. Disaffected and out of sympathy with a system that deprived them of the normal functions of self-government, they offered no resistance to the establishment of the Republic with its promise of larger liberties for the confederated States. The revolution seemed to them a supreme act of political emancipation.

There were other grounds for dissatisfaction with monarchical institutions. Emancipation had created wide-spread disaffection among planters and land-owners and weakened the authority of the imperial government. The slave-holders had not been prepared for emancipation when it was decreed without warning by the Princess-Regent. They were taken by surprise and forced to adapt themselves to the conditions of free labor and to face the vicissitudes of a transition period which had been fatal to British planters in the West Indies. They had been the most loyal supporters of the crown, and they felt that their interests had been wantonly sacrificed. The Princess-Regent when she signed the Emancipation Proclamation left the slave-owners to shift for themselves. In the crisis of the revolution the planters and land-holders left the imperial family to shift for themselves. There were no signs of resistance in the agricultural provinces of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo and Minas Geraes, where more than one-half of the slaves had been owned. The planters who had controlled the government of the Empire for half a century witnessed with apathy and cynical indifference the establishment of a republic by

a military cabal. The imperial dynasty had abandoned them to their fate. It was a game at which two could play.

If the planters were disaffected, so also were Brazilians in general. They knew that they had all the conditions required for making a rich and prosperous nation. What was needed was European immigration on a large scale, and they had failed in all their efforts to attract it by colonization schemes and bounties. While the Plate countries were a powerful magnet for drawing Europeans to the New World, and their commerce was expanding with phenomenal rapidity, Brazil seemed to exercise a repellent force, and remained stationary. There was a general conviction that progress in material wealth was retarded by monarchical institutions. All educated men were looking for the establishment of a republic after the close of the reign of Dom Pedro II. When the change of government came without bloodshed and almost without a struggle, bringing emancipation from the evils of centralization and the reactionary intrigues of clericalism, they were momentarily startled and then overjoyed by the facility with which the Empire had been overthrown. The Princess-Regent if she had become Empress would have made a determined fight for the throne. Civil war had been averted by a well-timed revolution. Brazil under republican order would cease to repel immigration. An era of industrial progress would at once be opened. The United States of Brazil would be destined to rival the United States of America in wealth and population as they already did in territory and natural resources. This was the tone of public thought during the tranquil weeks which followed the revolution at Rio de Janeiro.

The apathy of the people was the most astounding feature of the revolution. On the day after my arrival, a decree was issued which practically established martial law throughout the country. There had been a trivial mutiny a few days before among some drunken soldiers, and owing to the absence of commissioned officers the imperial flag had been raised. It was a ridiculous affair, but it thoroughly alarmed the government. On the strength of that mutiny martial law was proclaimed. A military commission was appointed to investigate the affair, and eleven suspects were examined, nine of them being set at liberty. A decree was proclaimed investing the commission with the powers and functions of a military court. An elastic list of political offences, beginning with conspiracy against the Republic and incitement to military mutiny and ending with speaking and writing against the existing order of government, was made up, and all civil processes were suspended in such cases. The commission was empowered to take cognizance of all such offences, and to try suspected persons by martial law. The decree was applied to the whole country. The proprietors of the only Opposition journal at once sought an interview with the Ministers, and according to their own version were informed that the decree applied to press offences. They suspended the publication of their journal. Free speech had been one of the political rights guaranteed by the imperial constitution. Republican editors had enjoyed immunity from press laws, and if their rights had been denied, a revolution would have been precipitated. The principles of a free press were compromised by a decree which made it dangerous for any one to speak ill or to write critically of the Republican government, but

nothing came of it. Apathy reigned. Martial law was complacently regarded as a necessary evil. Each afternoon new decrees were read in the newspapers and then cigarettes were puffed and the favorable weather was discussed. I found myself wondering whether a decree formulating a new Decalogue would make much stir.

It was this condition of public apathy which explained the strange proceedings of the Three Glorious Days. The people submitted to the overthrow of the Empire because they had ceased to care anything about it. They attributed the backwardness of their own country to the form of government. They disliked centralization, clericalism, and other tendencies of imperial rule. They wanted a change, and so when the Empire went down like a child's sand palace, they were indifferent to its fate. The new government came in with its highly improved mechanism for grinding out decrees like stock quotations on a ticker; and the people looked on with languid indifference. Government by self-organized military commissions was instituted, but nobody seemed to take any interest in it. Martial law was proclaimed, and there was no excitement. If Brazilians had any serious thought in this whole matter, it was the reflection that the country needed a thorough shaking up, and was getting it.

I thought of these things on the last day of 1889, when the bells rang out the year of Republican jubilee. The streets of Rio de Janeiro were thronged with a joyous populace. Military bands in open street cars were entertaining the holiday crowds with snatches of French music; army officers were conspicuous in the streets, with an air of importance betokening consciousness of their success in making history hand over hand,

and of their ability to undo their work and to restore the Empire at any hour. Lottery-ticket vendors swarmed in the Passeio Publico and plied a brisk trade. To drink a strong native brew, to listen to a noisy military band, and to attend the official readings from a lottery wheel, complete a Brazilian's holiday recreation. I watched a motley throng gathered about a lottery stand, and fancied that I understood the feeling of apathy and frivolity with which the downfall of the Empire and the establishment of a provisional government had been received. Lottery gambling had for many years been a passion; the Church had sanctioned it as a legitimate means of raising money for hospitals and religious purposes. Many of the finest churches in the capital had been built in that way. If the sanitary condition of a town was to be improved, a statue erected, or a burdensome floating debt paid off, a lottery was brought in as a popular expedient. The Brazilians seemed to be infatuated with a frenzy for taking chances in these gambling wheels, and were constantly drawing their money out of savings banks to fling away in the excitement of a lottery. The revolution burst upon a people who were accustomed to the philosophy of blanks and prizes. General Deodoro won the first prize; the Emperor and his family drew blanks. The ministers of the day, who had never been in public life, carried off a series of second prizes. The people had in the Republic something that might prove either a blank or a prize, they knew not which, but it was a great lottery, and they had all drawn their numbers and must wait and watch their luck.

III

PETROPOLIS WITHOUT AN EMPEROR

JOURNEY TO THE BRAZILIAN CATSKILLS — CHRISTMAS IN A LOVELY VALLEY — A PALACE CLOSED AND SEALED — A SHABBY-GENTEEL COURT — DEPARTURE OF THE IMPERIAL EXILES — CLERICALISM AT COURT — THE EMPRESS'S DEATH

THE Brazilian Catskills are only twenty-five miles from the steaming pavements and polluted harbor of Rio de Janeiro. A steamer leaves the Prainha every afternoon during the summer months. When I went with a party of Americans to the mountains on the day before Christmas, the deck was crowded with diplomats, politicians, and business men, whose homes were in Petropolis. I sat near the Minister of Justice, Campos Salles, whose strong, thoughtful, and benevolent face showed no signs of the political anxieties of the revolutionary epoch. He read a newspaper quietly and seemed to take politics less seriously than the throngs gathered around him. If they had been with him in the innermost circle and had come from a cabinet meeting at which a decree of martial law was proclaimed, they would have known more and have said less; but they were outside, and at liberty to discuss the rumors of the day with pantomime of frantic gesture and unceasing play of facial expression.

Introductions followed rapidly, and before the steamer started I had received several accounts from eye-witnesses of the bloodless revolution. Foreign residents spoke with cynical contempt of the battalions which had overthrown the dynasty. A former New Yorker told me that a single squad of Broadway police could have saved the throne. Another American undertook to explain why the revolution had been a bloodless one. A new military rifle had been introduced and the old stock of ammunition could not be used with it. Before the troops could be supplied with new cartridges they were ordered to a remote province. They rebelled and overthrew the Empire, but while they were surrounding the government buildings and parading in the Ouvidor they could not fire a shot. This recital seemed incredible, but it was hardly more grotesque than the facility with which the Republic was established by a few battalions of young, inexperienced, and ill-disciplined soldiers. An English acquaintance told me how the first news of the revolution reached Europe. He was in the street, and saw the troops blocking the entrance to the government offices. He waited until he heard an excited crowd shouting for a republic, and then ran to a cable office and sent a despatch to London announcing that the government had been overthrown and that a republic was about to be proclaimed. Five minutes afterward the cable office was in the possession of the revolutionists and communication with the world was broken off.

There was a long interval of inexplicable delay at the wharf, procrastination being regarded in Brazil, not as the thief, but as the custodian, of time, and then the steamer was headed toward the majestic Organ Moun-

tains. The old Benedictine monastery loomed up on the right with the ship-yards of the Marine Hospital below it, while on the left were the main coffee storehouses, with a dry dock close at hand, which was one of the most curious things to be seen in the city. It was a huge basin chiselled and hollowed out of solid rock by convict labor, — a public work wrought by Egyptian methods in this modern age. The city lying like an encampment, with its line of grim hillsides posted as sentinels from the water's edge at Castello and Gloria to the outermost suburbs, slowly receded from view. The waters of the upper bay, studded with islands, opened vistas of enchanting loveliness. It was an hour's sail of unrivalled beauty. The massive ramparts of the Organ Mountains were still ten miles away when the steamer approached the landing. A train of small open cars was waiting to carry the passengers to the base of the mountains, over the oldest railway in Brazil. It was a dull, noisy ride through low, swampy lands until the foot of the range was reached. Then for four miles there were precipitous grades with magnificent prospects of harbor and town, and flashing glimpses of foaming brooks, and the old carriage road. The train was separated into sections and operated on the Riggenbach system. In the course of half an hour an altitude of 2800 feet was reached, with a viaduct 200 feet long near the summit. This section of the railway is new, and it is a remarkably good engineering work. It is a journey of unceasing variety and delight. The scenic transformations of the mountains surpass even the wonderful panoramic effects of the harbor.

Petropolis lies in a valley of the Serra da Estrella among the Organ Mountains. It is 2700 feet above the

sea and revels in an invigorating climate. Yellow Jack has never flaunted his flag there. It is a secure refuge even when pestilence is raging in the panic-stricken capital. As a summer residence it is unrivalled in Brazil. It has comfortable German hotels, tasteful houses, well-kept lawns, luxuriant gardens, delightful drives and scenery unsurpassed elsewhere in Brazil. The valley is encompassed with mountain peaks which can be easily scaled by roadway or path. In one of the gorges there is a picturesque cascade. Through another winds the old turnpike to an outlying town in Minas Geraes. The valley is traversed by brooks which are spanned by substantial iron bridges at the roadway crossings. The shops are cluttered together, and the residences are irregularly grouped with a background of well-kept gardens. There is a normal population of 12,000 in this valley of delight, but it is materially increased during the summer months. There are 8000 Germans in the town, mainly descendants of the colony planted on the imperial estates nearly fifty years ago. Evidences of their thrift and orderliness abound. Petropolis is a suburban resort that steadily grows in attractiveness while the traveller lingers in it. The gardens are its chief ornament, and in their tropical bloom it is radiant in color the year round. The roads are equally good for driving or riding, and the rugged mountains with their peaceful summits are always beautiful. One may well believe that the Emperor often sighed wearily, during two years of exile, for a glimpse of this lovely valley, endeared to him by the associations of a lifetime. How often must thoughts of his favorite trees and flowers and of the retirement of his library and the shaded seats in his beautiful park have

come back to him in his melancholy hours like light from the west at eventime! Petropolis faded out of his sight forever on that gloomy and confused morning when he hastened to Rio de Janeiro, as he supposed, to form a new ministry and to get rid of two or three unpopular leaders, but in reality to sell out his throne, and then repenting of his bargain, to get nothing for it but exile and bitter memories.

Petropolis is the city of the Pedroes, under whose patronage it has been steadily improved and adorned. Dom Pedro I. was attracted by his first glimpse of the valley in 1822, and induced to buy a large tract which remained unoccupied and undeveloped until 1843. Then the German colony was brought in, and Dom Pedro II. began to take an active interest in the estate. The palace was built, the first section of the railway was laid, a good road was opened to the foot of the range, parks were reserved, and Petropolis was created. All the associations of the town centred around the imperial family, who loved the place and were not content to live anywhere else. My first stroll on Christmas morning naturally led to the palace in the centre of a spacious park. The gates were open, and a winding road, fringed with beds of roses and shaded by noble trees, brought me to the main entrance. It was a large square house with two stories in the centre and two long wings of a single tier of windows. It was a plain structure of brick and plaster, painted yellow and white. It was a homely palace with an air of frugal comfort and an utter absence of display. In it the Emperor lived like a retired country gentleman of bookish tastes, cherishing his flowers and trees, and, with a pedantry characteristic of him, translating Spanish books into Portuguese, and exhausting in

achievements of petty scholarship energies which ought to have been employed in working out the political and social problems of Brazil. It was always an unsocial house. The Emperor never entertained ministers or friends. A new representative of a foreign government was admitted to a brief formal audience and was curtly bowed out, never to be invited again. There were neither court revels nor stately banquets in those gloomy and ill-furnished halls. The Emperor did not care for any of these things. He and his family lived there with extreme plainness, — almost meanly. No other monarch of the first rank had so frugal a table, or employed so few servants, or made less show of his dignity and power. The equipment of the place was in keeping with these conditions of simplicity and retirement. The stables were small, for the Emperor was accustomed to drive behind a mule team in a shabby barouche. The servants' quarters were bare and cheerless. The park, with its rare shrubbery and its wealth of flowers, alone showed signs of disregard of cheese-paring economy.

The stables and the servants' lodgings were empty on that Christmas morning. The great doors at the sides and ends of the palace were ostentatiously sealed with a superscription indicating the date, November 18, 1889, and the police authority by which the imperial house was closed. The curtains and shades were drawn down with unbroken regularity. The shabby furniture was still there, and the wardrobes and libraries were stocked almost as they were on the morning when the summons to exile was received. The palace and grounds had virtually been confiscated. The imperial family were allowed two years in which to dispose of their property, but by decree of December 20, 1889, they were banished

from Brazil and forbidden to own real estate within its borders. This was the penalty imposed for the Emperor's refusal to hold to the bargain by which he sold out his throne. The palace was looked upon as State property. I heard men calmly discussing the practicability of forming a stock company, purchasing the palace, filling up the park with cottages, and working up what Americans would call a real estate boom for the town. So soon passes away the glory of royalty.

Not far from the palace was the mansion formerly occupied by Princess Isabel and Count d'Eu. It too had been called a palace, but it was an unpretentious villa, large enough perhaps for the Orleans conception of prudent magnificence, but too small and plain to be worthy of the dignity once accorded to it. Near by was the crystal palace, built by the Princess for flower shows, but seldom used for any purpose. It was originally fashioned of glass, but was subsequently framed with iron at the sides for protection against rain. In front of it was a tall cross, formed by vines planted by the Princess's hand. No obtrusive hand had touched the cross, but the crystal palace, with its park, was in the market ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The Princess's mansion would also be sold to the first comer willing to pay well for it. The unfinished church near the Emperor's palace was also to be put on the market. This was the structure for which decorations and titles were peddled a few years ago. It was to have been a noble monument to the Catholic faith, and anyone who offered a fair subscription to the building fund was compensated with a title or decoration of some kind. So great a scandal was caused that the work was suspended, although the Princess had set her heart upon

its completion. As I passed the unfinished church in my morning stroll, I was gravely informed by a resident of the town that there was talk of altering the design and converting the structure into a casino.

An American living in Brazil gave me a curious account of the Emperor's last visit to the rich province of São Paulo. Touched by the signs of popular affection, the aged sovereign was led, in the course of a confidential talk with one of his entertainers, to contrast his own popularity with the coldness and indifference shown to other members of his household. "I shall reign as long as I live," he exclaimed, "for the Brazilians know me. My daughter, perhaps. My grandchildren, I don't know." This forecast of the fortunes of the dynasty was one of many indications that the Emperor, while he did not expect to lose his throne in his old age, clearly discerned the approaching revolution and the inevitable establishment of a republican form of government. What he did not perceive was the superior facility with which revolutionists could accomplish their purposes while he was on the throne. If they had waited until he was in his grave, they would have had a determined Empress, with all the resources of the Church to deal with.

The revolution was a popular revolt not only against centralization but also against clericalism. The Crown Princess combined the rugged, robust traits of the Emperor's character with the Neapolitan religious nature of her mother, daughter of the king of the Two Sicilies. Resolute, ambitious, and naturally fond of the business of state, she had a passion for managing and overreaching politicians, and at the same time she was a religious zealot easily controlled by spiritual advisers. The vigor,

inflexible purpose, and self-reliance which she displayed under the Regency were qualities which convinced thoughtful Brazilians that Dom Pedro's successor would not be a weak and incapable sovereign. The decree of emancipation signed by her during her father's absence in Europe was an earnest of the force of character which she would disclose upon ascending the throne. With this masculine vigor was coupled piety of a feminine type. When Louis Philippe was affecting Voltairean ideas, Queen Marie Amélie was scrupulously exact in her devotions and attendance at mass, and could be seen on Sundays handing about collection-bags in her parish church. The Crown Princess, too, was a pious and devoted daughter of the Church. Early in life she was brought under the influence of religious advisers, who convinced her that she had even greater duties to perform for the Church than for the Empire. As time went on, their ascendency over her mind was completely established. As Queen Marie Amélie had humbled herself, so she was wont to subject herself to degrading discipline. A Brazilian told me of the painful sensation created in Rio de Janeiro when it became known one day that the future Empress had taken a broom and swept out the aisles of a church as an act of penance. This incident, if the details were not exaggerated, disclosed the absolute dominion which clerical advisers had obtained over her.

Other evidence was not wanting. The Emancipation Act was known to have been the work of the Jesuits rather than the ministers of the day. The Princess-Regent's religious guides, knowing that she and her husband were unpopular, perceived the advantage of obtaining for her the credit of liberating 1,500,000 slaves.

The Ministry, being aware of the financial embarrassment and ruin that would be caused if slave-owners were taken unawares, desired to defer the proclamation at least until the Emperor's return. The Princess-Regent preferred to act upon the counsel of the Clericalists. It was a great stroke of state, designed to conciliate public opinion and to endear the future sovereign to the hearts of the people. The popular rejoicings were tumultuous at the time; but the slave-owners were thrown into a sullen, resentful temper, which subsequently led them to recognize in the revolution an act of retribution; and the sober second thought of the people was tinged with apprehension, caused by so unmistakable a revelation of the domination of clericalism at court.

It was not long before another demonstration of clerical influence was made. A measure providing for the full degree of religious equality and toleration guaranteed by the imperial constitution was introduced and passed by the Senate. As that body was ultra-conservative, and recruited mainly from the circle of imperial partisans, its action in promptly passing the bill created general astonishment, and the concurrence of the lower Chamber was taken as a matter of course. The Crown Princess, instigated by her advisers, at once busied herself in obstructing the measure and preventing its enactment. She went from house to house, obtaining signatures to a popular protest against the passage of the Religious Liberty Act. Her husband and many court ladies assisted her in the work, and before many days the remonstrance had been signed by over 14,000 women. The country was dazed by this remarkable exhibition of religious bigotry. It served the immediate purpose

of defeating the measure, with the adventitious aid of a group of obstructionists; but it also furnished overwhelming evidence of the ascendency which clerical intriguers would have in the councils of the next reign. Roman Catholicism was the established religion of the State; but the Brazilians were a free people, jealous of private liberties, and disposed, like Gambetta, to cry out, "Clericalism is the enemy."

The Crown Princess's headstrong and capricious impulses were strengthened rather than controlled by her French husband, who, in the popular estimation, was held responsible for most of her mistakes and errors of judgment. Count d'Eu had the fatal Orleans gift of incurring unpopularity. From his first appearance in Brazil he had been regarded as a foreigner who was accumulating a fortune at the expense of the natives. He was a landowner with a large rent-roll, invested his money well, and kept the bulk of his fortune in Europe. There was no more effective method of impairing his popularity among the masses in Brazil than that offered by the exercise of ordinary business prudence, for which the Orleans princes have been conspicuous generation after generation.

Petropolis was dazed for a few hours on that eventful November morning when the shabby state-coach was driven to the station to meet a special train for the capital; but when the tidings came that the imperial family had sailed, and that the palaces were to be closed, there was a reversion to more cheerful views of the future of the town. Men told me soberly that Petropolis would make rapid strides in wealth and progress, now that the incubus of the royal family had been lifted off. Hundreds of new houses and cottages

would speedily be built, and all the conditions of a metropolitan watering-place would be supplied. There would be a music hall, a casino, new hotels, and building enterprises on a large scale. A powerful impulse would be imparted to the fortunes of the town by the imperial clearance. I heard a resident talking in this vein for an hour, almost lamenting that he lacked surplus capital required for investments. Such is the way of the world when the occupation of princes has gone.

The diplomatists of the mountain valley were preparing to attend a reception at the town house of Count d'Eu when they received the startling tidings of the overthrow of the Empire. Invitations had been sent for the evening of the 16th of November, and the ministers representing foreign governments were expecting to enjoy these unwonted festivities. The reception was indefinitely postponed. The Emperor was virtually a prisoner in his dismal town palace. Princess Isabel was preparing for her European journey. Count d'Eu was meditating over the fantastic blunder of resigning his military commission in terms which practically recognized the authority of the Provisional Government. The ministers, instead of enjoying the hospitality of the imperial house, were consulting hastily together over the catastrophe that had befallen the court to which they were accredited. They were dazed and bewildered by a revolution without a parallel in history for the feebleness of the means employed for accomplishing momentous results and the powerlessness of a throne to protect itself.

Pathetic, indeed, was the story which was told in Rio de Janeiro of the Emperor's departure. It had been

arranged that he should leave the city late at night so as to avoid the risks of popular reaction and excitement. Only a few hours had been allowed for the preparations for the journey. The physician and several ladies had already gone out to a gunboat in the customs barge. The officer who was to conduct the Emperor, the Crown Princess, and Count d'Eu to the landing drove up to the palace. The Emperor met him with exclamations betokening a mind disordered with grief. "I had hoped to die in Brazil. What have I done to merit this? What crimes have my family committed? I tell you, officer, we are all fools, — you and I and everybody! We do not know what we are about. We understand nothing, — except that Brazil is dear to us!" With such disjointed exclamations and many sobs and groans, the Emperor went down to the landing and stepped for the last time on Brazilian soil. His daughter also asked, with choking voice, what she, or her father, or her husband had done that they should be bundled off ignominiously, and not even allowed time to get together their travelling wraps. Count d'Eu alone retained self-control, and busied himself in calming the court ladies who were accompanying the royal fugitives. There was only a small group of bystanders at the landing as they embarked on a small steam launch. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the lights of the city were burning low. The launch conveyed them to a gunboat, which lay at anchor in the harbor. At ten o'clock the gunboat went out to meet the packet *Alagôas*, which had been chartered to take the royal exiles to Lisbon. The ironclad *Riachuelo* accompanied the steamer to Cape Frio. That rocky headland was the unhappy monarch's last glimpse of his dearly loved country.

One Sunday during my stay in Rio de Janeiro the news of the death of the Empress was received. It did not raise a ripple of excitement in the Ouvidor. The newsboys hardly made use of the announcement in their outcries while hawking their papers. The Empress had been eminent for her domestic qualities and for her benefactions to deserving charities, and had been universally respected. Her death aroused no feeling of public sympathy for the misfortunes of the imperial house. It made less impression than the extremely favorable mortality statistics for the week, showing only seven deaths from yellow fever. It was plain that the people of Brazil were done with monarchy for all time, and that everything relating to the imperial family would be regarded with the same feeling of apathy which had characterized the revolution at every stage.

IV

A NEW ERA IN BRAZIL

AMERICAN PRECEDENTS FOLLOWED — AN ENLIGHTENED SCHEME OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW — DEODORO'S DICTATORSHIP AND DOWNFALL — DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH — HOME RULE — FINANCIAL DISORDERS — A STRUGGLE FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

THE Provisional Government, which had been placed in power by the garrison of the capital, became, on November 15, 1889, the sole repository of political authority. In a single week the ground was cleared, and all the institutions of the Empire were swept away. It was centralized administration reduced to a system of extraordinary simplicity, but general apathy prevailed, since it was known that a commission was embodying the decrees of the self-organized government in a constitution which would ultimately be submitted to a national assembly elected by the people. This commission of five constitution-makers was appointed by the decree of December 3, 1889. It delivered the text of the Constitution to the Provisional Government on May 30, 1890. The Constitution was proclaimed on June 22, 1890, but was declared to be in force only so far as it related to the election, on September 15, of two houses of Congress, which were to be invested with the supreme function of revising and sanctioning it.

Although the French was the only literature with which the educated classes were conversant, Washington rather than Paris was the source from which the Brazilian law-makers derived their inspiration. The sharpest possible departure from French procedure is the adoption of the American type of presidential, as distinguished from cabinet government. The administration is not left dependent upon legislative divisions; there is no premiership, and cabinet ministers retain their portfolios at the discretion of the Executive. In France, the deputies aspire to give direction to the administrative impulses as well as to the legislative functions of the nation. In Brazil, it is the executive administration, and not the national legislature, which is strengthened in all its functions. The President was elected in the first instance by the National Assembly, as in France; but under the Constitution his successors will be chosen by popular election through the instrumentality of an electoral college. The Executive derives his authority from the nation, and is not responsible to Congress except when impeached. With a complete separation of legislative and executive functions is combined the same system of checks and balances which has promoted stability and permanence in the United States.

The most significant departures from the American plan are the lengthening of the official terms, the substitution of educational for universal suffrage, and the facility with which the Constitution may be amended. The President's term is six years and he cannot be re-elected; a senator's is nine years, and a representative's is three years. These are changes for the better, since the excitement and turmoil of elections are ren-

dered less frequent. The proportion of illiterate classes to the whole population is so large that it has been necessary to protect the state against ignorance. The electorate includes all men of the voting age, without distinctions of race or previous condition of servitude, who can read and write. While educational suffrage marks a distinct advance upon universal suffrage, the facility with which the Constitution may be amended involves a sacrifice of that principle of wholesome conservatism which has contributed to the permanency of the American system. In Brazil the approval of the State legislatures is dispensed with when the Constitution is revised. The legislatures may apply for and recommend changes in the organic law, but Congress is armed with supreme power to decide upon the proposals and may act independently of such initiative measures. French influence and example have prevailed in simplifying and expediting the process of constitutional change.

Brazil had secured what was theoretically the best scheme of constitutional republicanism known in Tropical America; but a nation which has been misgoverned for generations was condemned to work out its salvation in fear and trembling. There was not a republic of Latin-American blood which had not made a rough copy of the American Constitution; and in every one of those States, after the patriotic revolt against Spain, powerful families, military dictators, and political cabals had usurped from time to time the supreme functions of democracy. Presidents, while prohibited from serving a second term, had either perpetuated their own power or had promoted the ambitious ends of ruling families by nominating their own successors, calling the military

A BRAZILIAN PORT

garrisons of the capital to their aid and forcing Congress or the electoral colleges to ratify their decision. With the American Constitution as the common basis of republican government in Spanish America, travesties of political liberty and constitutional republicanism had been enacted and oligarchical and military rule had been the prevailing type. Brazil had entered upon the same struggle from darkness to light.

From the opening of the National Assembly which had been elected on September 15, 1890, there were signs of an irreconcilable conflict between the President and the legislators. A large majority of the senators and deputies had been chosen under pressure exerted directly or indirectly by the Provisional Governments of Rio de Janeiro and the provincial capitals; but when they assembled for the revision of the Constitution they were fully conscious of their power. Many of the trained servants of the imperial civil service, having made their peace with the revolutionary government, reappeared in public life, and from the floors of Congress displayed a determination to control the departments of administration. For several generations lawyers, journalists, and educated men, who were not planters, had considered it necessary to earn a living through political employment. They could not afford to lose their occupation, but were anxious to return to office to play the old games of political combination and patronage. As they were all out of office, they naturally formed the nucleus of an opposition party and were reinforced by republicans who were discontented with their relations with the central administration. Before the revision of the Constitution was completed on February 24, 1891, the opposition groups had secured a majority in each

house. General Deodoro da Fonseca was elected to the presidency, but only by a small majority, 129 votes being cast for him and 97 for Dr. Prudente de Moraes, president of the Congress. Of the five scattering votes, two were cast for General Floriano Peixoto, who was immediately elected vice-President. Deodoro would probably have been defeated, if there had not been general apprehension of military intervention and the arrest of his principal opponents.

The provisional ministry had been reorganized in the meantime, but the constitutional President declined either to renew their appointments or to submit their nominations to the approval of Congress. This uncompromising assertion of his independence of the legislators excited criticism. Official interference with the freedom of the press was also angrily resented. The opposition to the government culminated in the passage of three measures directed against the President.

The first of these declared that the duties of minister of State were incompatible with the exercise of other functions. This was a blow aimed directly against obnoxious ministers, and especially Lucena, who was governor of the State of Pernambuco and a judge of the Supreme Court. This bill, after passing both houses, was vetoed by the President on the ground that it deprived him of his constitutional right of choosing his ministers. The senate passed it a second time, by a vote of 29 to 15, one vote short of the constitutional requirement of two-thirds. In order to secure the requisite majority, the vote of the President's brother, who was governor of Alagôas, was thrown out, on the ground that he was a double office-

holder and disqualified from taking part in the division. The President also vetoed a bill for limiting the powers of governors in States which had not been organized on the basis of home rule. On October 29 he vetoed as unconstitutional a third measure, defining the crimes for which the Executive was liable to impeachment. This bill was passed over the veto by the senate on November 2, and subsequently by the chamber of deputies. It was at once apparent that either the President must submit to impeachment proceedings in a senate where two-thirds of the members were hostile to him, or else dissolve Congress and establish a military dictatorship. After hesitating for twenty-four hours and receiving from the Adjutant-General assurances of the loyalty of the army to his personal fortunes, he took up arms against Congress.

On November 4, 1891, a manifesto was published, dissolving Congress, and proclaiming martial law in the federal district and in the city of Nictheroy on the opposite side of the bay from Rio de Janeiro. The nation was called upon to choose representatives to a new Congress, which should be empowered to revise the Constitution under conditions to be made known in the decree of convocation. In a manifesto issued to the nation, the President reviewed the constitutional controversies which had arisen and accused the legislators of attempting to paralyze the administration and to compass the overthrow of the Republic. As the houses of Congress were not allowed to assemble, there was no counter-demonstration. Most of the States acquiesced in the usurpation, but Rio Grande do Sul openly revolted against it, organized a revolutionary government, and in twenty days had a force of 50,000 soldiers

under arms and in readiness to defend the State and to take the field against the Dictator. A similar movement in São Paulo was suppressed only by rigorous action of the governor; and there were similar signs of disaffection in Bahia, Pará, and other States. The garrison of Rio de Janeiro, weakened by the withdrawal of many battalions for service elsewhere, was influenced by popular disapproval of the dictatorship. The naval officers, headed by Admirals Wandelkolk and Costodio de Mello, after consulting secretly with congressional leaders, planned a demonstration against Deodoro. The government placed Admiral Wandelkolk and ex-Minister Bocayuva under arrest, but Admiral Costodio de Mello escaped to the fleet, prevailed upon the officers to support him, and brought three vessels of war in line of action off the city on November 23. President Deodoro, in order to avert the bombardment of the capital, resigned his office. The vice-President, General Floriano Peixoto, succeeded him, reorganized the ministry, and called upon Congress to reassemble. This second revolution was accomplished without bloodshed and without scenes of disorder, except the destruction of two newspaper offices. With the overthrow of Deodoro there was a return to the constitutional system.

Dependence upon military force and contempt for civilians in public life have been characteristic features of the political history of Spanish America. In the early days of colonization and conquest military adventurers were constantly complaining of the disturbances and intrigues caused by lawyers and Indian-reforming monks. Cortes in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, and the governors of Hispaniola, Cartagena, and Panama re-

peatedly besought the home governments to recall the lawyers and to allow the soldiers to rule the new possessions without interference from civilians. The same jealousy of lawyers and legislators has been revealed in nearly every Spanish-American country since the wars for independence. Ordinarily the Presidents have been generals; the garrisons have supported them; and when lawyers and politicians have harassed them in national legislatures, there have been usurpations of power, military dictatorships, and suspensions of constitutional law. When Deodoro, after struggling for twelve months with the factions in Congress, closed the doors of São Christovão Palace and proclaimed a dictatorship, he had recourse to a familiar expedient of Latin-American civilization. The speedy collapse of his administration, when it was wholly dependent upon military force, was a good augury for the future of Brazil. It disclosed at once the weakness of the army by which the Empire had been overthrown and the strength and stability of the constitutional system.

In the early days of the Republic, the Provisional Ministry were unable to agree upon the radical policy of disestablishing the Church. They decreed civil marriage, but debated for several weeks the expediency of cutting off the appropriations for the support of the clergy. Ruy Barbosa in conversation with me intimated that a compromise was to be brought about, by which the salaries of the clergy would be paid while the incumbents of parishes lived, but that no new stipends would be provided. Fortunately for Brazil there was no compromise of the disestablishment question. Constant's ideas prevailed, and the Church was separated from the state. This was a radical measure for disarming and

suppressing clericalism. Under the Constitution no religious denomination was permitted to hold relations of dependence upon, or alliance with, the federal or State governments. The salaries of the clergy, which were formerly paid from the national treasury, were suspended, and the States were prohibited from establishing, subsidizing, or embarrassing the exercise of religious worship. Every church was made free in the free State. Civil marriage was recognized as essential. Cemeteries were subjected to municipal control. Instruction in State schools and public institutions was secularized, and municipalities were prohibited from modifying this rule. The company of Jesuits was excluded from the country, and the founding of new convents and monastic orders was forbidden. By these and other drastic regulations in the fundamental law, the domination of the Church in political affairs was completely shattered. Brazil in emancipating itself from clericalism began very far in advance of the goal which had been reached after protracted agitation by Chili, the most progressive State in South America. If a stagnant country has required thorough processes of revolution, so has the lethargic Church. Under the Republic there is promise of resurrection among the crumbling tombs of national religion.

Education is what is needed for the leavening of the whole lump of Brazilian ignorance and superstition. In some of the States efforts have already been put forth to render elementary education compulsory, and liberal grants have been made for the maintenance of schools; but in the remaining States there are the most inadequate provisions for education. According to one of the latest official returns there are between 8,000,000

and 9,000,000 men, women, and children in Brazil, who can neither read nor write. Until this illiteracy is stamped out, there can neither be a permanent religious revival in the Roman Catholic Church nor any marked progress of Protestantism with its open Bible. The budgets voted by the chambers have been appropriated mainly for higher education for the medical, law, polytechnic, mining, military, and naval schools, which are to be visited in Rio de Janeiro. Not one of these institutions is worthy of the national capital. There is not a university in Brazil, nor is there a single technical school of high rank. Private benefactions have been swallowed up by innumerable hospitals and asylums, many of them now out of date and useless, while institutions of learning have not been founded. If there be such backwardness in promoting the higher schools, what must be the state of primary education when dependent upon the exhausted exchequers of the overtaxed provinces?

Perhaps the most hopeful sign for the cause of progress and religion is the adoption of educational suffrage as the condition of citizenship. This will operate in two ways: it will create a general desire for education as a means to the attainment of the rights of citizenship; and it will compel the governing classes in all the provinces to multiply schools and to support them liberally. Negroes or Portuguese, who do not themselves read and write, will take pains to make voters of their children. The non-voting population will insist upon having schools brought within their reach, and provincial assemblies will make more generous grants for primary education than have ever been sanctioned. Under the Republic, illiteracy, which

is now a source of national reproach, will inevitably decline. There will be more light in a benighted land. With light there will come a religious quickening in churches which now look like the tombs of a dead faith.

While the rights of national administration and legislation are reserved for the Executive and Congress, each province of the old Empire is armed by the Constitution with administrative and legislative autonomy as a sovereign State. The relations between the federal government and the States are determined with such precision as to preclude secession, nullification, or states rights agitation. At the same time home rule is guaranteed by the Constitution. The federal government cannot intervene in the internal affairs of the States, except to repel invasion, to maintain the republican federative form of administration, to restore public order upon requisition from the local authorities, and to secure the execution of laws of Congress and compliance with federal sentences. The National Government has exclusive power to decree import taxes; entrance, clearance, and port dues; postal and telegraph contributions; the maintenance of custom-houses; and the establishment of banks of issue. It exclusively pertains to the States to impose taxes upon landed property. Within these lines and subject to some exemptions respecting ecclesiastical matters, each State has a right to adopt a constitution in harmony with the federal Constitution, to elect its own executive and legislature, and to exercise all the functions of self-government.

The States remained under their provisional governments until the Constitution was adopted. São Paulo,

Pará, Bahia, Pernambuco, and other States, were reorganized during 1891 with constitutions of their own, providing for the election of their own governors and legislatures, and autonomy for municipalities. While the most important provinces were converted speedily into self-governing States ruled by their own citizens, others remained in a transition stage under Deodoro's administration. Their condition was hardly distinguishable from that of old-time provinces under the Empire, since they were governed by partisans of Deodoro. This was one of the main grievances debated in Congress. In many of the States the popular idea of home rule is the right of the leading men in the capital to dismiss a governor and to set up a provisional government whenever they choose to order a political change. There have been several revolutions of this order, and the National Government, not having facilities for rapid transportation of troops to remote provinces, is powerless to prevent them. This distribution of power among the States threatens to be detrimental to the stability of the National Government. Every State government is at the mercy of political mobs and discontented garrisons.

The Provisional Government was singularly successful at the outbreak of the revolution in maintaining the financial credit of the country. Business steadily improved during 1890, and a large coffee crop commanding exceptionally high prices insured favorable rates of exchange. When the general elections occurred and the Constitution was revised and accepted by Congress, the feeling of business buoyancy which had prevailed, in spite of political uncertainty, created a strong speculative movement. During 1891 hundreds of banks were organized and mining companies and

industrial syndicates formed. Appeals were made to the government for concessions and contracts on all sides, and capital was subscribed for innumerable new enterprises. Many of these projects were speculative and visionary. Under an unwise decree, for which Barbosa was responsible, banks were organized by the hundred, and government concessions and contracts were granted most recklessly and often under conditions which involved official corruption. A depreciation of the currency and an impairment of public credit followed.

One of the most encouraging signs was a marked increase in immigration. In 1889 the number of immigrants arriving in Brazil was 65,161; in 1890 it was 109,000. This increase not only served to convince Brazilians that it was the Empire which had repelled Europeans from their shores and caused them to swarm into the Plate republics, but also encouraged the republican government to sanction land grants and immigration schemes on a scale for which even the Argentine furnished no precedent. Brazil, during the first year of the Republic, became a speculative pandemonium. It was menaced during the second year with all the evils of financial disorder and collapse of credit which had overwhelmed the Argentine.

The magnitude of these speculative schemes for developing the resources of Brazil may be readily illustrated. The area covered by 210 land grants was 119,887 square miles, an extent of territory nearly equal to that of Great Britain and Ireland. This represented national domain, which was given away to land speculators and government jobbers. During the same period contracts were nominally made for the

introduction of 1,415,750 families from Europe. This implied a prospective addition of over 7,000,000 to the population. The railway grants were equally reckless, and hundreds of syndicates of all kinds were furnished with monetary guarantees from the treasury. The country was flooded with paper money issued by hundreds of corporations under a free banking law similar to that of the Argentine, which had produced most disastrous results. Traffic in government concessions and speculation in the shares of new railway, mining, and industrial enterprises engrossed the attention of active politicians and practical business men. It was a delirious time, when all classes were overtrading and gambling upon the material prosperity which was to follow the introduction of republican institutions. Every day brought with it a fresh batch of government concessions and guarantees for colonies in the wilderness, new cities in unexplored regions, and ports in uninhabited sections of the coast. It was the fatal Argentine fever, and it was both malignant and contagious.

If Brazil has been saved from the financial revulsions which seemed to be impending in 1891, its good fortune is to be attributed to the warning which foreign investors had received in the Argentine. When the speculators and politicians had locked up their own capital in visionary undertakings, they could not find a market abroad for shares in their new companies. English investors whose hands had been badly burned on the Plate looked with suspicion upon the glowing prospectuses and refused to believe that the capital subscribed represented hard cash. They had already invested from $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 in Bra-

zilian securities, and they prudently refrained from increasing their holdings. As foreign capital was withheld, the native speculative companies soon languished from sheer inanition. Disordered conditions of exchange, an inflated currency, and higher prices than had ever before been known combined to produce a reaction. Financial reform became the crowning issue of the day.

There are two phrases which are constantly heard in Brazil. One is, "Wait a little," and the other is, "Be patient." Each reveals a national habit of deliberation and procrastination formed under the influence of an enervating climate. From race instinct Brazilians have adapted themselves slowly and mechanically to the altered political and social conditions under the Republic. As they are never known either to make haste in business or pleasure or to be anxious for the morrow, they have not expected republican institutions to accomplish at once the work of national regeneration. They have been content to wait a little and to be patient. This is a quality of mind which has reconciled them to a gradual and laborious fulfilment of expectations of material progress inspired by the overthrow of the Empire. They believe that they have entered upon a future of brilliant promise. They know that Brazil is a country whose resources are practically inexhaustible; that there is hardly a plantation or forest product of tropical climes which cannot be raised under the most favorable conditions on their soil; that their mountains are rich in iron, lead, gold, and precious stones; that their river system is unparalleled, and that they have all the requirements for making a wealthy and powerful nation. The Provisional Government was

irregular in its processes and arbitrary in its decrees, but it opened a way for the industrial development of the most wonderful country on the face of the earth. Faith in the future of Brazil has reconciled the people to disordered finances, temporary military usurpation, and constitutional anomalies. They have consoled themselves with the reflection that democratic and industrial progress has been retarded there, as elsewhere in Latin America, by prevailing conditions of popular ignorance, but that republican institutions in the end will inevitably accomplish their perfect work.

V

ENTRANCE OF THE PLATE

HOW A COMMERCIAL EMPIRE HAS BEEN WON — HUMBLE PIE FOR AN AMERICAN — EUROPEAN MARITIME ENTERPRISE — MONTEVIDEO AND ITS SUBURBS — NIGHT PASSAGE TO BUENOS AYRES

An American who visits the Brazilian coast towns and continues the voyage to the river Plate can hardly fail to be impressed with the commercial enterprise of maritime Europe. An empire lost in the northern hemisphere has been replaced by another gained during the present century. A hundred years ago the European was driven from the American colonies and compelled to resign control over a continental domain which is now the industrial empire of a free people numbering 63,000,000. What was lost in the North has been regained in the South. Latin America is the commercial empire of the maritime nations of Europe. They hold two-thirds of the national debt of Brazil. They have supplied a large share of the capital required for railway, banking, and industrial enterprises there. They have organized the internal trade of the Amazon valley. They have established their ascendency in the coast towns and made the import trade their own. They control the commerce of the Plate countries at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres. The weight of their

capital, maritime enterprise, and industrial skill is felt all the way from the Straits of Magellan to the Isthmus. South America is tenanted by proud nations, jealous of their political liberties; but it is the commercial dependency of maritime Europe.

I went down the coast from Rio de Janeiro in the steamer *Britannia* with a merry company of English travellers who were bound for Patagonia, the Falkland Islands, and Chili. Most of them were sheep-farmers, and they told me that the capital required for opening Patagonia on both the Argentine and Chilian coasts was supplied from England. The bleak Falkland Islands are tenanted by Scotchmen, who have opened large sheep-farms there. This is the southernmost European colony in the New World, and while it has a population of only five thousand the English are there to make what they can out of it. As we were smoking and chatting together from day to day, the ship passed the entrance to the lower coffee belt at Santos and coasted along three of the southern provinces of Brazil: Paraná, a State as large as Kansas; then Santa Catharina, as small as Maine; and at last Rio Grande do Sul, equal to New York and Pennsylvania combined. The lofty sierras of the coffee belt were reduced to gently sloping hills, and a rolling prairie offered rich pasturage for cattle and sheep. The list of agricultural products, which began under the equator with rubber and included sugar, cotton, tobacco, and coffee in the direction of the tropic, was completed with wool, hides, and wheat on the borders of the temperate zone. Beyond Rio Grande do Sul and Porto Alegre was the gateway of the Plate, the majestic river entrance to the three republics of the South, whose indus-

tries were also almost wholly agricultural. Europe directs and controls their trade and supplies them with manufactures of its own as completely as it monopolizes the commerce of the Brazilian seaboard from the shifting delta of the Amazon to the shingles and sand dunes of Rio Grande do Sul.

How has this commercial empire, which replaces what the English lost a century ago in North America, what the French sold for a song in Louisiana, and what the Spanish frittered away by misgovernment in the far South, been regained by modern Europe? The secret of the establishment of European commercial supremacy in that part of the world is the intelligence with which the shipping and mercantile interests of maritime nations have been fostered and developed. The American Civil War marked the turning-point in the substitution of steam for sail power in the transportation of ocean freight. About 1865 the first English mail steamer was running into Montevideo with a government subsidy. At the end of twenty years there were 618 European steamers, with a tonnage of 900,000, entering the same port, a tonnage nearly three times as great as that of the sailing fleet. At the end of 1888 the tonnage had risen to 1,264,919, with more than two steamers a day. This marked the triumph of superior maritime enterprise. While the United States has been neglecting its shipping interests and doing nothing to restore its commercial marine on the high seas, Europe has been building and manning merchant fleets by which an empire could be conquered.

If any American, weak and lowly in spirit, have a voracious appetite for humble pie, let him take passage for the Plate. He will find Montevideo and Buenos

Ayres the most enterprising cities of the southern hemisphere, and in each harbor he will see a magnificent merchant fleet, representing every maritime nation except his own. He will recognize off the water-front of Montevideo the flags of England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and Brazil, flying from steamships lying at anchor, and he will see a swarm of Norwegian, Danish, English, Italian, and German sailing vessels; but he will look in vain for the American flag, unless he catches a glimpse, as I did, of the colors of some poor old war ship like the *Tallapoosa*. That battered hulk was in the harbor when I arrived and another relic of old-time naval architecture, the *Richmond*, was on the way from Bahia to the South Atlantic station. These ships were needed, perhaps, to complete the exhibition of American degeneracy in the maritime world.

I was fully prepared, after landing and passing the customs line, for the look of bewilderment on the face of the genial proprietor of the French hotel, when he was asked to direct me to the American consulate. He did not know where it was, although it was found subsequently only a few blocks from the hotel. He was too polite to be offensive and apparently was unwilling to confess that he was unaware of the presence of any American functionary in the city. There were similar signs of incredulity and bewilderment in other faces when I sought in the streets for pilotage to the consulate. Shop-keepers doing business within a block of the office had never heard of an American consul. Apparently people in Montevideo vaguely regard the United States as being a curious country, having a place somewhere on the map of the western hemi-

sphere. They think of it very much as children in American schools idly conjecture what the ice-fields surrounding the North Pole are like. Europe sends out its merchant fleets to their harbor to stock their shops and houses with everything which human ingenuity can devise for promoting comfortable or luxurious living. The United States no longer contributes freely, as in the olden time, its Yankee notions. American ships enter the harbor so infrequently that the children of Montevideo are growing up in ignorance of the mighty industrial nation that styles itself "The Grand Republic."

At the close of the American Civil War two ocean steamers entered Montevideo in the course of a month. Now there are two arrivals every day the year round, exclusive of river craft and coasters. At Buenos Ayres there has been an even greater development of commerce. The tide of immigration rises higher every year, and the Argentine is filling up with European settlers. It is the marvellous progress of the United States reduced to south latitude. France and Italy, under a system of navigation and ship-building bounties, have largely increased their steam fleets in those waters. Germany and England, with liberal compensation for mail transportation, have easily kept abreast with the progress of their rivals. There is intense rivalry among the four chief maritime powers for the control of the commerce of the Plate. So fast is the pace that sailing vessels are dropping out of the race. The French bounty law of 1881 and the Italian bounty law of 1885 have failed to revive the sailing marines of those countries. It is a steamship race, and the United States has not a single entry out of 765. It had sixteen

sailing vessels in port during 1888, out of 1357 arrivals of all classes, and not one steamship. European rivals are making extraordinary exertions to enlarge their fleets and to establish commercial supremacy. The United States has done nothing, at least until March, 1891, to aid its commerce. It regards Montevideo as a healthful station for its South Atlantic squadron and apparently is content with its humiliating effacement from the struggle for maritime ascendency.

The four great powers, which have largely increased their commercial marines in the course of ten years, have also doubled their export trade. Belgium, which recently subsidized an English line, has increased her volume of exports to Uruguay nearly five times. France and Italy under bounty laws have done well. The United States alone remains stationary, for it is the only great country in the world that systematically neglects the interests of its commercial marine. Against a fleet of 294 European steamships, it had in 1890 five steamers on the Brazil coast as far as Santos, and nothing below except a sailing vessel perhaps once or twice a month in the harbor of Montevideo. The exports to the United States show no perceptible increase from year to year. In 1889 the aggregate was $2,252,428, against $2,347,054 in 1882. The exports from the United States to Montevideo are equally inelastic. Trade with maritime Europe flourishes and multiplies with the development of its commercial marine. Trade with the United States languishes and shrinks from sheer inanition. Americans in Montevideo are naturally humiliated by the meagre exhibit made by their country's merchant marine. I met many of them, for Mr. Hill, the consul, introduced me at the English Club to

a swarm of bright acquaintances and ended by taking me to dinner at the Uruguay Club with the American minister, General Maney. In a single day I was made to feel entirely at home in what is undoubtedly the pleasantest and most social city in South America, and during a fortnight's visit in Uruguay I was highly favored with genuine evidences of hospitality. I can speak with confidence respecting the sentiment of Americans there respecting the decadence of the commercial marine.

From the mouth of the Plate a single high hill close to the water's edge is seen. It is the landmark from which Montevideo derives its name. It guards the entrance to a deep cove, which forms the inner harbor. Opposite stands the city on a peninsula, perhaps half a mile in width, the street levels sloping toward the river-front on one side, and toward the back bay on the other. Thirty years ago only a portion of this peninsula was occupied. Now the city stretches outward for miles along the river, and back of the bay there are beautiful suburbs with lovely gardens. The suburbs encircle the bay and fringe the base of the mountain, with its fortifications and slaughter pens. The population probably exceeds 200,000 and is increasing with remarkable rapidity. Immigration within the last decade has reinforced the Uruguayan stock with large contingents from Italy and Spain. Italians take the place of the negroes of a Brazilian coast city as the working population. They man the lighters, pave the streets, and do a large part of the manual labor. Spanish is the prevailing language, but Italian can be heard at every turn. There are also thousands of Basques from Spain and France, and as many Brazil-

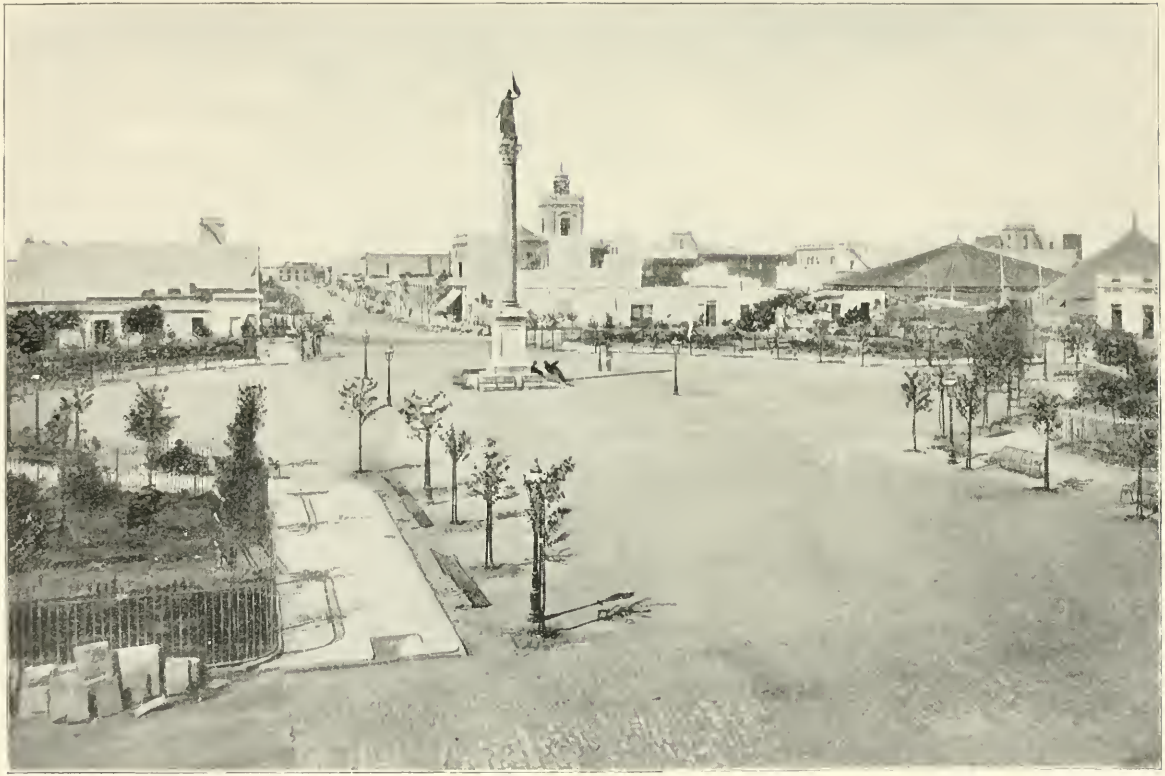
ians from the southern provinces. Uruguay is a country about as large as the six New England States, with New Jersey and Delaware added. It has a population of 800,000, with 600,000 native Uruguayans.

Buenos Ayres has a new system of water-front and docks under construction, but Montevideo, with a harbor that could easily be improved, has allowed its energetic rival across the Plate to surpass it in enterprise. The depth of water, in the bay opposite the Cerro, is five feet less than it was seventy years ago, and is now receding a few inches every year. The ocean steamers cannot enter the inner harbor, but anchor outside in a roadstead that is often dangerous. Engineers have devised a system of jetties by which twenty-five feet of water will be provided in the bay; but although a company has been organized to construct the new port, and legislative appropriations have been made for the work, these greatly needed harbor improvements are deferred year after year. Montevideo lacks enterprise, but it has scenic beauty and natural advantages to which its ambitious and successful competitor can never aspire. The Cerro, with its crumbling Spanish fort and revolving lighthouse, furnishes a setting for the handsome, well-built town. As the steamer arrives at the anchorage at sunset, the architectural lines of the more conspicuous buildings are softened and refined by the fading light. The façade of the Solis Theatre, perhaps the handsomest modern building in South America, catches the eye. The Matrix Church in Plaza Constitucion looms up, and the long line of the Julio, the finest avenue to be seen in the southern hemisphere, is distinctly traced. The bolsa stands out among the handsome banks of the Cerrito quarter. The English

Church, with its Grecian front, is in line with the Campo Santo, the unique necropolis by the water's edge. Beyond the city's compactly and even massively built streets are the quintas of Paso del Molino, embowered in their parks and gardens. By no trick of atmospheric effect nor shifting of sunset light can plain, prosaic Buenos Ayres be transfigured to equal comeliness and beauty.

Montevideo is neither quaint like Bahia nor picturesque like Rio, but it is modern and handsome. The streets are wide, well paved and lighted, and compactly built up. The architecture is modern and massive. Granite and Italian marbles are used in the handsome building fronts. Portuguese tiles are seen only in the oldest quarters of the town. Plaster fronts, so common in Brazil, are replaced with fine building stone, much of which is quarried in the Uruguay hills. The leading thoroughfare, the Julio, recording a date of patriotic memory, is approached from Plaza Constitucion, where stands the cathedral, a massive building with two towers. On another side is the showy Uruguay Club house. Close at hand is the chief opera house and theatre of the town. A few blocks further on is a plaza, surrounded on four sides by government and other buildings, with continuous lines of colonnades and arcades, a unique and striking effect. A third plaza with a graceful column surmounted with a statue of Liberty is in the heart of the city. All the way from Plaza Independencia, the Julio is lined with handsome shops, in which European goods are attractively displayed. It has the airy effect of a cool, tasteful Parisian boulevard.

Montevideo is as modern in its manner of life as in



PLAZA CAGANCHA, MONTEVIDEO

its architectural aspects. Bustle and activity pervade its streets. There are street cars trundling in every thoroughfare, the musical horns of the conductor being heard long past midnight and in the earliest hours of the morning. Handsome carriages and cabs are in the streets. The wide sidewalks are thronged with a busy, energetic, and thrifty population. There is a wide-awake and prosperous air about the town, that reminds one strongly of Boston, to which it bears a marked resemblance in topographical features and compactness of construction. But Montevideo is European rather than American in its aspects and customs. It is a modern Spanish town, with glimpses of Italian architecture and French refinement of taste, and with the commercial bustle and movement of Bremen or Hamburg. The custom-house is an institution conducted on modern principles and with a business intelligence that is lacking in Brazil. There is no dawdling in street or in shop. Men have work to do, and they do not waste time over it. The city belongs to the last decade of the nineteenth century, and not midway in the eighteenth, like many of the Brazilian towns.

The most beautiful suburb of the city is Paso del Molino, where is the Prado, a public park, with line upon line of tasteful villas surrounded with gardens. These suburban houses are utterly unlike the old-fashioned Portuguese mansions of Brazil and belong to the modern class of spacious, well-designed, and thoroughly comfortable country residences. The gardens are lovely. The latitude is lower by seven degrees than that of New York and the climate is more equable. Greenhouses are largely dispensed with, the temperature, even in the coldest weather, being above the

freezing-point. Roses require no protection in winter, and flowers are blooming all the year in these spacious and orderly gardens. Fine lawns are infrequent, the grass not being suitable for good landscape effects; but the displays of trees and flowering shrubbery of all kinds are exceedingly beautiful.

Uruguay is a stock-raising and sheep-farming country, whose commercial interests are intimately connected with those of the Argentine Republic and Paraguay on one side and with those of Brazil on the other. It was originally a dependency of Brazil, but broke away from the Empire in 1825 and adopted a constitution in 1830. After a transition period of political confederation with Paraguay and the Argentine as one of the United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, it is now a self-governing State in close commercial intercourse with those republics as well as with Brazil. General Maney undertook to instruct me at his hospitable mansion respecting the mysteries of Uruguayan politics, but even the most genial diplomatist is an unsafe guide when he is at his post in a foreign country, for he will be certain to take optimistic views in regard to the government to which he is accredited. The impression which I received from other sources was that the government had been in recent years one of the most despotic in Spanish America. One can hear in Montevideo blood-curdling tales of military cabals and political assassinations. For forty years there has been civil strife and one Executive after another has been overthrown before his term was half over. The Presidents, with the army and police behind them, have exercised almost absolute power. There have been two legislative houses, a senate, elected by indirect suffrage, and a chamber of

representatives, chosen in the proportion of one to every 3000 who can read and write; and when Congress is not in session there has been a legislative committee nominally in control of the government; but practically the President is master of the situation. While he is not eligible to re-election, he ordinarily names his successor and elects him. While I was in Montevideo, President Tages proclaimed his intention of abstaining from influencing the choice of his successor. A civilian candidate at once appeared upon the scene, and Uruguayans were greatly interested in watching the result. If he could be elected, it would be the transition from a military dictatorship to genuine republican government. Apparently President Tages could not resist the temptation to exert his influence, for not long after my departure I learned that the civilian candidate was unsuccessful and that a favorite of the President was chosen as his successor.

The passage from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres corresponds to the journey between Boston and New York without the railway ride. It occupies one night and is esteemed the most luxurious travelling of which Spanish-American civilization is capable. The *Venus* and the *Eolo* are regarded on the Plate very much as the *Puritan* and the *Pilgrim* are in New York and Boston, as unrivalled passenger steamers. They have handsomely furnished saloon parlors and dining-rooms, electric lights in the cabins, and excellent service. In its lavish hospitality, La Platense Flotilla, Limited, left the narrowest possible margin for grievances. It provided a bunch of flowers at each plate, a dinner of a dozen courses, and wines, cordials, and brandy. At nine o'clock tea was served with whiskey as a sweetener for those who wanted it, and in the morning every

passenger had his pot of coffee before leaving the boat. There was no extra charge for this luxurious living, the passage ticket covering the expense of the journey.

The ladies of Montevideo are famous in South America for their beauty and the refinement of their manners. There were many of them on the *Venus*, displaying expensive Parisian gowns, as well as vivacity in conversation. As a foil for them there were a dozen nuns with their sombre garb. I sat near them at dinner and noticed that the discipline of their order was not austere, since they drank wine with freedom and chatted with men at the table. Conversation was almost wholly in Spanish, with an undertone of French. From Brazil to the Plate one passes suddenly from Portuguese to Spanish America. The languages are so closely allied as to be double cousins. In Brazil I had found that a Portuguese and a Spaniard could talk at ease, each understanding the other while speaking his own tongue. In the Plate countries there is little Portuguese, but Italian is the language of the working people who have recently emigrated from southern Europe. There are large Italian quarters in Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, but Spanish will always predominate as the language of South America. It is not necessary that a traveller should speak either Portuguese or Spanish in order to visit Brazil and the Plate countries. French hotels and restaurants are found all along the coast. There are French book-stores in every town. Familiarity with the French language is more useful to a traveller in that part of the world than a smattering of Spanish and Portuguese. With English he can get on, albeit laboriously, but with French he can travel in comfort from Pará to Buenos Ayres and from Valparaiso to Carácas.

VI

ACROSS THE ARGENTINE

NEW HARBOR OF BUENOS AYRES — CHICAGO LATITUDE SOUTH — LA PLATA AND ITS PORT — RAPID PROGRESS OF ROSARIO — AGRICULTURAL COLONIES — MEDIÆVAL CORDOVA — OVER THE PAMPAS TO MENDOZA — THE ARGENTINE'S BEST INVESTMENT — AN ORGY OF CURRENCY INFLATION AND SPECULATION — POLITICAL CABALS AND JOBBERY — THE REVOLUTION OF JULY, 1890 — FUTURE OF THE ARGENTINE

THE first glimpse of Buenos Ayres after the night passage from Montevideo reveals the energy of the Argentine nation, the South American Yankee-land. The new harbor even in its unfinished state is a magnificent work of engineering. The city has a frontage of four miles on the river Plate, into which empties a little stream, the Riachuelo. Harbor there was none, until the work of artificially making one was undertaken. So great was the wash of sand inshore that the heaviest ocean steamers were forced to anchor from twelve to twenty miles from the city, landing passengers by steam tenders, boats, and water-carts, and discharging cargoes by lighters. The Boca, or mouth of the Riachuelo, was taken as the base of operations for providing the city with a port. The bed of this little stream was excavated, a series of levees was built along its banks, and a channel ten miles long was dredged and marked with buoys to the deep water of the Plate.

This work occupied twelve years, and furnished a provisional harbor which could be entered by vessels drawing twenty-four feet of water. It has been supplemented by the Madero port work, which was begun in 1885 under government contract with an English company. At the entrance to the Boca a breakwater was built along the water-front of the city, but at a long distance from it. Between this wall and the old water-front a series of five immense basins was planned, connecting by wide canals with one another end to end, with the Boca at the harbor entrance, and with a northern basin, where there will be an opening in the malecon and a second passage seaward.

This stupendous work, as I saw it under the pilotage of Mr. Baker, the American consul, was only partly finished, but the benefits to shipping interests were already very great. The Riachuelo was jammed with vessels, and the levees were piled high with merchandise. The entrance channel was open and the south dock was filled with European steamers. The second and third docks were in an advanced stage of construction, and the breakwater had been built for a distance of a mile and a half. Scores of streets had been opened, sewered, and paved, and business structures were rapidly filling the empty spaces of reclaimed land. With deep water outside the malecon, it will be possible to sewer and drain the city without having the Plate a constant source of contamination. Like every other public work in the Argentine, the new port has been tainted with jobbery and scandal. It will be cheap at any price if it fulfils the expectations of the engineers.

Buenos Ayres, as I saw it on the eve of the collapse of its fortunes, was Chicago reduced to southern

latitude. When I went to the Boca and looked at the shipping jammed in the Riachuelo, I was reminded of Chicago River. When I returned by train along the water's edge and went out to Belgrano, passing two riverside parks, I recalled again the metropolis of the West with its railways, pleasure-grounds, and palatial residences along the lake shore. The sun rose over a river so broad that it was like Lake Michigan. From that river base, the city had shot out north, south, and west over a level plain, doubling its population within a decade and developing an immense volume of business. It was the most important railway centre of South America. It was the outlet for continental reaches of wheat belt. It was the chief slaughter-house for the stock-raising pampas. It commanded a river system exceeding in volume the Mississippi. Its commerce had expanded into enormous compass. It was fairly pulsating with vitality, enterprise, and ambition. It had absolute faith in its destiny as one of the chief commercial centres of the world. It had intense local pride and was not particularly modest. In all these respects it strongly resembled the Chicago of the North.

Buenos Ayres was like Chicago six months after the great fire; but there had been no calamity involving the necessity of the reconstruction of the city on a large scale. It was only the end of a mad revel of profligacy and jobbery, during which the national capital was squandering the millions lent by credulous English investors on the strength of the Barings' recommendation. My first stroll carried me to the civic centre, Plaza Victoria, and revealed the most characteristic of the extravagant public works undertaken by President Juarez Célman. This was the new Mayo boule-

vard. Opening into the plaza were two narrow thoroughfares several miles in length. Between these two streets a broad avenue was laid out at an expense of many millions. Some of the most massive buildings of the town were either pulled down or reduced to narrow and unshapely shells, in order to furnish space for this boulevard. It was a stupendous job, out of which contractors and corrupt officials made fortunes. I could not judge fairly of the artistic effect in the unfinished state of the boulevard, but it was evident that a large section of the business quarter had been reconstructed at high cost without any apparent necessity for the improvement.

Plaza Victoria is surrounded by the government palace, the law courts, the capitol, the cabildo, the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the bolsa, and the national bank. Even with its two patriotic monuments, the square is a bare and unattractive place and illustrates Sir Arthur Helps's remark, "The Spanish like not many trees." Millions have been expended there in pavements and luxuriously appointed buildings. Although some of the new government structures have fine lines, there is a jumble of architectural effects. The cathedral remains the most impressive structure of the great plaza. There are many costly buildings in Buenos Ayres, notably the banks, commercial exchanges, government offices, and railway stations. Millions have been invested in ornamental fronts of brick and stucco designed by French and Italian architects. While the small squares in the heart of the city are unattractive, there is a park of 840 acres at Palermo with two fine driveways, bordered with palms and firs and illuminated at night with a

STREET IN BUENOS AYRES

glare of electric light. Palatial residences abound in that quarter, where fortunes made by speculation or by maladministration of public money were squandered in showy architecture and luxurious furnishing. Bewildering as was the display of equipages in the Argentine Rotten Row, and sumptuous as was the manner of life of the wealthy classes, there was something unreal and artificial in the ostentatious splendors of the capital. One scarcely needed to be told that the nation had been borrowing money abroad beyond its resources, had gone on contracting new loans in order to meet the interest on its old debts, and had wasted its substance on luxurious houses and profligate living.

Hardly had I established myself in the Grand Hotel and through the courtesy of General Pitkin, the American minister, and Mr. Baker, the American consul, received introductions to a large circle of influential and agreeable acquaintances, before the professional statisticians made a concerted attack upon me. These ingenuous gentlemen had been remarkably successful in flattering the vanity of the town by every method of comparison with the great cities of the world, and the incoming traveller was importuned to accept the evidence of their calculations and averages. I felt helpless in the toils of these figure-working magicians until they sought to demonstrate by statistics that Buenos Ayres was one of the handsomest cities in Christendom. Then I knew my ground and rebelled. The Argentine capital has been greatly improved during the last decade, especially along the river-front, where the Paseo de Julio has been converted into a spacious boulevard; but it is neither as favorably situated nor as attractive in architecture, suburbs, and

pleasure-grounds as Montevideo. The picturesque beauties of Bahia and the majestic mountain scenery of Rio de Janeiro are lacking. The streets are uniform in narrowness, and the shops and houses on one are like the shops and houses on the others. The miniature plazas fail to break the monotonous effect of the profusely ornamented stucco fronts. There is a ceaseless rumble of traffic by day and a blaze of electric light by night. As a centre of business activity Buenos Ayres has been unique in South America, but bustle is not beauty and trade statistics have no power of refreshing the eye.

Exception must be taken in favor of the churches, which are the handsomest to be found on the Atlantic coast of South America. The cathedral was begun in 1580 and rebuilt in 1752, and the imposing façade was subsequently added by General Rosas, a tyrant who needed to do something for religion to atone for his crimes against liberty. The portico is upheld by twelve Corinthian columns, and the tympanum has a bass-relief of patriotic significance. It represents Joseph embracing his brethren and commemorates the reunion of Buenos Ayres with the other Argentine provinces. In the vast interior, which is nearly as spacious as Notre Dame in Paris, there is a high altar under a dome rising 130 feet and there are twelve side chapels. Many of the churches are built of stone or polished marble and are modern structures, with fine architectural lines. There are eight or ten Protestant churches, the English church being perhaps the most conspicuous. There is absolute religious tolerance in the Argentine. The Church is not disestablished, appropriations amounting to

$215,000 for the stipends of the clergy being included in the annual budgets; but this is a meagre sum. The influence of the Church is very different in the Argentine from what it is in Brazil. The clergy are educated men, the parishes are centres of religious life, and an active work of practical benevolence is carried on. The population is one of higher intelligence than can be found anywhere in Brazil. Great attention has been paid to education, free schools having been established in all the leading towns. There are 170 schools in the national capital, with lyceums for higher instruction, a university, and a medical school.

When my statistical mentors refrained from poaching upon the domain of æsthetics, I was content to follow them, and to bear my tribute to evidences of material progress and commercial enterprise unparalleled in the annals of Tropical America. The population of the city was 78,500 in 1857; and it is at least 550,000 to-day. Its foreign trade rose from $21,000,000 in 1850 to $228,000,000 in 1889. This phenomenal progress had the effect of stimulating the imagination of the town. It had the largest possible ideas of its own importance and destiny. What the statisticians did not affect to deny was that Buenos Ayres, with all its splendid enterprise, had been largely dependent upon foreign intelligence and capital for its extraordinary progress. There are many phases of resemblance between Buenos Ayres and Chicago, but here is a sharp line of contrast. Chicago is not in bondage to foreign merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists, but shapes and directs its own commercial destiny.

The chief cause of the financial disorders by which the industrial energies of the Argentine have been par-

alyzed since 1889 was an orgy of currency inflation and speculative activity, induced by rapid national growth and excessive supplies of foreign capital, borrowed at high rates of interest. For a decade all classes of landowners and business men were in a fever of excitement, undertaking the most reckless and chimerical schemes, under the delusion that anything and everything could be done in a country advancing at high speed in material prosperity and receiving an enormous increase of population from southern Europe. One gets an inkling of the truth when he hears at the clubs recitals of the vagaries of speculation during recent years and is informed of the stupendous operations of the mortgage banks; but when he spends a morning at the bolsa and then takes a journey to La Plata he receives convincing object lessons.

The stock exchange is a vast structure with a spacious hall surrounded by a gallery, where scenes of excitement and reckless speculation have been enacted, rivalling those of Wall Street in the most feverish times. The number of members ranges between 4000 and 5000; and while gold transactions are the most important, every class of securities is dealt with by a mob of carefully dressed Argentine dandies on the floor. These gamblers in gold and stocks, whose operations represented a nominal valuation of hundreds of millions a year, had been transformed from the simplicity of pampa farmers to Parisian speculators. Precocious children of the South, with imitative powers which enabled them to adapt themselves rapidly to European manners and ideas, they had been drawn into the city by an unlimited supply of foreign money and unrivalled opportunities for public jobbery. The cupid-

ity of European investors reaching after high rates of interest stimulated their own avarice. Every one of these brokers had aspired to become a millionaire in the course of a few years, to build a palace in the fashionable quarter, to drive afternoon and evening at Palermo in the procession of brilliant equipages, and to live as luxuriously as the Barings and all the European moneylenders, who were ministering to his vices and compassing his ultimate ruin.

In the halcyon days of English investments and Italian immigration, nothing seemed impracticable in the Argentine. La Plata was a city built to order in an incredibly short period and was at once a success and a failure. It was laid out on paper in 1881 by the governor of Buenos Ayres, and designed to be like Washington, a city of magnificent distances. Buenos Ayres, from historic times the capital of the province, had been made, after a protracted political and sectional struggle, the capital of the Argentine Confederation. Dr. Rocha determined to build a new capital, which would be at once spacious, handsome, and modern. He was successful in this part of his scheme. He failed when he attempted at La Plata to rival Buenos Ayres in commerce, business activity, and civic influence.

Everything was planned on a broad scale. Sites were set apart for the provincial assembly, the governor's residence, the provincial departments, a city hall, a spacious railway station, libraries, museums, schools, churches, and everything befitting the dignity of the largest, richest, and most influential State of the Confederation. The streets were laid out as broad avenues, twice or three times as wide as the thoroughfares of Buenos Ayres. Buildings of splendid proportions

were planned, at long distances one from another, and surrounded with ample grounds, artistically planted for landscape effects. Spaces were reserved for squares and public gardens, which were lacking in Buenos Ayres. Thousands of workmen were employed to build the city in two years. Ensenada, the port, lay three miles away, with outer and inner roadsteads and a bar between them. In order to convert it into a harbor it was necessary to deepen the channel between the basins and to construct a canal several miles long. After millions had been expended, La Plata was supplied with an artificial port and opened to the commerce of the world. The provincial departments were removed from Buenos Ayres in 1884. All the conveniences and appliances of civilization were supplied. Even a new cemetery was opened, so that incoming residents could have a feeling that they might die and be comfortably buried whenever they liked.

La Plata lies to the south of Buenos Ayres, an hour's journey by railway from the central station in the Paseo de Julio. The train draws up into a spacious and well-appointed depot. A broad avenue lined with palaces stretches in either direction as far as the eye can see. These stately structures with their marble colonnades and imposing façades are the finest to be found in the southern hemisphere. The legislative halls, the law courts, the department buildings, the governor's palace, the provincial banks, the observatory, the museum, are happily varied in form and design. Each stands alone and is surrounded by spacious grounds. There is a monumental entrance to a neglected park, which was intended to rival Palermo. The cathedral alone is unfinished. The port works represent a financial outlay

of at least $17,000,000 in gold, and the government's expenditures in the city cannot have been less than $60,000,000.

When the city was building, there were extensive land speculations, and hundreds of houses were erected at high cost, every real estate operator hastily assuming that the expenditure of millions of government money would involve of necessity permanent commercial prosperity. The completion of the principal provincial buildings and the removal of the government officials to their new residences were followed by a rush of population. In the course of the first two years a census was taken and 30,000 residents were reported, and the population subsequently increased to 50,000. Speedily officials grew weary of the monotonous life of the town and attempted to resume their residence in Buenos Ayres, going out to La Plata in the morning and returning in the evening. Prompt measures were taken to prevent these desertions, and members of the civil service were required to live in the city. The land speculators soon began to realize that the town was not going ahead as rapidly as they had expected. The prices of real estate dropped, and prudent men perceived that, while it had gained a large population with startling facility, there were grave reasons for apprehending that it would not continue at the same rate of progress, and possibly that the population would remain stationary. All attempts to convert the port into a commercial centre have proved futile. La Plata lacks business and industrial resources. The civil service of the Provincial Government cannot take the place of an enterprising mercantile element in developing the trade of the city.

While the Argentine people seem to have what every other Latin-American race except the Chilian lacks,— something of the Anglo-Saxon energy and reserve of power,— they are easily infatuated with specious or visionary schemes. The imposing array of stately buildings and harbor works where ten years ago was a tract of pasturage ground with swamps stretching seaward is a monument to the enterprise of the nation; but there was lamentable lack of judgment in the attempt to found a rival capital and commercial metropolis so near Buenos Ayres. Neither the city nor the port was needed, and the millions expended upon a grandiose project, which enriched a small group of politicians, adventurers, and land speculators, might have been used more wisely. Bahia Blanca would have been a superior site, since it lies at the head of a good harbor and commands the growing trade of the Rio Negro region and of Patagonia. These lands, acquired by conquest over Indian tribes and by a convention with Chili, are gradually filling up with settlers and assuming commercial importance. Bahia Blanca is growing rapidly, and promises to become the chief business centre on the southern coast. If the provincial seat of government had been located there, and if the same outlay had been expended on public works and buildings, its commercial resources would have contributed to its progress. The establishment of a second metropolis at La Plata seemed an impossible undertaking and for that very reason fascinated the imaginations of the projectors.

When one witnesses the extraordinary commercial activity of the metropolis of the Argentine Republic, he finds it easy to believe anything that he may hear respecting the industrial resources and development of

the country which lies behind it. An overland journey is almost an essential safeguard against overweening credulity. After a prolonged stay at Buenos Ayres and La Plata, I set out for the Andes and Chili, halting at the chief towns on the way. Travelling expenses in the Argentine range with the hotel bills under the general conditions of inflated prices. An exception is to be made with reference to baggage, which is checked without extra charge to one's destination. In Brazil and Chili the transfer of baggage by train costs a third or at least a quarter of the ordinary passenger fare; but on Argentine railways the American system is adopted, with limitations of weight. The cars are not luxurious, but fairly comfortable, and the train service is good. Coffee is served on the night trains and early in the morning, and at the restaurant stations breakfasts and dinners of seven or eight courses are provided, wine being included. One has to pay roundly in cheap money for these privileges of wayside refreshment, but he cannot complain of being hurried. There is an ample allowance of time for breakfast or dinner, and the most deliberate traveller can finish his coffee and smoke a cigarette before there are any signs of commotion on the platform.

The railway to Rosario leads up the Paraná, which with the Plate forms the riverine boundary of the province of Buenos Ayres. In territorial extent, population, wealth, and agricultural resources this is the Empire State of the Argentine; yet it seems an empty and undeveloped land as one approaches its northern frontier. Villages are infrequent; farm houses are small and unpretentious; and there are few signs of agricultural activity. The province is an unbroken

plain, nearly 121,000 English square miles in extent. Rapid as the movement of immigration has been during the last decade, even the most populous State has vast tracts of unoccupied land and its cultivated sections appear untenanted. The Argentine can support a population a hundred times as great as it now has, and it will not then seem crowded. In 1875 there were 825,492 acres cultivated, and in 1890 there were 5,899,895 acres, mainly in wheat. Amazing as the ratio of increase is, there is only one per cent of the entire area under tillage. The traveller who passes an afternoon on the road between Buenos Ayres and Rosario finds it hard to believe that this is the centre of the pastoral industries of the Argentine. In 1888 there were 70,000,000 sheep and 23,000,000 cattle in the country, and more than one-half of the stock was in the province of Buenos Ayres.

At Rosario I found a comfortable English hotel, an excellent club frequented by foreign residents, and a thriving rather than an attractive city. It has been rapidly built, and contains few structures of architectural merit. There is a well-shaded plaza, with a large church, and there are 2500 acres of shops and houses, with a few public buildings, banks, and ambitious warehouses. The growth of Rosario is phenomenal even for a progressive country. In 1854 it had a population of 4300; in 1870, only 21,000; and now it has over 70,000, being the second city of the Argentine. Its foreign trade has increased during the same period from $4,000,000 to $80,000,000. English, French, German, Italian, and Belgian steamers now load and unload in its harbor. Rosario can never hope to rival Buenos Ayres, but it is destined to become a manu-

facturing and shipping centre of great importance. It is making the most of its chances for competing with the metropolis. It is supplying all the appliances required for handling a great share of the export and import trade. It is one of our own spirited and wide-awake western cities, reduced to south latitude, painted in garish hues of blue and yellow, and Europeanized in its habits and tastes.

Rosario is the metropolis of the province of Santa Fé, which has been the chief forcing-bed of those agricultural colonies to which the Argentine owes a large portion of its progress during the last twenty years. These colonies are communities of farms operated by Italian, Spanish, Swiss, or French immigrants. The National and Provincial Governments have vied with each other in offering liberal terms to incoming immigrants. Everything has been done to draw Europeans from the overcrowded countries of the Mediterranean into the pampas. During 1889 free transportation was offered, until the swarming of paupers and the blind compelled a halt. In every modern tongue the Argentine has been proclaimed to be the Eden and the El Dorado of the New World. Immigrants have been welcomed from every quarter, and they have been allowed to retain their national characteristics and race sympathies in settlements or communities where their own language is spoken. The colonies have been at once popular with new settlers who desired to live among those of their own race and tongue, and successful as land speculations. No more effective expedient for stimulating immigration has ever been devised.

Admirable as the enterprise of the Argentine nation

has been in developing the resources of an unoccupied domain by the establishment of colonies and systematic encouragement of immigration, it is necessary to qualify praise with condemnation of the speculative spirit in which these processes have been conducted. The government has not adopted the American system of dividing the public land into tracts and selling the smallest subdivision of a section at a fixed price per acre. It has sold land at auction by the square league, or by blocks of several hundreds of leagues. The government confined its transactions to Argentine speculators and foreign capitalists, who would be left to deal with the immigrants and to induce them to purchase at high rates on credit. The system by which landowners were enabled to have their estates appraised and then to obtain cedulas from the mortgage banks for one-half the valuation has not aided immigrants, but on the contrary has stimulated reckless land speculation. Before the collapse of Argentine credit, settlers who had been in the country for ten or fifteen years seemed to have a share in the artificial prosperity of the inflation period. Their own holdings had doubled in value, and if the cost of living was very high every bushel of wheat and every pound of wool which they sold was never worth less than its real value in gold and its equivalent in depreciated paper. Those who had recently entered the field and had paid high prices for their land, running heavily into debt for it, had no compensations for inflation prices. In the evolution of wise finance, when the currency of the country is contracted, the issues of cedulas suspended, and the gold basis restored, the old settlers will inevitably find that much of their vaunted progress is fictitious, and with

the shrinkage in prices the Argentine may be once more a good field for immigrants.

From Rosario I took a night train for Cordova to get a glimpse of the mediæval in South American Yankee-lands. That quaint city, founded by Cabrera in 1573, was the chief seat of Jesuit learning in South America for two centuries. A university was established in the town as early as 1613. A printing-press was set in motion, and the first books published on the eastern side of the Andes were edited and revised by learned Jesuit priests connected with the college. Cordova has not lost the aspect of an old Spanish town. La Plata has been built within ten years; Rosario, after a languishing existence for 150 years, is now a flourishing centre of commercial enterprise; and Buenos Ayres with all its vicissitudes of fortune and financial reverses remains the marvel of the southern hemisphere. The coast cities belong to the present age of intense vitality and speculative industrial development. Cordova is a relic of mediæval learning and religion and seems out of place in an Argentine of mercantile bustle and financial vagaries.

My first stroll in Cordova revealed a city of antique churches, time-worn and battered towers, and blackened domes. Fronting on the central plaza stood the cathedral with its oriental façade, double towers, and massive dome. The interior was cold and bare, but I had seen nothing in South America more picturesque than this grim, battlemented pile, built as if its founders meant it to be a stronghold of historic faith. Not far away was the Jesuit church with medallion paintings of the chief saints of the order, and a ceiling of carved cedar reputed to have been pieced together without

hammer or screw. The Jesuit missionaries here, as in Paraguay, taught the native converts to be expert wood-carvers, and this is one of the oldest samples of their work. The metal with which it is ornamented came from Peru. The art may be crude and the shabby building itself sorely in need of repairs, but when one has seen hundreds of bad copies of Renaissance churches of southern Europe, an honest bit of mediæval architecture has the effect of a startling, albeit agreeable, surprise. There are a dozen other crumbling churches, monasteries, and convents, filled with bad painting and black with cobwebs and dust.

There were signs of the outbreak of a restoration mania in the ecclesiastical structures. Decorators were at work in several churches, and new tones of color contrasted strangely with the faded paintings and time-stained altars. Mediævalism, while venerable and picturesque, has its disadvantages. Cordova suffers in a material sense from having the reputation of being old and musty. The florid modern architecture of the new public buildings is a loud protest against reactionary tendencies which have retarded its progress. Ornate as these handsome structures are, they are not to be compared for grace and beauty with the old Moorish cabildo adjoining the cathedral. That has simplicity and symmetry in keeping with the general lines of architecture of an antiquated Spanish town. The university is as quaint as either the cathedral or the cabildo. It occupies a quadrangle and while revealing the ravages of time is stately and impressive. On one side is the graduation hall with a full-length portrait of the worthy bishop who founded the college early in the seventeenth century, exhausting his private for-

CATHEDRAL AND CABILDO, CORDOVA

tune in his zeal for good letters. The class-rooms are spacious cloisters approached from a flight of marble steps. It was the summer vacation, and I could not tell how large were the swarms of students rifling the honey of wisdom from the flower of learning. There was a chemical laboratory well stocked with apparatus, and I learned that a staff of German professors was ordinarily employed in teaching natural science.

From Cordova I hastened on to the Andes. A railway ride of 480 miles carried me across the pampas to the gateways of the Andes. From east to west there was a sea of green, discolored and turgid where there were shoals of weeds and thistles, and more vivid in hue where the soil was deep and rich. The long white tufts of pampa grass had the effect of waves, especially when the wind blew in furious gusts. Here and there appeared a weather-beaten barn like the sail of a Brazilian catamaran; far away were sighted the masts of poplars swaying with the wind; and a tiny puff of smoke rose from a distant farm-house as from the funnel of a freighter at sea. At the close of day, as the wind freshened into a gale, the billows of coarse grass seemed to break into yellow foam, and the trees to bend under the weight of leafy canvas, like vessels in distress. It was a trick of imagination that transformed the scene and imparted adventitious interest to a monotonous prospect by suggesting an ocean vista. Those broad stretches of tangled and luxuriant grass had neither beauty nor charm of their own. The ocean is infinite in variety and never dull. The midsummer pampas can never be anything but wearisome.

In the earlier stages of this journey long files of poplars were often seen and clumps of willows in marshy

spots along the banks of streams; but beyond the railway junction at Villa Maria the wide circuit of the horizon could be swept with a glass without a glimpse of trees or human habitation. The pampas are seen at their best early in the spring when the verdure is fresh, but it is not long before the levels are broken by thistles which grow to great height. These blossom about Christmas time, and throughout January the air is thick with floating thistle-down. Then these rank weeds droop and fall away, and as winter approaches and the drought passes the grass levels are again green. For a week before I left Cordova the weather had been sultry and sweltering; but in the early morning at Villa Maria, I suffered intensely from cold while I was waiting for a connecting train. Fifty Italian immigrants lay on the station floor mummied in blankets, and so benumbed with cold that they ceased to chatter in the language of their sunny land. The pampero, with its chill breath, was blowing the foam of the thistle-down over the grassy plains. It is a cold but invigorating wind, and tempers the inclement heat of midsummer.

The country between Cordova and Mendoza reveals few signs of that phenomenal prosperity which statisticians like Mr. Mulhall demonstrate with facility. The farmhouses are either thatched huts or dilapidated hovels; the barns are small; orchards are insignificant clumps; and the villages and towns are forlorn and desolate. Villa Maria, Rio Cuarto, and Villa Mercedes are towns which have been linked together by costly lines of railway. Their names are printed in large letters on the railway maps, but when the train draws up at the stations their insignificance is disclosed. San

Luis is the capital of a province; but it is a neglected cluster of adobe huts. At La Paz I caught a glimpse of Tupungato, one of the great peaks of the Andes, a mountain 22,100 feet high. The pampas had been passed and the hill country of Mendoza had been entered. From Santa Rosa westward there were continuous lines of poplars and meadows artificially watered where the cattle looked sleek and fat. As Mendoza was approached comfortable farmhouses were seen for the first time during this long railway ride, and vineyards and orchards gave promise of a rich fruit-growing region.

Mendoza is at once an old and a new town. It was founded by Spaniards from Chili in 1559, and it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1861. The streets are broad and lined with black-walnut and handsome shade trees. There are numerous parks with a fine display of foliage and flowers. There are signs of thrift and comfort everywhere, except in the hotels which are extremely bad. There is a population of 35,000, which is rapidly increasing in consequence of emigration from Chili. The town standing near the entrance to the Uspallata Pass, the highroad over the mountains, already is the chief centre of trade with the Western Republic. Every day during the summer months long trains of pack-mules are set in motion over the Andes. The mountaineer, with his poncho, or shawl-cape, the first characteristic South American garment which I had seen in the course of a long journey, is a familiar figure in the streets. The tinkle of the mule-bell and the crack of the muleteer's whip may be heard at any hour of the day on the highroad leading to the Paramillos. It is a flourishing transportation trade that

will be ruined when the Trans-Andean Railway is completed.

This is one of the most ambitious railway projects in South America. It is designed to furnish direct communication between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres by a railway crossing the Cordilleras at an elevation of over 10,000 feet above sea level. The original surveys outlined a forty-inch gauge from Mendoza to Santa Rosa de Los Andes, a distance of 159 miles through Uspallata Pass, and contemplated an expenditure of $9,000,000 in gold. The survey and estimates have been repeatedly readjusted, and the probable cost of the railway is now anybody's guess. The Argentine and Chilian Governments are supporting this costly transcontinental enterprise, which will probably be completed and in operation by 1895. The first section follows the Mendoza River to Punta de las Vacas, a distance of 94 miles, with a rise of one in every one hundred feet. Thence to the entrance of the tunnel of the Cumbre, or summit of the Cordillera, there will be a rise of one in thirty-eight feet for twenty-five miles. The tunnel will be over two miles long, and a magnificent engineering work. The descent from the western mouth of the tunnel will be very steep to Tambillos, River Juncal, and Santa Rosa, the ratio for a portion of the distance being one in five feet. The tunnel and the curving inclines on the Chilian side are the difficult portions of the work. The Argentine section while it has been built with facility will be exposed to freshets in the Uspallata gorge, and grave doubts are entertained respecting the practicability of adequately protecting the railway. My subsequent observations in crossing the mountains by the Uspallata

convinced me that a considerable portion of the railway will have to be regraded and rebuilt. Henry Meiggs would never have tolerated the sharp curves and steep grades which are to be seen on this railway, nor would he have underrated the risks from floods in the mighty gorge of the Mendoza, as the engineers have done for the sake of cheapening the cost of construction.

The railway system of the Argentine, of which the Trans-Andean will be the connecting link with the Pacific lines, is the main source of its recent progress. By the official returns published in 1889 it consisted of 4841 miles in operation, 599 under construction, and 2744 under survey. These lines carried 8,373,500 passengers and 3,950,000 tons of freight in 1888, and 7,173,500 passengers and 3,866,523 tons of freight in 1887. This was a large business for a country with a population of 4,000,000. Nearly all these roads have been built under government guarantees at extravagant cost. The provincial legislatures, as well as the National Government, have been prevailed upon to assist new railway enterprises, and a large amount of indebtedness has been rolled up in this way. The Argentine people have had implicit faith in railway extension as a means of attracting immigrants and developing agricultural resources. In a new country roads of some kind must be provided, and steam railways are considered a better investment than public highways. Heavy burdens have been assumed by the various governments; but the best of these enterprises are on a self-sustaining basis, and some of them have been paying dividends. In 1889 the National Government declared that it would not grant any additional favors to railway companies; but as soon as Congress met

several new lines were sanctioned, and interest on their bonds was guaranteed. The financial embarrassments of the nation involved before the close of the year a suspension of all public works except the Trans-Andean and a few railways under construction in the interior. In 1890 arrangements were made with railway contractors to limit construction to the completion of a few lines and branches which were nearly ready to be turned over to the public service. In 1891 all the railway corporations suffered from the paralysis of the industrial resources of the country, and the virtual bankruptcy of the national and provincial treasuries, so that the extension and completion of the system were indefinitely deferred.

While the rate of railway progress has been markedly in advance of the practical requirements of the country, the financial embarrassments are to be attributed to other causes. The wonderful progress of the nation has been largely promoted by railway enterprise, and when the period of business stagnation and disorder comes to an end the system will probably be found a remunerative investment. The Argentine has in its railways all the facilities for rapid transportation and industrial development which will be required for another generation. It is a system which not only opens all the provinces to European settlement, but reaches out in the north toward the fertile plateau of Bolivia and westward to the Pacific. My own observations extended to five of the principal railways, and I found little to criticise and much to admire in the general management of these lines. I carried my baggage checked on the American plan, from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, via Rosario, Cordova, and Villa

Maria, and had it delivered promptly at the terminus; and at no point in the course of 1200 miles of railway travel in the Argentine did I suffer from detention or accident.

What is true of railway capital and management applies also to public works, harbor improvements, banking institutions, and commercial enterprises of all kinds. English money has gone into everything, and ordinarily large returns, in dividends and profits, have been received. The Argentine has been largely created and developed by English enterprise and investments. If it has gone too far in railway building, land speculation, immigration measures, cedula expansion, overtrading in imports, and currency inflation, the responsibility for temporary disorder of the finances largely rests with English capitalists, who have been ready to float every projected enterprise offering promise of high percentages of interest.

The inflation of the currency was the chief cause of the financial disorders. The government after legalizing the suspension of specie payments by the banks, and making their paper issues a legal tender for debts and customs, passed a free banking law. The banks were required to deposit with the national bank 85 per cent of gold as a guarantee of the redemption of new issues; but at the end of two years the gold could be withdrawn for the reduction of the foreign debt. The banks in depositing gold received bonds which they exchanged for notes of issue. The volume of currency was increased from $60,000,000 to $160,000,000 in a short period. Many of the banks, with the connivance of the administration, deposited promises to pay gold in place of the coin itself, and issued paper on the strength

of bonds illegally obtained. One bank obtained a credit for $1,275,000 of gold without having a dollar on deposit, and on the strength of this fictitious capital was converted into a paper mill for the manufacture of money. All the paper money was nominally guaranteed by gold bonds; but these never represented more than $60,000,000 in actual coin. At least $100,000,000 was guaranteed by paper alone. As time went on these issues exceeded $250,000,000. This inflation movement followed a long period of persistent overtrading, by which the market was overstocked with European manufactures, and gold was drained out of it in the settlement of balances of trade created by excessive importations.

Simultaneously there were mortgage bonds known as cedulas on which interest was guaranteed either by the National or by the Provisional Government. Under the land-borrowing laws the owner of a stock-farm or tract of territory could obtain from mortgage banks cedulas to the amount of one-half of the valuation of his property. These he could sell in the market for what he could get for them. The country was flooded with these depreciated bonds. The two leading mortgage banks increased their issues of cedulas from $275,000,000 in 1887 to $514,000,000 in 1889, and the provincial banks added largely to the volume. Cedulas became a popular European investment. The system stimulated land speculation, artificially raised the value of farms, and intensified the evils of inflation at a period when the indebtedness of the nation, the provinces, and the capital had risen from $322,596,544 to $574,068,446 at the beginning of 1889. The nation had contracted its debt mainly for the construction of

railways and public works. The provinces had been bonded for similar enterprises, and for the purchase of national securities to be used by their own banks as a basis for paper issues.

From 1887 to 1889 the inflation of the currency produced speculative activity such as was never before known in Spanish America. Then came an inexplicable reaction, when every stock operator began to look about for gold and to hoard it. One day it was announced that the directors of the national bank had decided to pass a dividend. Gold began to rise by leaps and bounds, and stocks of all kinds fell like rocket-sticks. The finance minister concluded with singular fatuity that the high premiums were caused by scarcity of gold, and that all that it was necessary to do in order to restore paper money to par was to throw $50,000,000 of the government's coin reserve into the market. The gold brokers fought over it like wolves, and wanted what remained in the treasury. Passing from one folly to another, the government issued a decree prohibiting brokers from making public sales of gold or from quoting the price on the stock board. This ended the career of Finance Minister Varela, and Dr. Pacheco, the author of the Free Banking Bill, was recalled to office. He at once reopened the bolsa to gold transactions, and submitted two bills to the chambers for contracting the paper currency, which were immediately passed. One of these measures gradually withdrew $41,000,000 of notes of the national bank by monthly surrenders up to June 1, 1891. The other law decreed the reduction of other bank issues after that date, until the total volume of the paper currency should not exceed $100,000,000.

These measures slightly raised in February, 1890, when I was in the Argentine, the value of the paper dollar, which had been worth only forty-five cents. If this contraction movement could have been continued without interruption there would have been a gradual shrinkage of prices, and an equilibrium between gold and paper would have been finally established. But there were too many corrupt officials and political adventurers interested in the revival of stock speculation to permit the continuance of conservative financial methods. Gold again began to rise in March, and before the revolution of July, 1890, there was a general panic. Blind confidence was converted into absolute distrust. President Pellegrini subsequently compared the situation to the overwrought condition of an army when a single gunshot suffices to produce general confusion and defeat. A credulous nation was transformed into a nation of panic-mongers, doubting the solvency of the banks and forcing them to suspend business, hoarding gold and sending it higher and higher, and ready in a spirit of moral depression and madness to believe that there were greater depths of despondency into which all were doomed to plunge.

One of the statisticians published in a daily journal, while I was in Buenos Ayres, a comparative exhibit of the expenditures for brass bands and schools in the interior provinces of the Argentine. In San Luis the bands cost as much as the schools, and in Rioja nearly four times as much. Even in provinces, where the governors were paid the smallest salaries, there was always an elastic margin in the annual budgets for appropriations for brass bands. In all the Argentine towns there were open-air concerts afternoon and even-

ing attended by throngs of saunterers. So long as the populace was entertained by brass bands, it was readily induced to believe that government was by and for the people. While the Argentines made a business of politics and talked of nothing else, they bestowed little thought upon their institutions and their relations as citizens. The political cabals governed and the people were kept in good humor and constantly amused. That was where the brass band came in. It was political government reduced to a system of practical simplicity.

The Argentine constitutional system in its outward form corresponds closely to that of the United States. The States have elective governors of their own, and are each represented in the upper house by two senators chosen for nine years. The members of the lower house are elected on the basis of population for four years. The President is chosen by an electoral college. He appoints his own cabinet and wields unrestricted executive authority. There is a supreme court modelled after the judiciary of the United States. The American constitution is reproduced in south latitude, but the inward grace of enlightened public opinion is lacking, and political practice falls below the level of a self-governing democracy. Congress enacts laws, but the President as commander-in-chief of the army, and as the head of a civil service dependent upon his will and caprice, possesses absolute authority in administration. The country is governed by executive decrees rather than by constitutional laws. Elections are carried by military pressure and manipulation of the civil service. While the President is ineligible for re-election after holding office for six years, he controls the choice of his successor. President Roca virtually

nominated and elected his brother-in-law, Juarez Célman, as his successor. President Juarez set his heart upon controlling the succession in the interest of one of his relatives, a prominent official; but was forced to retire before he could carry out his purpose. The Plate countries have been accustomed since the revolt against Spain to the periodical assumption of absolute power by generals and dictators, and are not startled by a close approach to political dictatorship in executive administration.

Nothing in the Argentine surprised me more than the boldness and freedom with which the press attacked the government of the day and exposed its corruption. Every morning some fresh public scandal was brought to light, and ministers were arraigned for venality and incompetence. The New York press in the days of the Tweed exposures did not bristle with more vehement denunciations of official corruption than these Argentine journals. It was a singular phenomenon which could hardly fail to impress a foreign observer. The government paid no heed to these attacks. Ministers did not trouble themselves to repel charges affecting their integrity. The public was apathetic and inclined to believe that the newspapers were making a great ado about nothing. Apparently there was no political party benefiting by these assaults from an opposition press, unless there was an attempt to revive the old-time feeling of jealousy between the national capital and the confederated provinces, President Juarez being a native of Córdova and disliked by the Porteños, or inhabitants of Buenos Ayres. The attitude of the administration toward these censors and scandal-mongers was one of undisguised contempt. Ministers

seemed to be asking, with cynical amusement, Tweed's old question, "What are you going to do about it?" Meanwhile, public jobbery, trading in concessions, illegal banking issues, and official immorality went on without restraint.

This wholesome criticism from an independent press had one important effect. It gave direction to public opinion in the capital, and involved the organization of the Unión Cívica. If the country had not been on the verge of a financial revulsion, there might not have been the revolt against the Juarez administration in July, 1890; but with ruin and disaster confronting them, men turned against the President whose incompetence and venality would have been condoned if the times had been good. The Unión Cívica was founded when the government was charged with maladministration in sanctioning an illegal issue of $40,000,000 of paper money. A mass-meeting held one Sunday was the largest concourse of citizens which had ever assembled in the Plate countries. A second mass-meeting involved the reorganization of the ministry, and the appointment of Dr. Uriburú as Minister of the Treasury. There was a brief interval during which futile attempts were made to introduce financial reforms, and then Dr. Uriburú became disheartened, and resigned office. Secret conferences followed between the leaders of the Unión Cívica, General Campos, and several naval commanders. The government was suddenly confronted with an armed coalition of the best battalions of the army, the entire navy, and the Unión Cívica.

The manifesto issued by the Revolutionary Junta was a terrible arraignment of the political crimes of the Juarez Government. Liberal institutions were declared

to have disappeared. There was neither republic, nor federation, nor representative government, nor administration, nor morality. Political life had become a money-making industry. The President had taken bribes from anybody having dealings with the nation, had joined syndicates organized for vast speculations dependent upon his official influence, had amassed a fortune at the expense of the State, and had corrupted the consciences of innumerable friends. Avarice had been his inspiration, jobbery his occupation. He had debauched the administration of the nation, suppressed the representative system, and brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. Secret emissions of currency had been authorized in order that the national bank might pay false dividends, because official speculators had bought up most of the shares. Commercial deposits and the savings of the working classes had been distributed among a circle of politicians, living in luxury and gambling with millions which were not their own. More than $50,000,000 in gold, the proceeds of the sale of public bonds deposited with the government by the new guaranteed banks, had been thrown into the whirlpool of speculation. The State railways were sold to reduce the public debt, and the funds thus secured were misapplied. The sanitary works were sold under the shadow of a colossal scandal. The guaranteed banks had exhausted their credit in false issues, and a paper currency had been illegally increased $35,000,000 when gold was quoted at 300, and $100,000,000 more paper money had been disguised under the name of mortgage bonds. These were the principal counts in the indictment framed by the Unión Cívica in justification of the popular uprising against

the most corrupt administration ever known in the annals of misgoverned South America.

The revolution opened with every prospect of success. It failed from the incapacity of the leaders to co-operate harmoniously. On July 19, 1890, the defection of the army was discovered. On July 26 the revolt broke out. For four days there was bloodshed without definite plan or purpose. No determined attack was made upon the government palace. The fleet opened a fantastic bombardment upon the suburbs. There was inexplicable mismanagement of the insurgent forces, and on July 29 an ignominious surrender to the government with a proclamation of general amnesty. General Roca remained behind the scenes, apparently master of the situation, while President Juarez had fled to a place of refuge on the Rosario railway, and two factions of the army were playing at cross purposes, and the police and the volunteers of the Unión Cívica were shooting women and children in the streets. Another week of hopeless confusion passed, and General Roca announced the resignation of President Juarez and the succession of vice-President Pellegrini. Then the city was illuminated, and for three days there was a pandemonium of popular rejoicing over a victory which nobody except General Roca understood. The Unión Cívica assuming after its defeat the credit for a victory due to General Roca's dexterity and common sense, became a national organization with branches in every town. It was not long before it was rent into two factions, and playing into the hands of General Roca and the autonomists.

In June, 1891, the deplorable state of Argentine finance was revealed in a luminous statement made by

President Pellegrini. The interest service on the national debt had been suspended for three years under a general arrangement made with the English creditors. All public works requiring payments from the treasury had been abandoned with a few exceptions subject to special contracts. Large reductions had been made in the budget of expenditures and the civil service. All business interests were stagnant. Immigration had been diverted to Brazil. All efforts to restore public confidence by legislation or financial combinations had failed, and the government was making a hopeless attempt to raise $30,000,000 by a tariff which bore heavily upon consumers. The imports had declined and the revenues with them. All industries were prostrated except politics, and the pernicious activity displayed by factions was an evil augury for the return of prosperity. There was a collapse of luxurious living in the Argentine capital. The dandies were content to wear their old clothes. Showy equipages disappeared from Palermo. Costly furniture was emptied from palaces into auction-rooms. Family jewels were in the pawn-shops, many of the speculators were forced to leave the scene of their prolonged financial debauch, and to retire to the farms where they had grown up in poverty.

The Argentines consider themselves the Yankees of the southern hemisphere; but they lack both the practical judgment and moral qualities of the New England stock. In the order of historical settlement their country is old; but in the existing stage of political and industrial development it is new. The revolt of the Argentine provinces against Spain, in 1810, was followed by a sterile period of civil war, military dictator-

ship, and disunion. It was not until 1861, when the federal republic was reconstituted under the leadership of Buenos Ayres, that a new era of progressive activity opened. For twenty years jealousies were excited by rival aspirations for the seat of the National Government, and it was not until 1881, when the city was selected as the capital, that the danger of disunion and a renewal of civil war was averted. During thirty years the country has trebled its population, its increase being relatively much more rapid than that of the United States during the same period. The estimate of the present population is 4,000,000 in place of 1,160,000 in 1857. Immigration has swept up the Plate like a mighty incoming tide during the last decade, and the pampas have been filled with European settlers. A wheat belt of enormous extent was opened for agriculture. The exports of wool, flour, hides, jerked beef, and other staples, increased from $26,000,000 in 1871 to $100,000,000 in 1888, while the importations rose from $44,000,000 to $128,000,000, and the foreign carrying trade from 1,114,000 to 4,885,147 tons. Thousands of miles of railway were constructed; public works of stupendous magnitude were undertaken; schools were opened in all the provinces; and, in a single generation, the Argentine people made a record for industrial progress which could not be equalled in Spanish America.

The ruin wrought in this wonderful country is to be attributed to blemishes in the national character which were aggravated by the credulity and cupidity of English investors. The Argentines, lacking original force themselves, have been the most imitative people in the southern hemisphere. They borrowed all their politi-

cal ideas from the American constitution without adapting them to the peculiar conditions of their own civilization. They looked upon immigration as the main source of wealth of the northern republic, and succeeded in diverting a considerable share of the surplus population of Southern Europe to the Plate. As the development of the United States had been promoted by railway construction, they undertook to anticipate the requirements of their own country by costly public works conducted in the most extravagant way. They seemed to be rivalling the Yankees in material progress, and English investors, tempted by the high rates of interest, supplied them with financial resources for every premature undertaking and reckless enterprise. The Argentines were speedily intoxicated with their own success. They ceased to do anything for themselves. The Italians were the laborers in town and country, and it was unnecessary for a native to work. The great agricultural staples could be produced in the interior by foreigners, and all manufactures could be imported from England, France, and Germany where there was cheap labor. Manufacturing industries were not required in the Argentine. It was easier to import everything from Europe, to derive a great revenue from high duties for the support of the government, and to equalize exchanges by exporting the products of Italian labor on the pampas. The function of the Argentine was to govern the country, to speculate in land and stocks, and to live in luxurious ease. So long as immigrants flocked into the country by the thousand, and English capital was drawn in by the million, all went well. The collapse came when the borrowing powers of the nation ceased altogether through exces-

sive issues of paper money and utter demoralization of financial administration. Then in their extremity, when their speculative bubbles were pricked, they turned and upbraided the English investors for teaching them to be extravagant, and for foolishly lending money to them without examining the securities.

Disastrous as the results of political government and financial disorder have been in the Argentine, its ultimate recovery by slow stages is probable. It has a magnificent railway system, an industrious working population recruited from Europe, and nearly all the material appliances for progress. It ranks after Brazil as the second nation in South America in territorial extent. It has fourteen States, with a combined area of 515,000 miles, and nine territorial provinces, which swell the national domain to 1,125,086 miles, or less than one-third of the extent of the United States with Alaska included. It is a country with varied agricultural resources. In the northern provinces sugar and cotton can be raised. Along the Cordilleras there is a fruit-growing region equal to Southern California. In the central and southern provinces there is a wheat tract of enormous extent, where prolific crops can be raised, and there are wide reaches of pampas where sheep and cattle can be pastured under the most favorable conditions. The northern forests abound in cabinet woods, and there is native salt all along the south coast, with seas fairly alive with fish. It is an industrial empire too rich in natural resources, and it has too large a population of European workmen, to be permanently ruined by a financial collapse without a parallel in the history of nations. The Argentine stock is destined to disappear, and a hybrid Europeanized race will take

its place. Under new social and political conditions prosperity will be laboriously regained. Whatever the future may have in store for the Argentine, its recent experience does not justify the conclusion that it is ever safe for any nation to make agricultural industries its only resource, nor to be brought into relations of absolute dependence upon foreign capital and manufactures, nor to engross its energies with politics, to the exclusion of everything else.

VII

THE HEART OF THE ANDES

A PICTURESQUE BUT MENDACIOUS GUIDE — MULE RIDE THROUGH USPALLATA — AN ATTACK OF SORROCHE — FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HIGHEST CORDILLERAS — ASCENT OF THE CUMBRE — ADVENTURES WITH A DRUNKEN GUIDE

I HAD planned waiting in Mendoza several days until I could find a party of travellers destined for Chili. A poor breakfast, a worse dinner, and a glimpse of the sleeping room where I was to pass the night, induced a feeling of sheer desperation. A Chilian guide offered to start with me early in the morning for the Andes and Santa Rosa. In appearance he was as picturesque a ruffian as I ever saw off the lyric stage. He wore an Indian poncho, with red stripes and a blue ground, a sleeveless garment, at once a shawl and a cape, woven from the wool of the guanaco. A large scarlet handkerchief, loosely tied about his head, completed his resemblance to the brigand of melodrama. He took pains to explain that I would have good company, as an Englishman was going with him. As he said this his eyes rolled uneasily, and I knew that he was lying to me. But the hotel was irretrievably bad; inquiries for parties of travellers bound for the Andes had proved futile; and I was in hot haste to go on. I led the

guide to the station in order to obtain the opinion of the railway officials, to whom I had presented letters of introduction from Buenos Ayres. I confided to them my misgivings respecting his honesty and trustworthiness. They questioned him closely, and pronounced him a safe man, especially as he was recommended at the hotel. This last consideration had little weight with me since I had eaten two vile meals there. Still I was glad to be reassured, and I was eager to cross the mountains. I clinched the bargain with the guide, and after ineffectual effort to obtain the address of the mysterious Englishman, procured supplies for the journey of five days.

At daybreak the guide stalked into my room, told me that it was time to start, and before I was fairly awake had whipped up my trunk and carried it out where the pack-mule was standing. When I joined him a few minutes afterward he was nonchalantly smoking a cigarette and smiling blandly. The Englishman, who was to have gone with us, had suddenly changed his plans; but there was another traveller who was to join us two miles up the road. This was the guide's explanation of the absence of the expected travelling companion. Evidently the Englishman was a mythical personage conjured into transitory existence for the purpose of tricking me into planning the journey. Prudence dictated a halt until a more trustworthy guide could be procured, and American or English companions recruited. But I was weary of Mendoza and its foul posadas; and there was my mountain steed, saddled and waiting for me, with my baggage already on the back of the pack-mule. I lighted a cigarette, hesitated, stared at the guide, whistled "Yankee Doodle," and

started. We rode two or three miles to the outskirts of the city, and were joined by the other traveller, a Chilian muleteer, happily with a face that inspired confidence. Six mules were added to the three already saddled. After delay, caused by the readjustment of saddles and loads, we started for the Cordilleras, two Chilians who did not know a word of English, one American, whose Spanish was rudimentary, and nine mules, who understood the music of the tinkling bell fastened to the leader's neck.

There are two Andean passes by which Chili may be reached from Mendoza. One is the Portillo leading toward Santiago, between the lofty summits of Tupungato and Maypu. The other is the Uspallata which follows the river Mendoza to its sources in the heart of the Andes, and the Aconcagua and other mountain torrents from the central summit to the Colorado Valley and the high levels of Santa Rosa. The first pass is the shorter and more precipitous, receiving its name from an overhanging shelf of rock at one of the entrances which resembles a doorway. It is 13,780 feet at the highest, and is very dangerous in winter. The Uspallata is the main highway between the Argentine and Chili. Its extreme height is 12,780 feet above the sea; it lies near Aconcagua, the loftiest summit of the Cordillera from Panama to the Straits; and it involves a journey of 225 miles from Mendoza to Santa Rosa, better known as Los Andes. Mr. Darwin, in his celebrated excursion to the Cordilleras, entered the Argentine by the Portillo and returned to Chili by the Uspallata, his record of observations on the physical features of the country remaining after fifty years the only trustworthy work of reference on that section of

the mountains. The Andean system there, as further north in Peru, comprises three distinct chains, with an average breadth of 250 miles for the entire mountain belt. The easternmost Cordillera is known as the Paramillos. The central Cordillera is the highest continuous section of the Andean wall, there being only two gaps from Aconcagua to Maypu, a distance of nearly 100 miles, where the crests fall below 18,000 or 19,000 feet. Two of the summits, Aconcagua and Tupungato, exceed 22,000 feet in height.

The Uspallata was the gorge for which we were heading; but there were dull levels to be traversed before the gates of the Paramillos could be passed. For thirty miles after Mendoza, with its irrigated meadows, its long files of poplars, and its vineyards and farms had been left behind, the road led north through an arid region, on a line parallel with the mountains. The heat was intense; a cloud of suffocating dust was raised by the mules' hoofs; and every mile of progress was laborious. There were neither posadas nor houses along this barren stretch, and breakfast at noon had to be supplied from the saddle-bags and gulped down under a blazing sun. The outlying spurs of the Paramillos seemed very near, but we were hours in passing them. It was two o'clock before we could turn westward from the arid plain and enter the defile leading to the Cordillera. Then began a toilsome ascent, gradual at the outset, but precipitous in the course of two hours. For fifteen miles from the entrance of the defile I kept my seat in the saddle, exhausted from the fatigue of a first day's tramp of forty-five miles, begun without coffee and continued on a cold breakfast. At last, toward five o'clock, my head began to swim, and I

found myself falling, faint and senseless, from the back of the mule. It was an attack of sorroche, or mountain sickness.

This was a test of the loyalty of the Chilian guides, whom I had suspected early in the morning of harboring sinister designs against an unprotected traveller. One of them plunged into the woods to get water from a spring, while the other whipped out the brandy flask and restored me to consciousness. Telling me that we were near a post-house, they led my mule and speedily helped me to dismount. It was one of the wretched hovels which are called mountain hotels, but I heard some sweet music in the doorway. Two travellers, who had arrived a few moments before from the direction of Chili, were chatting together in English, one of them with an unmistakable American accent. I briefly explained the situation and they at once obtained a bed for me indoors and ordered coffee and soup. They advised me to remain there all night unless I felt strong enough to go nine miles further, where there was a better hotel. They resumed their journey when they had done what they could to make me comfortable, leaving me at leisure to contemplate the crowning achievement of posada cuisine. It was an anomalous chicken fricassee, served as a soup in a very large bowl, and lavishly garnished with potatoes, onions, rice, and herbs. The guide stood by watching me eagerly while I ate as much of it as I could. At first I fancied this was sympathetic solicitude for an exhausted traveller's health; but I was speedily undeceived. No sooner had I dropped the spoon than he seated himself before the bowl and with a patronizing air dined at my expense. I was too weary to resent his impudence, but retired to

the only guest-room of the posada,— a rough shed with a small window and a door which could neither be locked nor barred,— and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. At dawn I was aroused by the guide, whose nine mules were already saddled and packed for the day's march. Warned by the previous day's experience, I insisted upon having coffee served before we started, and upon making arrangements for a breakfast at the next posada, which we reached at ten o'clock. Here an excellent soup, with meat, bread, and coffee, invigorated me for the hard riding of the day,— over forty miles of mountain climbing and valley cantering.

From the defile of Villa Vicencio, entered the previous afternoon, had begun the ascent of the Paramillos, and about one o'clock in the afternoon we were at the summit, 9000 feet above sea level and 6500 feet above Mendoza. The scenery had increased in grandeur every hour after daybreak, and now two magnificent spectacles were to be enjoyed. The first was a broad view of the Cuyo Valley southward and eastward with Mendoza, its shaded streets, its plazas, and its suburban farms and vineyards directly below us, and so near, that, with a glass, streets and houses could be identified. The second was an inspiring glimpse of the main Andean chain now suddenly towering thousands of feet above us in the west. Tupungato in solemn majesty looked down upon us from the clouds. Then, with a sharp turn in the bridle-path, a hundred snow-clads were revealed at once. It was a spectacle that fired my blood. There was no companion in sympathetic touch with my enthusiasm; but the Chilian guide at least had ears to hear compliments showered upon his native mountains. Leaping from the mule I

shouted, "Magnifico! Magnifico!" and then, from the sense of the inadequacy of the Spanish tongue for expressing genuine Yankee feeling, I added, "Hail Columbia! Glory, Hallelujah!" A flush of patriotic pride illumined the Chilian's face as he repeated, "Magnifico!" Then he produced a bottle of wine from the saddle-bags and we drank together to the health of the Andean Kings, with their snowy ermine falling from their stately shoulders.

Nature had worked there on a stupendous scale. This mighty wall of continuous snow peaks rose abruptly from the valley at the base of the Paramillos 15,000 feet to and beyond the snow line. As seen from the crests of the eastern range, the precipitous mountain flanks seemed to have been thrown up almost vertically, and to have been strewn with the wreckage of ancient glaciers. It was late in the summer and the snow-drifts in which the mountain sides were embedded a few months before had shrunk and wasted in feeding swollen lakes and roaring torrents; but those majestic summits with their sub-Arctic climate never could be bare. Where there were sharp peaks, with polished sides like the flanks of Aconcagua, the snow could slide down and find lodgement in cavernous ravines; but the snow-beds were always there. The crests of the Paramillos were swept by cold winds, and the ground and stunted bushes were covered with snow. There could be no halt in so desolate a spot, although the vista of the wall of snow-clads was incomparably glorious, and could not again be seen to equal advantage. The tinkle of the mule-leader's bell kept the cavalcade in motion without reference to scenic wonders. From the crest we descended hour after hour to

the gorge of Uspallata, where at sunset the best hotel known in the mountains was reached. There all sense of loneliness was removed by the arrival of parties of travellers from Chili, and the day closed with a comfortable dinner and good cheer. In the morning came a magnificent sight — sunrise in the Uspallata Valley. The Paramillos in the east flank the Andes north and south. The sunlight, slanting upward over the outer wall, touches the snow peaks of the Cordillera, and changes them from murky white to vivid scarlet, while the ravines and mountain flanks underneath remain obscured in shadow. Gradually the spaces below the snow-drifts catch the light, and are transformed from dusky gray to warm crimson fringed with olive verdure at the base. The shadow line is now at the bottom of the Andean wall. Slowly it recedes across the intervening valley, and shrinks and disappears on the western side of the Paramillos. The Uspallata is a splendid blaze of color. The monarchs of the Andes, robed in scarlet and crimson, are crowned with majesty befitting their high estate.

The third day's ride, for which I again took precautions to arm myself by a stout breakfast, was from Uspallata to Punta de las Vacas, a distance of forty miles toward the heart of the Andes. The left bank of the Mendoza River was followed closely, the road leading over rock and gravel the greater part of the way. The mountains were a wall on the right hand and on the left. It was a long winding gorge, through which the spring freshets had cut their way, tunnelling through gigantic masses of rock and undermining the foundations of the mountains. The road was a bridle-path, curving around boulders, leaving its serpentine trail

now on the river bottom and again high on the mountain side, and traversing inclines so precipitous that the traveller hardly dared to bend over in the saddle lest the mule should lose its footing in the slippery laderas. Water courses which had been glistening as silvery cascades in mountain chasms were forded as roaring torrents plunging to their death in the great gorge of the Mendoza. Two bridges were passed, one an arch of cement and timber over a dangerous stream, and the other a more substantial but less picturesque structure, which was built by one of the governors of Mendoza. The valley was constantly changing its direction, since its main lines had been caused by erosion. All the processes of recurring seasons and natural transformations were revealed on mountain side and in river bottom. It was plain that this remarkable valley was not a structural formation produced in the original upheaval of the mountain masses. It had been hollowed out by the alternate rush of the spring torrents and the subsidence of swollen streams. High up where the stupendous mountain crowns were lost among fleecy clouds one could perceive where the snowdrifts began to trickle, where the converging streams were formed year after year, and where the torrents were emptied into the river. The water was at its lowest ebb; but the medium and high levels were to be traced as distinctly, mile after mile, as if they had been scientifically surveyed and marked off by a measuring-line. The river bed was almost empty; but the lines of sudden expansion and gradual shrinkage were unerringly revealed. The floods had clapped their hands season after season, and the chasm between the mountain slopes had been worn away in a sinuous course

and gradually deepened. The Uspallata had its tale of fire as well as of water graven on its bottom lands and towering cliffs. For every glacial moraine of stranded boulders there were areas of volcanic disturbance.

The Uspallata is a valley of enchanting surprises and sublime spectacles; but after ten hours in the saddle the most wonderful scenic panorama wearies the eyes and ceases to excite human interest. The wind, increasing to a gale in the defiles converging at Punta de las Vacas, chills and benumbs the exhausted traveller, who from sheer weariness is almost willing to exchange all his earthly possessions for dinner and bed. The attitude of suspicion with which at the outset I had regarded the mendacious guide had been modified by three days of good behavior on his part and security on my own; but the grim thought occurred to me during the last hours of this fatiguing day's ride, that if he still entertained the malevolent design of murdering and plundering me in the mountains, it would be pleasant to be despatched at once, and to be spared the necessity of going another mile, when I had ceased to retain sufficient energy even to kick a mule with a spur. But the most wearisome journey comes to an end, and Punta de las Vacas, most picturesque of mountain inns in photographs, and the dirtiest and most dilapidated in reality, received the men and mules of our party at sunset. I dined on guanaco meat with a group of coarse but not unkindly mountaineers, and crawled into the main guest-room of the rookery as soon as the repast was finished. In the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened by a rustling noise, and instantly I felt a heavy touch upon the bed. Convinced that

the mountain marauders had crept into the room and were robbing me, I sprang from the bed and prepared to defend myself. No attack was made, but the rustling noise was repeated under the bed. A match and a candle between them revealed the intruders. Two large dogs were under the bed and another was on the blanket. The innkeeper, taking compassion upon my loneliness, must have opened the door early in the evening, and let in these great shaggy creatures to protect me during the night watches, and, incidentally, to frighten me out of my wits.

For the fourth day's ride I had an early start. The guide benignantly shared his coffee with me and promised me a wholesome breakfast at the foot of the Cumbre,—a pledge subsequently fulfilled, although hard riding was required for overtaking the mule train. Glorious mountain scenery was before us; the rock-bound monastery of the Penitentes, with its procession of pilgrim boulders; the gigantic convolutions of the Tolorzia Valley; the abysses of the Cuevas; the desolate Portillo lake; the Soldiers' Leap, with its zigzags of mule-trail; and the picturesque junction of the Blanco and Juncal. Punta de las Vacas was on a level with the crest of the Paramillos, whence on the second day we had gazed with awe and delight upon the glittering wall of Andean peaks. At the Incas bridge, a wonderful natural formation, where there were hot springs in a rocky chasm, the elevation above the sea was 10,570 feet, and a casucha, or hut, at the foot of the Cumbre, which we reached at noon, was not much higher. During the ride of twenty-five miles to this point we had gradually been approaching the dividing line of the continental watershed. The valley

was a narrow gorge; the Mendoza River at daylight a mountain torrent and at noon a foaming brook. We were at the base of the Cumbre, or central summit, which we were to cross in order to descend the Chilian slope. During the next two hours we ascended this barrier for over 2000 feet, the path leading by a series of precipitous zigzags from one slope to another. As we went higher the snow-clad peaks, Juncal and Tupungato, towered above us once more, as they did on the second day at the Paramillos, but nearer, more majestic, and more stupendous. After a few more miles of toilsome ascent and we were at the crest of the Cumbre, 12,795 feet above sea level. Those silver threads here and there were the beginning of rivers emptying into the Atlantic. Those tangled skeins near the snow beds yonder were the sources of the Aconcagua and rivers flowing into the Pacific. This great bowl, shaped like a crater, torn with deep rents and floored with volcanic rocks, among which the hardiest yellow and white flowers of the sub-Arctic zone were in bloom, was a continental dividing line. It was an earthquake-shattered region over which the creative mysteries of the past seemed to brood. The gales which swept over it came from the Atlantic, and depositing their last drops of moisture in snow, passed on to the rainless seaboard of the Pacific, dry, cool, and balmy. This was the heart of the Andes. It filled the mind with shuddering ideas of desolation and stupendous creative energy.

Magnificent as was the scenery, with Juncal revealing its ruined crater and Tupungato towering in solemn silence 10,000 feet overhead, we could not linger long in this desolate spot. There was a hut on the crest for

the protection of travellers beset with snow storms and hurricanes; but there was no provision for the mules, and it was impossible to corral them on the wind-swept summit. The descent from the Cumbre was rapidly made. At Calaveras there was another hut, and further on another. Then came the descent of the Caracoles, one of the boldest and most picturesque sections of the Uspallata circuit. The springs of the Aconcagua could be traced to snow-drifts melting on the mountain sides. It gave me a strange sensation to see rivers which were to be sources of life, systematic irrigation, and vegetable growth, actually created under my eyes in the ooze of the Andean snow beds, and gradually deepening into brooks and widening into torrents. At Tambillos we were at a level of about 11,000 feet. Thence we passed the Incas Lake, and, after a series of precipitous descents, reached a tranquil river course and a post-house. So precipitous were the slopes of the Cordillera on the Chilian side that by nightfall we were 5000 feet below the summit and 7340 feet above the sea.

The conduct of the guide had been so irreproachable for four days, and the road had been frequented by so many mule droves and groups of travellers, that all sense of danger and loneliness had been dispelled. Our team of nine mules had frequently been increased to twenty or thirty, and our group of two guides and one passenger to a company of a dozen men. The travellers were Chilian mountaineers, who fraternized with the guides, but their salutations to me were courteous, and their manners unobtrusive. It was at Ojos del Agua, during the fourth evening, when my confidence in the guide, whom I had convicted of shameless men-

dacity on the first day, had been completely restored, that he revealed his true character and justified my earliest apprehensions. He came to me with face flushed with drink, and demanded an increase in his hire. I deliberately refused to understand him, making good use of my unfamiliarity with Spanish. The next morning he returned to the assault and was met in the same way. We mounted for the fifth day's ride to the Colorado and Santa Rosa. The scenery was of enchanting loveliness, the rivers foaming in rapids and falling in cascades the greater part of the way, and the mountain gorge gradually opening into a broad and beautiful valley. The guide was not disposed to allow me to enjoy this wonderful scenery in peace. Repeatedly he joined me, and sought to convince me that I must pay him more money in order to be conducted all the way to Santa Rosa. He was reinforced by three Chilians, who surrounded me and made unmistakable gestures in the direction of my pocket; but I declined to comprehend their meaning. This comedy was enacted at two o'clock, when we reached Guardia, the frontier custom-house. The guide was royally drunk, his successive failures to make his passenger understand and comply with his exactions having driven him in despondent mood into every wayside drinking place.

I was weary of this by-play. Concluding from the aspect of the country that we could not be far from Santa Rosa, and that it would not be difficult to obtain a coach, I called the guide to me, paid him the original contract price, and discharged him. He was dazed for a moment, and then quickly rallied, assuring me that I could not get a coach, and that as it would be impossible to reach Santa Rosa that day, I must go on with

him. This I refused to do, and ordered him to unload my baggage mule. Instead of complying with this demand, he whipped up the mule and disappeared down the road. The glimpse of my baggage vanishing in the turn of the road made me disconsolate. I had no alternative. I had to follow my baggage or run the risk of losing it altogether. I mounted my mule, and went on with the train for an hour, apprehending that the drunken guide would lodge me for the night in some wretched posada, where I might be exposed to serious danger. In this emergency two Chilian gentlemen appeared opportunely upon the scene, driving in a coach with three horses to Santa Rosa. They had heard that an American traveller was having trouble with a drunken guide, and had come to the rescue. In five minutes my baggage was on the coach, and we were bowling merrily along the road toward Santa Rosa. At six o'clock we were dining in an excellent hotel in the plaza of the town, the long journey from Mendoza having ended.

Los Andes was a restful and delightful spot to one who had been making intimate acquaintance with a refractory mule in the mountains. It had one of the old-fashioned Spanish hotels, with sleeping rooms, dining-room, and baths on the ground floor, and several open courts in the interior, planted with parterres of flowers and kept cool and spotlessly neat. How charming was the retirement of those fragrant patios after the cattle-sheds of the mountains! How wholesome and refreshing were the dinners after those inscrutable mysteries, the chicken sopas of the post-houses! How clean and alluring was the bed-linen after the dog-mats of Punta de las Vacas! In peace and comfort I could

revel there in thoughts of miseries escaped at Mendoza, of mercenary guides baffled in their attempted extortions, and of exhilarating experiences and sublime spectacles stored in the memory to remain a delight in coming years. The town was the usual Spanish chess-board, with the four central squares reserved for the plaza, the brass band, the church, and the hotels. There was little to be seen in the lanes crossing one another at right angles; but how glorious was the vista of the Andes and the maritime range! The drives and walks about this beautiful town were sources of unfailing delight. Aconcagua, with its triple peaks piercing the clouds, was seen once more, tranquil and restful in its shapely beauty, and no longer awe-inspiring in its stupendous power and sublime majesty. The ravines of the Colorado and the approaches to the Guardia, the starting-point for the journey eastward, were easily recognized. Mountains were encamped on every side about this Andean outpost, exchanging their shadow signals and countersigns during the watches of the night and marshalling their battalions for inspection at dawn.

The passage of the Uspallata is made most easily during January and February, when the snow has disappeared from the lower mountain slopes and the river levels are lowest. From April to November snow storms are constantly met with, the bridle-paths are slippery, and the discomforts and perils of the journey are multiplied. Mountaineers and mail-couriers force the passage even in the most inclement weeks of winter, travelling on foot over the Cumbre. The scenery in the winter time, when the abysses are engulfed with snow, and the rugged mountain walls are incased in ice, must be of unrivalled grandeur, but a

prudent traveller will be content to make the journey in midsummer. Even when the road is dry there is constant danger, since a mule with characteristic perversity persists in travelling along the outer edge of the slope on the edges of the precipices, and it is unsafe, as well as useless, to attempt to make him swerve from his self-regulated course. When the road is coated over with ice one must be a hardy mountaineer in order to rise superior to the perils of precipitous chasms and deeply sunken river bottoms. The sense of loneliness increases, moreover, when few travellers are on the highway, and one is confronted with the solemn stillness and gloomy grandeur of the Andes. In midsummer the passing of mule trains imparts animation and variety to the journey. The picturesque ponchos, and the bright fantastic patterns of the neck-gear worn by the guides and mountaineers, add a welcome touch of color to the barren edges of bridle-paths. When fellow-travellers are met, it is a sudden refreshing contact of human companionship. Smiles and "buenos dias" are exchanged, and the file of the passing cavalcade is watched as it disappears in the zigzag of the road. Human society is the more welcome from the absence of animal life in the mountains. The guide-books represent condors as perched on the heights of the most dangerous passes where a traveller will be pitched headlong a thousand feet into abysses if the mule goes wrong. I did not see these grim sentinels. I heard the twitter of only one bird in the course of the five days' ride. That was a wee thing, only as large as a swallow.

Unfortunate as was my own choice of a guide, I can readily believe that most of the mountaineers are honest

and respectful in their dealings with strangers. All danger of suffering from imposition and rapacity is removed when one is familiar with Spanish or has a travelling companion. The road is so direct that the services of a guide are unnecessary. The best way to cross the Andes is to send one's baggage on ahead with a mule train, and then to buy a mule and to proceed without guides, but with fellow-travellers. In this way halts can be made at the best posadas, and the journey lengthened from five to seven days, with less fatigue and greater enjoyment of the scenery. When the opposite mountain slope is reached the mule can be sold at a sacrifice which will not exceed the hire of a guide. A ride through the magnificent gorge of Uspallata and over the Cumbre to the heart of the Andes is an experience never to be forgotten. It offers glimpses of unrivalled mountain scenery. It brings one close to the secret laboratories of Nature, where earth-rending forces have been at work, with primal sources of power, creative or destructive, buried in appalling mystery.

VIII

CHILI AND ITS CIVIL WAR

SIGNS OF PATRIOTISM AND THRIFT — A HOMOGENEOUS POPULATION — SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO — DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPEAN TRADE — THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONFLICT — THE CIVIL WAR — DOWNFALL OF BALMACEDA

One of the earliest indications of the passage of the mountain frontier was the Chilian flag floating from a high staff where it could be seen miles away from the valleys below. As I continued the descent of the Andean slopes, I noticed the same flag many times above signal stations and surveyors' landmarks. The display of the national colors, at the earliest practicable points on the road from the Argentine, was characteristic of the patriotism of the Chilian people. Of all the nations in South America it has the deepest affection and the noblest enthusiasm for its flag. The Chilians may have their faults, but they have the redeeming virtue of intense love of country. They are proud not only of the material progress of the nation, but also of its maritime supremacy, and of the achievements of the fighting services on land and sea. The victorious war with Peru is an heroic period, which ministers alike to an exalted loyalty and to an overweening vanity. Monuments to admirals and generals are seen in the plazas and alamedas of the cities. There is hardly a village where prints and photographs of the naval fight at

Iquique cannot be found in the shop windows. The facility with which two powerful States were overpowered, and deprived of large territories, fostered an elastic confidence in the superiority of the nation as a Spanish-American fighting power, and a feeling of contempt for the military claims of rivals. Self-esteem was developed to a degree almost vainglorious. It was a pride doomed to be humiliated during the Civil War; but even in that disastrous struggle there was, withal, sterling patriotism of a true and honest ring.

The population of Chili is more homogeneous than that of the Argentine. The number of foreigners of unmixed blood is very small in comparison with the native Chilian stock. The aboriginal strain runs in seven-tenths of the population. I noticed the contrast between Italianized Argentina and the maritime State in my first study of faces at Los Andes. There was a marked uniformity of facial types. Men and women alike had swarthy complexions, large, deep-set, brilliant eyes, and hair at once black, bristling, and glossy. In Buenos Ayres one watches a cosmopolitan crowd recruited from every race in Europe, and wonders where the natives are and what they are like. In Chili he sees, in the main, a people of uniform type and marked characteristics. It is, undoubtedly, the best of the Spanish-American races. In volume the population is probably 1,000,000 less than that of the Argentine, a safe estimate being 3,000,000 against 4,000,000.

From Los Andes I made the journey in an English compartment car to Santiago, catching from the windows glimpses of mountain scenery and green meadows, broad areas of successful cultivation, and tidy homesteads with capacious barns. In Central Chili

irrigation is essential to prosperous farming. Rains are confined mainly to three months of the twelve, and without artificial supplies of water from the mountain streams agricultural operations are impracticable. The areas of cultivation are the valleys where trenches can be multiplied, and between these verdant belts are arid wastes which in midsummer are burned bare. It is an unerring proof of the indomitable energy of the people that agriculture is carried on at all in Central Chili under conditions so unpropitious.

Like Rio de Janeiro the Chilian capital needs to be an imposing city in order to be worthy of its scenic setting. It is in the centre of a lovely valley, encompassed by shapely mountains of magnificent proportions. The same lofty peaks, which from the Cumbre overpower a sympathetic spectator with their gloomy grandeur, their ice-bound abysses, and their vistas of rock-riven desolation, from Santiago are restful summits rising one upon another and irradiated with rich mists of sunlight. The barren edges flung against the sky, where shattered masses of rock hang in menacing instability, are transformed into peaceful crests, streaked with glittering snow. Chasms which close to the eye reveal the havoc wrought by earth-rending forces are delicately tinted lines of shadow in the distant vista of the Andes. With so grand and inspiring a pageant always to be seen from the Alameda and St. Lucia, Santiago has not neglected its opportunities. It is a handsome and impressive city, with fine parks, striking architectural effects in its public buildings and churches, and orderly, well-kept lines of streets, many of which have superior Belgian pavements and electric lights. The only source of disfigurement is the river

Mapocho flowing through the town, which in the dry season labors under the disadvantage of not having any water in it; but this is shielded from view by walls and embankments and rendered as sightly as possible. The population of Santiago ranges between 225,000 and 250,000.

The Alameda is a broad avenue over two miles long, with double lines of trees, and a series of monuments and statues commemorative of the public services and heroic deeds of various patriots. Only one thing is needed in order to make it an impressive and beautiful street. That is a greensward in place of the unsightly promenade under the trees. Handsome turf is what one never sees in South America, and in Santiago there is not enough rain to keep a lawn fresh or grass from being burned and killed in midsummer. A trench of running water running along the central common is a practical demonstration of the facility of irrigation, and some day a municipal reformer may supply what is lacking in this ambitious avenue of monuments. St. Lucia was a neglected and barren rock in the heart of the city, and was occupied and frequented only by the lowest classes, when a public-spirited citizen, Vicuña Mac Kenna, undertook to convert it into the best pleasure ground of the capital. It is now approached by winding carriage roads, stone staircases, and shaded walks, and is ornamented with terraces, banks of flowers, artistic balustrades, rustic arbors, grottos, a chapel, a statue, and a series of high lookouts commanding magnificent prospects of the Andes, the maritime range, and the capital itself. There is a theatre on the highest ground in the city, and there is also an excellent restaurant where a dinner or an ice can be ordered.

The flowers and vines on this lofty rock overhanging the Alameda are kept fresh and beautiful by constant watering, and St. Lucia is the most picturesque and artistic feature of the capital. It is a miniature Corcovado accessible from the main streets.

The main plaza has the post-office, municipal buildings, and arcades of stucco on two sides, the ambitious façade of the Grand Hotel on another, and, finally, the Cathedral built of brick and stone, with a cross high in air to demonstrate a sacred character which its general architectural lines do not reveal, although the interior is chaste and rich. The capitol is a block away, a massive structure, with two high stories and a flat roof, and lines of shapely columns at the entrance on each side. It is the handsomest and most imposing Hall of Deputies to be seen in South America, and is surrounded by well-kept, if narrow, grounds, with one graceful and finely proportioned statue near the main entrance. The National Library is close by, with the Palaces of Justice adjoining. The University of Santiago is a stately structure, and it has well-equipped faculties and appliances for higher education. Probably no university in South America has a better academic reputation or is doing a larger work. The Astronomical Observatory has lovely surroundings in a well-shaded, semi-tropical garden. The Quinta Normal is a horticultural garden and museum of natural history, with fine grounds tastefully laid out. Santiago abounds in good architecture of a classic type, and in public gardens and promenades of genuine natural attractions. With excellent hotels, good theatres, fine drives, and objects of interest which cannot be exhausted in a fortnight of industrious sight-seeing, it has everything to attract and charm a

traveller. With the exception of Rio de Janeiro I have not found any South American city so interesting as Santiago.

The plaza on Sunday morning was filled with black-gowned and hooded women on their way to church. In Chili, as in Peru, custom requires women to go to Mass dressed with severe simplicity. There are no seats in the churches, and nearly all worshippers take rugs or silk handkerchiefs on which to sit and kneel during service. Attracted by the novel sight of hundreds of women in black, I entered the church which was densely thronged. The black costumes massed in the nave and aisles intensified the effect of a lavish display of altar lights. An eloquent priest, with a fine face and an earnest, impressive manner preached, his melodious voice, with a solemn note of warning, filling the church like a trumpet.

The Roman faith is found at its best in Chili, where a close approach has been made to a separation of Church and State, and where absolute religious tolerance is practised. The clergy still receive stipends from the treasury; but the appropriations have been gradually reduced, and disestablishment cannot be deferred many years. Civil marriage alone is recognized by law as valid. In order to be legally married man and woman must appear before the register. When they leave his presence they are husband and wife. If they then choose to have a religious service in a Roman Catholic church, or in a Protestant chapel, they can do so. The enactment of the Civil Marriage Law was fiercely, but unsuccessfully, resisted by the clerical party. In like manner the Burials Act, opening cemeteries to Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, was

passed in the face of determined opposition. Subsequently attempts were made in Santiago and elsewhere to remove bodies from what was considered desecrated ground, and to bury them in churches, but the authorities promptly suppressed this practice. Protestantism is protected by law and has a clear field. Presbyterian churches have been established in Valparaiso, Santiago, and Concepción, the late Rev. Dr. Trumbull having been a pioneer in the work. The American Methodists, entering the field at a more recent date, have done an important work, opening chapels and schools in Iquique, Copiapó, and Concepción, and a college in Santiago.

There are European bazaars in the streets of the Chilian capital where once there were Yankee notion stores. Between 1863 and 1888 the combined imports received in Chili from England, France, and Germany increased from $13,164,442 to $46,679,231. During the same period the imports from the United States advanced from $1,635,598 to $3,133,173. In view of the extraordinary efforts made by maritime Europe to develop trade with Chili, and of the utter indifference of the United States to the decadence of its commercial marine, upon which the growth and prosperity of the export trade depend, I marvel that there is a remnant so large. The Chilians are the most active commercial nation in South America, and are shaping the industrial fortunes of the West Coast. Maritime Europe appreciates the importance of cultivating the closest possible relations with them. The United States has not manifested interest in the wonderful development of Chilian industries and political power.

Before the raids of English-Confederate cruisers on

the Yankee merchant fleet, the West Coast was largely supplied with American cottons, hardware, and general merchandise. The transfer of that fleet to the English flag during the Civil War was followed by a rapid decline of American trade and influence. There was one far-sighted merchant,— Chili has recognized its obligations for his public services by erecting a statue to him in one of its plazas,— who discerned the possibility of restoring trade by the establishment of a steamship line under the flag. Mr. Wheelwright laid his plan before New York capitalists, and demonstrated the practicability of controlling the commerce of the West Coast by a timely stroke of enterprise; but this project was considered visionary, and he was compelled to seek for encouragement in England. The Pacific Navigation Company was founded largely through his efforts; and, to-day, it largely dominates the traffic of the seaboard from the Straits to Panama. A commanding opportunity for the extension of American trade was lost through neglect to supply steam communication. If a line had been established between 1865 and 1870 from New York to San Francisco, with Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and the West Coast ports as far as Panama as the chief calling stations, there would have been, at least, a division of commercial empire in the south between the United States and maritime Europe.

The development of steam communication has been rapid since the first steamers went out from Liverpool aided by an English subsidy. The Pacific Company sends out two steamers a month to Valparaiso, and has a powerful fleet on the West Coast, plying between all ports from Corral to Panama. It has as many as sixty

steamers in constant service, including tenders for collecting freight at the smallest ports. A second English company, known as the Gulf Line, has been established within a few years. The German Kosmos Line has a large fleet running between Hamburg, Montevideo, and Valparaiso, dispatching two steamers a month. It also has a number of steamers making regular trips between Valparaiso and the nitrate ports, as well as to Callao and Panama. There is a French line between Havre, Bordeaux, and Valparaiso, and there are several minor coasting lines under various flags. The most formidable competitor which the English Pacific line has in the coasting trade is the South American Steamship Company under the Chilian flag. The Company has a powerful fleet, built expressly for the West Coast trade, and sends steamers twice a month from Valparaiso to Panama, besides having fortnightly lines running to Lota and Chiloe, in the south, and to the nitrate ports and Callao in the north.

The bulk of Chilian trade is with those countries which have established regular lines of steamship communication with Valparaiso. England has increased its exports to Chili from $4,090,069 in 1863 to $26,351,141 in 1888, and its imports in return during the same period from $12,313,009 to $58,898,407. Germany beginning in 1863 with exports to Chili valued at $772,515, has increased them to $14,046,577 in 1888, while its imports in return have run up from $684,496 to $4,751,990. These results have been secured by the two nations which have had the best steamship facilities for the movement of freight in the Pacific and Kosmos lines. The French exports to Chili during the same period have expanded from $4,301,858 to $6,181,513,

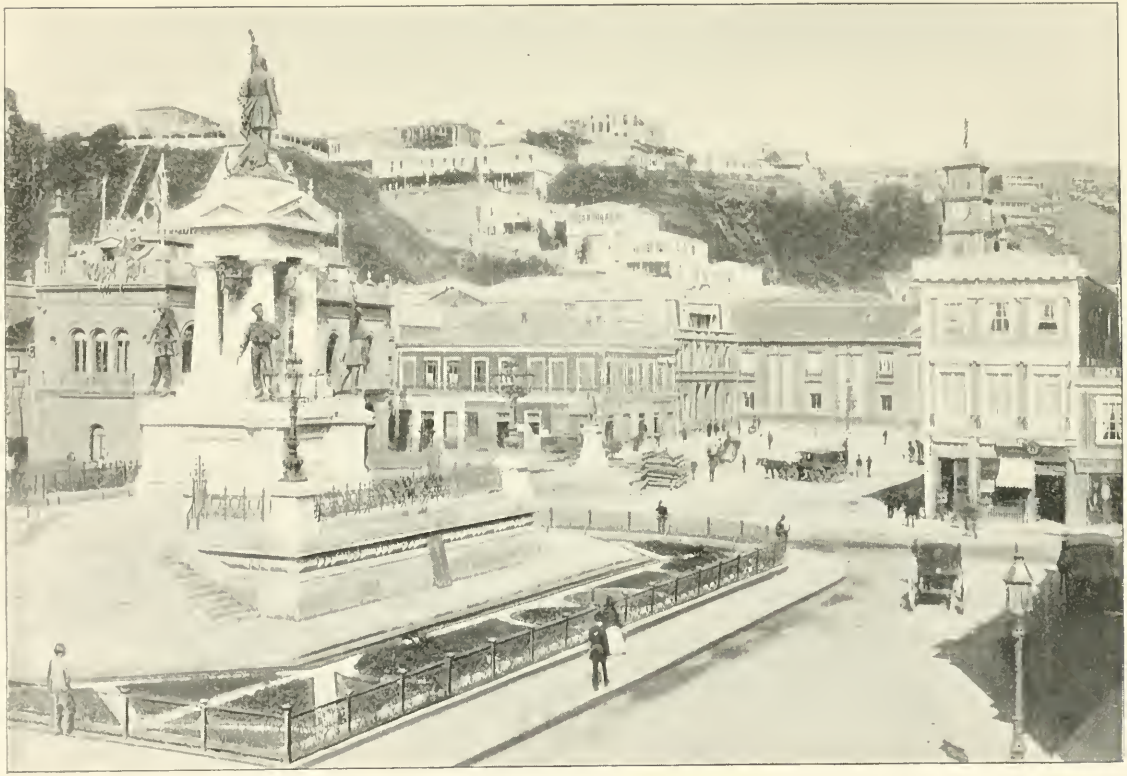
and the imports from $1,649,364 to $4,295,055. While there has been an increase, it is small in comparison with the material progress made by Great Britain and Germany; and, as a coincidence, it is to be noted that the French steamship line is a feeble one, and is not equipped for serious competition with Germany and England. One of the best evidences of the utility of steamship communications in promoting commercial exchanges, is furnished by the rapid development of the Chilian import and export trade with Peru and Ecuador, which has followed the sharp competition for freights between the English and National lines on the West Coast. The bulk of the wheat surplus which is shipped from Talcahuano now goes north to feed a rainless seaboard of 2000 miles, and in exchange are received from Peru cotton, sugar, wool, and many other products.

With a declining import and export trade in a period of unwonted commercial activity on the West Coast, American merchants in Valparaiso are compelled to admit that they cannot hope to compete successfully with English and German rivals under the present conditions of slow communication, high freights, breakage of goods at Panama, and lack of exchange on New York. Investments of European capital in Chili, moreover, have been very large. At least one-half of the national debt is held in England. To this must be added the capital invested in railways, copper and silver mines, nitrate works, steamship lines, and commercial business. Probably the aggregate English capital invested in Chili exceeds $125,000,000. Germany also has large invested interests; but Americans are represented only by three commercial houses and two life insurance companies.

To one who has crossed the continent from the Atlantic, it is the background that makes Valparaiso alike interesting and impressive. That background is the Pacific, which from the windows of the English compartment cars suddenly comes into view in a far-reaching vista of tranquil blue fringed with yellow haze. In the translucent atmosphere of Chili the powers of vision seem to be almost doubled. From the hillsides of Valparaiso one can see the Andean peak of Aconcagua, and when he gazes seaward the horizon line seems to be lifted back and projected leagues beyond its normal limits. One can never look upon an ocean for the first time without experiencing a thrill of pleasurable excitement, and that feeling is intensified when he has crossed a foreign continent and been among the snows of the Andes. With contrasting emotions the old-time Spanish navigators approached Valparaiso from the sea after tempestuous voyages in the Straits and perils averted off Chiloe. The first landmark on that barren, rainless coast was joyfully hailed by them as the Point of Angels, and the bold bluffs encircling a sheltered bay seemed to them a veritable Vale of Paradise. One could have a more intelligent appreciation of their nomenclature, if he were convinced that they had come down the Western Sahara, stretching 2000 miles southward from the Gulf of Guayaquil. After Atacama and the desolate coasts of Peru and Northern Chili, any verdant hillside would have been a glimpse of Eden.

Valparaiso is a bustling city with a population of 120,000. It was originally built on the steep hillsides overlooking the harbor; but the modern town follows the winding shore, the narrow margin having been

widened and greatly extended by additional ground reclaimed from the sea. A town with curving streets and irregular outlines offers a refreshing contrast to the checker-board squares of the newer Spanish-American cities. Valparaiso is without definite plan or outline. There is a series of wide ravines opening from the crests of the hills, and each has its network of rambling streets and alleys, and its congeries of low-pitched roofs and weather-beaten houses. From the plaza opposite the custom-house landing and the railway station three or four business streets pursue their devious courses to the right and to the left along the curves of the bay. The modern town is adorned with monuments and statues wherever a plaza or a cluster of trees offers an opportunity for patriotic memorials. The most tasteful, as well as elaborate monument, is that erected in the central plaza in honor of Arturo Prat, commander of the *Esmeralda*, and the other heroes of the sea-fight at Iquique. The government buildings and churches are not impressive; but there are showy blocks of shops, and there is a brisk movement of traffic in the streets. The chief attraction of Valparaiso is the climate, which is tempered by ocean and aerial currents from the Antarctic. Even in midsummer, the mean temperature is sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit for the month of January, with a maximum of seventy-seven degrees; and in midwinter the minimum temperature is forty-five degrees with fifty-two degrees as the average for July. While the winters are about as warm as those of corresponding latitudes on the Atlantic coast, the summer heats are from eight to ten degrees lower. In Santiago the maximum temperature in summer is ten degrees higher



ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO

than that of Valparaiso; yet the winters are much more severe in the mountain valley than on the coast, the difference in minimum temperature being fifteen degrees. The climate of Valparaiso is singularly dry, equable, and invigorating.

What is most surprising is the freshness of vegetation in a town where rain is practically confined to three months and averages thirteen and a half inches for the year. Even in the middle of the long dry season the trees in the parks do not have a parched appearance; and in Viña del Mar, a delightful suburb on the outer edge of the bay, where the wealthy residents of Santiago and other Chilian towns swarm during the heated period, there are remarkably brilliant displays of flowers, shrubs, and trees, the country looking fresh and verdant, as though there had been showers every week. It is a beautiful rolling country, with orchards and vineyards and fields of wheat waving in the ocean breeze. In the best of the suburban hotels in this beautiful spot Colonel Romeyn, the American Consul, entertained me at luncheon, and then took me for a delightful stroll in the groves and hillside paths; and so orderly were the grounds, and so clean and comfortable was the hotel, that I found it hard to believe that I was not in one of the well-kept houses in the American Catskills. The illusion was strengthened when the Consul piloted me to his bower, a retired corner of the piazza curtained with a large American flag, and Mrs. Romeyn recalled her own circle of acquaintances in New York, and in sympathetic voice sang "Home, Sweet Home," to the accompaniment of a guitar. Such incidents are the treasure-trove of travel in a far country. How remote from our thoughts during that lovely afternoon was

apprehension of the civil war which within a year was to bring ruin and devastation upon Chili and hostile armies into that beautiful suburb of Viña del Mar!

During the spring of 1890, when I was in Santiago and Valparaiso, the constitutional conflict which was to end in civil war, with the opening of another year, was already in progress. President Balmaceda, after representing most faithfully the progressive tendencies of the new Chili which had made itself a great power on the West Coast, had followed the vicious precedents of his predecessors, and in attempting to perpetuate his political supremacy by securing the election of an unworthy successor had undermined public confidence in his patriotism. When elected to the presidency in September, 1886, he was known as a brilliant orator and an adroit tactician, and was not without experience in public life. He had been deputy for many years and subsequently senator and chief minister. As an official candidate favored by his predecessor, he had been opposed by the advanced wing of the Liberal party; but after his inauguration he had displayed consummate tact in conciliating factions, and, with a united body of congressional adherents behind him, had succeeded in enacting several reform measures, and in promoting the commercial prosperity of the country. During the first half of his term progress was made in the direction of the resumption of specie payments, railways were constructed, harbors were improved, new mining regions were opened, hospitals and public buildings erected, the schools enlarged and multiplied, and the encroachments of Clericalism successfully resisted. It was an era of progress during which the creative energies of the most enlightened race in Spanish America were power-

fully stimulated. It was brought to a close when a statesman of genuine liberal tendencies, endowed with intellectual force, social graces, and remarkable political capacity, was tempted by sheer lust of power to organize a Ministry of Combat against Congressional prerogative, to debauch the army and the civil service, and to plunge the nation into a disastrous civil war.

Chili was invaded during the sixteenth century by the Spanish conquerors of Peru; but the Indian mountaineers were never really conquered. After a hundred years of fierce campaigning the independence of the native tribes was acknowledged by treaty, and when its provisions were violated there was another half century of Indian warfare. The Chilians have a fighting strain in their native stock, and a love of liberty that is characteristic of a race of mountaineers. In the revolt against Spain the independence not of Chili alone, but of Buenos Ayres and Peru as well, was secured by the victories on the plains of Maypu. Under the Republic there were few conspiracies, and there was only one year of civil war until the uprising against Balmaceda occurred; but while there was peace there was a close approach to oligarchical rule. For sixty years the administration was controlled by a small number of wealthy landowners and a large body of priests recruited mainly from Italy and Spain. The President under the Constitution of 1833 was elected for five years by indirect suffrage, and while technically ineligible for a second term was either enabled to remain in office or to nominate his successor. There were five Cabinet Ministers in charge of the main departments of the Administration, with an English tradition of responsibility to the majority in the Chambers. Practically

the two Houses were recruited from the aristocratic landowners and the President was supreme. Suffrage was restricted to 40,000 voters, and the government was directed by the rich land-barons. The power of such Presidents as Montt, Pinto, and Errazuriz was despotic; but they were sagacious rulers who made no attempt to antagonize the ruling class and the priests. There was peace, but there was no government in Spanish America less democratic than that to which the high-spirited Chilians submitted without resistance. The Chilian is the best soldier in South America, not only because he has high courage bordering upon recklessness, but also because he has been taught to follow orders with unquestioning obedience. As a citizen he has ordinarily been loyal and submissive.

The victories over the Peruvians not only inflated national pride but also developed the political instincts of the people. After the conquest of the nitrate provinces there was a popular movement in favor of emancipation from aristocratic rule and clerical domination. The Liberal party with Balmaceda as its leader triumphed in the elections of 1886. It was markedly hostile to the influence of the clergy in political affairs; it favored free education by the State, and the maintenance of civil marriage and secularized cemeteries; and it was committed to the policy of land reform. The Conservatives and Montt-Varistas represented the old order of clerical and aristocratic privilege, and were overwhelmed with defeat. Balmaceda having united his followers in Congress conducted the Administration most brilliantly for three years, and did much to popularize the Government by admitting to the civil service ambitious lawyers and politicians, who had never before

been in office. All went well until the close of 1889, when the official candidature of the Minister of Industry and Public Works startled the country and divided the Liberal party. If Balmaceda's favorite, San Fuentes, had been either an experienced or a reputable official, less resistance would have been encountered; but he was conspicuous mainly for his stock operations on change. When he unfolded as an electoral programme a vast scheme of public works and railway construction, and Balmaceda made no concealment of an intention of favoring his canvass for the presidency with all the resources of official patronage, the Liberal majority sought to avert the crisis by communicating to the President privately their determination to oppose so unworthy a candidate. Temporary concessions were made to the majority, the Ministry was reorganized and Congress adjourned after expressing confidence in the Government by voting the customary financial supplies. In January, 1890, this Ministry was dismissed and another recruited from most zealous adherents was brought into office. Balmaceda instead of abandoning the candidature of his partisan had determined to defy Congress and the leaders of his party, and to carry the election by official pressure.

This was the political situation as it was explained to me in Santiago; and while there was intense excitement among the politicians, there was a general agreement even among the keenest observers that Balmaceda would finally yield to the will of Congress. The inflexible determination of that misguided, obstinate, but brilliant man, to rule or ruin the country was not then suspected. The Ministry remained in office until May and was then replaced by another still more auda-

cious, which met Congress with a defiant declaration that it was not dependent upon votes of confidence, but only upon the President's favor. Congress replied by a vote of censure passed by three-fourths of the members. The Ministers did not resign, although the financial credits were exhausted, and a new budget required authorization. Congress suspended in July the collection of revenues until a Ministry commanding its confidence should be formed. For a month no taxes were paid and Balmaceda refused to yield. Then he relaxed his opposition, appointed a Ministry composed of influential men, and announced that official influence would not be exerted in the electoral canvass. Congress met him in a conciliatory spirit, and voted financial supplies for six months.

As soon as the budget had been authorized the electoral canvass of San Fuentes was resumed, and local appointments were made in his interest. The Ministry, after vainly expostulating with the President, resigned office in October. The Ministry of Combat was restored. Menaced as it was with impeachment proceedings, it appealed to Balmaceda to anticipate hostile action by the exercise of his constitutional power of declaring the session of Congress closed. This was done as easily as Balmaceda could bar and lock the doors of his house. A Committee empowered by law to meet during recess of Congress flooded the Executive Mansion with protests, recommendations, and menaces; but he had gone too far to retreat. With the end of the year authority for the collection of revenues and taxes and the maintenance of the army and navy ceased. On January 1, 1891, the budget was decreed by Executive authority, the army was promised a large increase of

pay, public meetings were dispersed by the police and a military dictatorship was virtually proclaimed. The members of Congress, not being allowed to assemble, united in a memorial declaring the presidential office to be vacant. The navy revolted against the government, and, after failing to excite a popular uprising in Valparaiso, carried the Congressional leaders to Iquique for the conquest of the nitrate coast as a base of military operations against Balmaceda.

If the army had joined the navy the revolution would have triumphed without bloodshed. Popular movements had been planned both in Santiago and Valparaiso, but for some reason they hung fire. President Balmaceda at once declared the country under martial law; but there was no popular reaction against his dictatorship. Valparaiso, while proud of the navy, was dazed and unsympathetic when the fleet turned against the government. The police did not swerve from their loyalty to the Executive. The army, instead of rallying to the support of the Congressional leaders, remained in the barracks and criticised the lack of common sense and patriotism displayed by the politicians. Santiago was heavily garrisoned and brought under police compression. There were few signs of disaffection in the southern cities. There was no popular uprising against the military dictator. The masses of the population waited to see what would come of the naval revolt, and, meanwhile, the President and his Ministers acted with inflexible purpose. Martial law was proclaimed. The officers of the insurgent fleet were denounced as pirates. The army was heavily recruited. The prisons were filled with suspects. Private houses were searched for incriminating correspondence. Men were flogged for

refusing to reveal the hiding-places of prominent revolutionists. The estates of members of the Opposition in Congress were plundered and their houses burned. Political leaders were proscribed and driven into exile. The election laws were modified to suit the purposes of the Ministers. Business was paralyzed. Disorder in the currency and national finances became confusion worse confounded. There was a rise in the price of food, and a ruinous increase in the cost of living. Public order in the cities was maintained by rigorous measures of repression, and terrorism was the order of the day. At the same time preparations were made for general elections, a new Congress was brought into existence, and Don Claudio Vicuña, a wealthy landowner of high repute, was accepted as the candidate who was to succeed Balmaceda as President.

The revolutionists had at the outset a fleet without an army. Within nine weeks a base of operations was secured in the nitrate provinces where they could hold out for an indefinite period, and recruit and arm a force for the conquest of Valparaiso. With their fleet in command of the sea, and with hundreds of miles of desert between them and Santiago, they were protected against attack by Balmaceda's superior force. With the nitrate shipments under their control, they had a large source of revenue available for military purposes. Five months of desultory naval warfare and military preparations followed. Balmaceda had seized the *Imperial*, the best steamer of the Chilian line, and organized a small flotilla of torpedo-boats. These vessels attempted to harass the Congressionalists and were successful in sinking the ironclad, *Blanco Encalada*. Seven torpedoes were launched at her on a dark night,

when she was at anchor in port, and the assailants escaped after destroying the most formidable vessel of the fleet. The Congressionalists gradually recruited an army of 10,000 men, and remained on the defensive until they could properly arm it. The surrender of the *Itata* at Iquique to the American fleet after her arrival with a cargo of arms and ammunition from San Diego delayed offensive operations for several weeks. Envoys had been sent to the United States and to Europe to solicit recognition of belligerent rights; but these overtures failed except with the Bolivian Government, with which a convention was negotiated. Meanwhile Balmaceda had succeeded in securing the vessels of war building in Europe.

There was no time to lose, if full advantage of their naval supremacy was to be taken. When the *Maypu* arrived at Iquique, with ample supplies of rifles and ammunition, offensive operations were decided upon. The landing at Quinteros Bay was followed by a battle at Colmo, and after a brief interval by the decisive engagement at Placilla on August 28. The fighting began at seven in the morning, and before eleven the Balmacedists were routed. Two of their generals, Alzerreca and Barbosa, with 1000 men, were killed, 3000 men were prisoners, and the remnant of the force of 10,000 men was scuttling from the battle field. The issue was never doubtful after the first gun was fired, and a complete victory was won, with the loss of 400 men. By one o'clock Valparaiso was entered by the advance guard, and by nightfall the victorious army was encamped in the city with every indication of public rejoicing. Balmaceda's suicide at the Argentine Embassy in Santiago brought his inglorious career

to a close. With the election of Admiral Montt to the Presidency Chili entered upon a new period of constitutional progress.

There is hardly a Spanish-American country which has not had at one time or another its Balmaceda. Military dictatorships have been frequent in Uruguay, the Argentine, Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, Central America, and Mexico. Ordinarily the executive who defied the legislators and secured by the use of the army either the election of a favorite, or his own continuance in office, has been successful and usurpations have been tolerated. The moral of Balmaceda's end is that public opinion in Chili has become so enlightened that military cabals and personal government are now impracticable. The financial results of the war were most deplorable. When the struggle opened there was a surplus of $30,000,000 in the treasury, preparations were making for specie resumption, and the national debt was not heavier than so prosperous a country could carry without inconvenience. Balmaceda began by bringing $10,000,000 in paper into circulation, and by draining the silver reserve, and he ended by setting the printing-presses in operation and emitting issue after issue of depreciated money. The triumph of representative government over military usurpation has been purchased at high cost since the finances were left in great disorder and all industries were paralyzed. The Chilians are a hardy and energetic race, and they will not be overcome by difficulties and hardships. With peace will come political reform, constitutional revision, industrial development, and commercial enterprise. Their future is secure, for they are the most vigorous and patriotic race in South America.

IX

THE RAINLESS COAST

A STUPENDOUS NATURAL PHENOMENON — THE CHILIAN SEABOARD — ANTOFAGASTA AND IQUIQUE — NITRATE BEDS — THE FLAG AT ARICA — THE PERUVIAN COAST — REPUDIATION OF PAPER MONEY — DOWN THE ANDES IN A HAND-CAR — MR. MEIGGS'S ENGINEERING FEATS — AN IRRATIONAL NATIONAL POLICY — A MASTER-STROKE OF FINANCE AND DIPLOMACY

In sailing northward from Valparaiso along the Chilian coast, the traveller is confronted with a stupendous natural phenomenon. He enters a rainless zone without vegetation or resources for sustaining human life. At Coquimbo, the first anchorage in the voyage from Valparaiso, he is well within the southern edge of this arid district. Thence for over 2000 miles he is to follow a mountainous coast where rain is virtually unknown. This zone extends inland to the slope of the Andes, and varies in width from twenty to eighty miles. It includes one-third of the Chilian seaboard and the entire coast of Peru to the Gulf of Guayaquil. There the seaboard Sahara ends abruptly with the sharpest possible transition from bleak mountain headlands to a coast clad with verdure and nourished by a vapor-laden atmosphere.

The causes of these astonishing phenomena are explained by scientific writers. It is evident that the

chief agent in producing this belt of desert seaboard is the Andes. The trade winds strike Northern Brazil loaded with vapor, and currents of air continuing in an oblique westward drift across the continent, supply the Plate and the Amazon river systems with abundant rainfall. When these currents beat against the ramparts of the Andes, the remaining moisture is wrung from them by the condensing power of low temperatures at extreme altitudes. From the crest of the range there are no sources of evaporation until the tranquil levels of the Pacific are reached. The air currents in their passage to the coast are without moisture. The snows on the eastern slopes and central summits of the Andes are final deposits of vapor which exhaust the water supply of the Atlantic trades. There is nothing in reserve for the strip of seaboard and the intervening mountain slopes. Coöperating with this primal cause is the prevailing wind on the Pacific. From Tierra del Fuego a branch of the Antarctic current follows the northern trend of the West Coast, and winds accompany it to the equator, absorbing moisture all the way, but not swerving eastward after passing the Southern Chilian coast. These aerial currents in the latitudes of Northern Chili and Peru have gained by heat additional power of absorption, but carry their ample supplies of vapor northward, without being diverted to the coast, with its mountain buttresses. The air coming from the Andean summits has been squeezed dry by those mighty condensers. Rain storms from the west never blow inland. The rainless zone is thus deprived of all means of water supply, except the few meagre streams tumbling down the western slopes from the upland snow-drifts.

The traveller embarking as I did on a steamer at Valparaiso for Iquique at once discovers that he is bound for intermediate ports, which derive all their food supplies from Central and Southern Chili. There are droves of cattle on the lower deck to provide fresh meat for the towns of the rainless zone. The afterpart of the vessel is largely occupied by venders of vegetables, fruits, butter, eggs, chickens, ducks, and hams. They are allowed to display their wares in small stalls and big baskets, and when the steamer arrives in port, market-dealers swarm out in small boats to obtain supplies from these pedlers. Every steamer of the English and Chilian lines is converted into a floating market all the way from Valparaiso to Iquique, where the stalls are removed and the hucksters dispose of the remnants of their stock on shore. The seaboard has to be fed week by week, almost day by day, from the South.

The Chilian seaboard extends from the Peruvian frontier beyond Arica to Cape Horn, a distance of over 2500 miles, and comprising forty degrees of latitude, and an area of nearly 300,000 English square miles. The northern belt, stretching from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth parallels, is without rain. It contains nitrate deposits and silver and copper mines, and has inexhaustible mineral wealth. From the twenty-ninth to the thirty-third parallels is an intermediate zone with fertile valleys and mineral resources. Valparaiso and Santiago are on the southern boundary of this semi-agricultural zone. South of the thirty-third parallel stretches the main agricultural belt, with a copious rainfall. This is Chili, the home of an essentially maritime nation, accustomed to struggle against nature and to

overcome every physical obstacle to its progress. In the far south its fishermen combat storm and glacier. On the Andean slopes its mountaineers are the hardiest of farmers. In the northern deserts its mining camps are pitched among the bleak mountain buttresses lining the coasts. The Chilians are a robust race, equipped for occupying unnatural homes, and trading in the exposed roadsteads scattered among the barren cliffs of their northern coasts.

A remarkable feature of the coast scenery is its uniformity. There is a continuous terrace of flat-topped cliffs, generally a thousand and sometimes two thousand feet high, retreating abruptly from the sea and leaving in front of the anchorages narrow shelves of beach, where the towns are built. This coast wall has a uniform direction north and south, and presents an aspect of singular regularity. Back of it are sometimes seen the slopes of the maritime range; but ordinarily it limits the view with its reddish-gray, weather-beaten façade. Devoid of vegetation and wooded slopes, it is wearisome and monotonous. There is a brief hour in the day when the dull red fades into gray and then deepens into blue under the slanting rays of the setting sun with its pale lemon fires; and then the coast scenery is beautiful. That is the transfiguring effect of the wonderful sunsets of the South Pacific, — sunsets as delicate in their gold and silver tinting as those of the South Atlantic are gorgeous with flaming scarlet and royal purple.

As for the desolate towns on the coast, it is beyond the pencilling of that supreme artist, the sun, at morning, noon, or dusk, to impart beauty or picturesqueness to them. There are rows of lumber sheds painted brown or yellow or blue, a sandy plaza with an ugly little

church of iron or wood, and clusters of bar-rooms in the main street. Sometimes there are a few tall chimneys added, and whenever the port is of any size, there is a platform in the plaza for a brass band. Coquimbo is one of these coast-towns and Caldera is another, the port of Copiapó, a city with a population of 20,000, whose prosperity is declining, or at least stationary, through the failure of some of its oldest mines. At Caldera water is obtained from the river Copiapó, several miles away, and there are a few stunted bushes and flowering plants to be seen. Chañaral is another forlorn place with mining connections. Taltal, at the foot of sloping granite and sienite hills, is the receiving-point for supplies for several mining towns to which a railway leads. Dread of earthquakes and tidal waves stifles all civic ambition or private enterprise. Cheap frame houses and shops alone are built, and as no prudent native will consent to sleep above the ground floor, all the dwellings are low-studded structures. There are no interior courts, for there are neither trees, nor plants, nor vines to convert them into cool and shady retreats. The highest point of social distinction is reached when a resident builds on the plaza a square house of one story, and carries a railing around the flat-roof, with a line of benches where he and his family can sit and hear the band play waltzes in the cool of the evening. When that has been done, the highest prize in the lottery of existence has been won.

These ports, while presenting to eyes unaccustomed to the scenery of a desert coast a wretched and forlorn aspect, are centres of commercial activity. Copper, silver, and nitrates are greater sources of national wealth than the wheat supplies of Talcahuano and the South.

Where a prominent mining-camp has been pitched a railway has been constructed either to Serena or to Copiapó, or directly to the seaboard; and the mineral deposits when unearthed are exported from the coast in enormous quantities. The Copiapó country was formerly the richest of the silver-producing districts, and is still a great mining centre. Serena is the seat of copper as well as silver mining. Chili once regulated the price of copper in the London market; but it has lost its supremacy through the development of richer mines in the United States. Its capitalists are now making great efforts to enlarge the production by the introduction of improved methods of mining and smelting; and they have succeeded within a few years in demonstrating the incorrectness of the assumption that the best and richest veins had been worked out. It may be a barren coast; but the maritime range is brimming with treasure for a race which has the pluck to maintain an unequal combat with nature.

The same natural causes which have converted the coast into a desert have stored it with wealth. The vast accumulations of guano and nitrate of soda could not have been formed in any other than a rainless zone. The retention of the fertilizing properties of these deposits is entirely due to the absence of moisture. The cotton, sugar, and grazing valleys of Peru are enriched by rains on the Andean slopes. The islands and desert levels are enriched by the lack of rain. Nature may be contradictory in its processes, but its purposes are always beneficent. It is the greed of men and nations that converts nature's bounty into a blight and a curse. Guano and nitrates have been the chief cause of all the evils wrought by rapacious speculators, reckless finan-

ciers, and hostile armies on this coast. Peru was prosperous and happy until this source of national wealth was developed on a large scale. When it was discovered that the manure deposits had only to be worked in order to yield enormous revenues, agricultural and mining industries were suffered to decline. A great railway system was planned, and reckless expenditures were sanctioned. The bondholders came in, and the resources of the rainless coast were mortgaged to them. The discovery of the nitrate beds of Tarapacá tended to depreciate the value of guano, and the Peruvian Government established a monopoly over them. Chili had been coveting these resources of the coast and intriguing for the control of the nitrate industry at Antofagasta. The war of conquest was brought on under various pretexts; but it would never have been fought if the rainless coast had not been imbedded with nitrogeneous deposits. It was the same rich seaboard which provided the victorious Congressional faction during the recent Civil War with a base of operations, where, secure against attack, they could recruit an army of sturdy miners with the revenues of the nitrate shipments.

Antofagasta is one of the main gateways by which Bolivia is approached. It lies on the edge of the Atacama desert, which extends from the Cordilleras to the sea. Once in ten years there may be a heavy rain in this barren land, and then the deserts are clothed with lower forms of stunted vegetation for a brief space; but during the remaining nine years there will hardly be a shower from January to December. Water is obtained mainly by distillation and is sold at high prices and delivered from house to house every morning. A more desolate-looking town could not be found on any save

a rainless coast. There is a small church on a bleak plaza, and there are drinking-saloons, and rows of frame houses of the plainest sort. The most ambitious decorative effect in the architecture of the town is the painting of a wooden front in imitation of a brick wall. This is Antofagasta, one of the great prizes of the war of devastation fought for the possession of the nitrate beds.

A high, angry surf beats against the rocky shore on which Iquique is built. There is only an open, unprotected roadstead where anchorage would be dangerous if the Pacific were not the calmest and most trustworthy of seas. The boatmen in landing passengers from steamers follow a circuitous passage between ledges of rock over which the surf rushes with tremendous force. Fortunate is the traveller who passes through the breakers without a shower bath; but even with coat and hat copiously sprinkled with salt water, he is thankful to have escaped the upsetting of the boat, which has seemed imminent at the most dangerous point. The background for these lines of foaming breakers is a series of barren mountains bordered by a desert. Straggling along the curves of the shore are rows of low frame-houses, drinking-saloons, and shops, separated by broad streets. Where the sandy level is widest, at the base of the sloping flanks of the coast range, the streets are multiplied until homes are provided for a population of 20,000, with an additional 5000 in the suburbs of the district. Iquique, with its unnatural surroundings and the striking disadvantages of its wretched harbor, is the largest and most flourishing coast-town between Valparaiso and Callao. In commercial importance it ranks after Valparaiso, since

it is the centre of the nitrate trade. Pisagua is becoming a formidable rival to it, and the extension of the railway in the interior may render Patillos an important nitrate port. Nature has dried up the sources of life and verdure on the sterile hillsides and scattered fragments of ancient seawall in the roadstead. Nature has also stored in the deserts treasures which are apparently inexhaustible.

Iquique is the chief port of the province of Tarapacá, which was formerly the southernmost district of Peru. Crude nitrate of soda was discovered about 1830, and the first shipment was made in 1833 to England. It was used in the manufacture of nitric acid and also as a fertilizer, and the quantity exported from Iquique increased rapidly to 7,084,766 quintals in 1878, the year preceding the outbreak of the war. In consequence of excessive production both the European and American markets were overstocked and the price heavily declined after the war. The Chilian producers united in an agreement to limit the exports until the surplus could be worked off and better prices secured. In 1887 there was a revival of the nitrate industry in consequence of a larger foreign demand, and the exports of salts increased in value to 20,606,454 quintals in 1889. These figures reveal the rapid development of the nitrate industry under Chilian administration of the province of Tarapacá.

The deposits are not found on the western slopes of the maritime range, but at the foot of the opposite flanks of the mountains. On the western edge of the wide valley between the central chain of the Andes and the coast range there are low foot-hills. There only are the beds of nitrate salts. The most reasonable

explanation of their existence presupposes the conversion of the West Coast from sea-bottom to mountain and valley. As the coast range emerged by volcanic action above the sea, salt water lagoons filled with seaweed and marine vegetation would naturally have been left between it and the main Andean wall. The decomposition of the seaweed would have released nitric acid to enter into combination with shells and chalky limestone, and the gradual evaporation of the salt water would have produced these nitrogeneous deposits. Probably the whole valley was originally embedded with nitrate, but the deposits were washed away in the centre and on the western slope of the Andes. The masses which remain were protected by the conformation of the low coast range. If this belt had not been rainless for thousands of years, these wonderful accumulations would not have been preserved, for atmospheric moisture would have destroyed them. The wealth of the nitrate coast is the direct result of the natural conditions which deprive it of verdure and agricultural resources. This is a fact which reconciles Chilian and foreign residents alike to their life in a coast Sahara. The Pampa del Tamarugal has the outward aspects of a barren valley of death; but it is a vast chemical laboratory in which life-giving elements are stored in inexhaustible supplies for renewing the productive energies of other climes. Only the richest beds are now worked, but the deposits extend along the coast for many hundreds of miles. There are supplies adequate for the requirements of centuries of successful agriculture in Europe and America.

The wonderful development of the salt industries is largely to be attributed to the enterprise of Colonel

North, known along this coast as the Nitrate King. He has amassed a great fortune since the war between Chili and Peru, and now resides in London, where he largely controls the nitrate market. He was an intelligent engineer who had surveyed the salt beds of Tarapacá, and formed an accurate estimate of the mineral wealth of the region. The Peruvian government had established a State monopoly before the war, purchasing the nitrate lands and works, and issuing bonds for them. At the close of the hostilities it was generally expected that Chili would maintain a similar monopoly, but the victorious Government wisely decided to open the industry to free competition and to content itself with receiving an export duty on the product. Colonel North began operations by purchasing bonds issued by the Peruvian government, and after securing control of nitrate beds, he formed companies in England for working them. He also bought the stock of some of the nitrate railways at depreciated rates and organized new companies for operating and extending them. The Chilian government encouraged him to persevere in his operations, and made no attempt to interfere with the rights of private owners interested in the development of the resources of the coast. The administration in Iquique and Tarapacá has steadily improved since the conquest, and the population is reconciled to the new political order which has promoted the material progress of a province that was in a state of stagnation before the war. Many of the Peruvian residents have sold their property and gone north, but there has been an influx of new settlers from Chili of superior capacity and enterprise. The railway system has been extended, new factories have been built, and the

province has received a great impetus under Chilian administration.

Iquique has played an important part in the last two West Coast wars. The decisive sea-fight of the war with Peru occurred in the harbor. While the Chilians were blockading Callao, the Peruvian iron-clads, the *Independencia* and the *Huascar*, headed southward, possibly with the intention of bombarding Valparaiso. At Iquique they encountered two contemptible adversaries, the wooden ship *Esmeralda*, with eight, and the little gunboat *Covadonga*, with two guns. The *Huascar*, well handled by her commander, soon had the *Esmeralda* at her mercy. The Chilian commander attempted to capture the *Huascar* by running his own ship alongside and screaming to his men to board her and use their knives. The vessels were separated before his crew could follow him as he sprang to the enemy's deck. He was instantly shot down, and his ship sank to the bottom with her crew of eighty men, a few survivors alone escaping. This was the daring exploit for which Arturo Prat's statue is raised in Valparaiso and elsewhere in Chili. If the sea-fight had ended with the sinking of his own vessel, the Peruvian ships might have proceeded on their course to Valparaiso and shelled the town. The real hero of the sea-fight was the shrewd commander of the *Covadonga*, who when followed by the *Independencia*, a ship which outsailed the gunboat and would have been certain to overtake her, was crafty as Ulysses, and ran close in shore. The *Independencia* went aground on the rocks and was a total wreck. It was a staggering blow, from which Peru never recovered.

The same nitrate coast was the centre of the Con-

gressional operations during the Civil War of 1891. All the skirmishes by which the insurgents secured possession of the province of Tarapacá and control over more than one-half of the revenues of Chili took place along the line of railway connecting Pisagua with Iquique. As most of the railways were operated and the nitrate deposits worked by companies formed and registered in England, the sympathies of that country were largely enlisted on the side of the insurgents, especially as Balmaceda, whether justly or unjustly, was suspected of harboring a design of depriving foreigners of a great source of wealth and of converting the salt beds into State properties. The overthrow of the Dictator could never have been accomplished without the possession of Iquique and its army of miners. It was the victory of Tarapacá over Central Chili. Until a coast railway providing rapid means for transporting an army is built from Valparaiso to Iquique no future government in Santiago will be secure against insurrection in the North.

The Chilian flag, as it floats above the high rock which guards the entrance of Arica, is a signal that the frontier has been established north of the nitrate desert for all time. The little Peruvian fort which was captured after Tarapacá had been overrun and Tacna occupied with a land force is still garrisoned, and the guns point outward toward the sea, where the Chilians are as aggressive in commerce to-day as they were then in naval warfare. This is the last port on the coast where the flag is seen; and nominally it is temporarily occupied pending a popular vote in 1893, which will determine whether Tacna and Arica shall be restored to Peru or annexed permanently to Chili. The sum of

$10,000,000 in silver is to be paid by the nation which finally obtains the provinces to the loser. Arica will be held by Chili whether the price be paid or not. Ten years of occupation with the military garrisons strengthened at the time of the election will secure a vote in its favor. As in Iquique, so also in Arica, the Peruvian residents are gradually selling their possessions, and Chilians are taking their places. Moreover, an increase in trade is shown by the number of vessels constantly to be seen in the roadstead, and there is a band always playing in the plaza in the evenings to amuse the people. Arica, while not making as rapid strides in material advancement as the chief nitrate ports, Pisagua and Iquique, is steadily gaining ground. The Chilian flag will remain over the mimic fortress after the decisive election. The South will fight a second time rather than lose the frontier provinces. Chili will not give up any territory which has been conquered. Its loss would also be civilization's loss, for it is the most capable and progressive nation in the South.

From Arica, where there is a sharp turn in the trend of the west coast, there is a marked change in the scenery. The high-terraced seawall of Northern Chili gives place in Southern Peru to sandy barrens and low-lying cliffs, with gray mountains sloping easily toward the shore. It is a bleak, inhospitable coast, the wider prospects which it brings before the eye being vistas of desert, with here and there a river bottom of rank weeds and a languishing village. Such a landing-place is Mollendo, with a straggling group of adobe cabins. A splendid destiny was marked out for it by Mr. Meiggs, but it has not entered upon its promised estate. Its prominence as the coast base of the longest railway in

Peru secured for it during the war of invasion an early visitation from Chilian marauding troops, and wanton destruction of engineering works and rolling-stock. General Caceres, afterwards President of Peru, was in the interior above Arequipa for a long time resisting the terms of the ignominious peace which General Iglesias had negotiated. This district was almost the last to be pacified, and the railway was not reopened for a long period. This line illustrated at once Mr. Meiggs's genius and folly. It was a magnificent engineering work which demonstrated in advance the practicability of the Alpine railways and tunnels. It was a barren business enterprise, since it began at a coast village where there was no harbor, and ended 327 miles away in a lake settlement of possibly 5000 Indians. The railway system was built at a contract price of $44,000,000 in bonds. An attempt was made to open a trade route with Bolivia by establishing a line of steamers on Lake Titicaca at a level of 12,500 feet above the sea; but it has yielded barren returns owing to the lack of rapid communication between the end of the lake and La Paz. Mr. Meiggs designed a third railway between Juliaca, near Puno, and Cuzco, a distance of 272 miles. Only a small section of this line has been completed. The southern railway system does not tap any great producing districts. It runs through a sparsely populated country, offering no facilities for developing a remunerative transportation trade.

From Southern Peru, after a voyage of three days, I reached Callao. This town was once the centre of the trade of the West Coast. The Pacific Navigation Company made it the headquarters of their fleet of steamers, establishing there extensive repair shops, foundries, and

depots of supplies, and employing a force of 200 English mechanics, for whom houses, a hospital, and even a theatre were built. It is an unerring sign of the commercial decadence of Callao that the Company are transferring their machine shops from the Peruvian to the Chilian coast. The commerce and population of the town have steadily declined since the collapse of the guano business. Callao has ceased to be a terminal point of the first importance for European commerce. Its population was once 40,000; it can now hardly exceed 25,000. There is an exceptionally good harbor for the coast, and it has been deepened and improved by a French company. There are moles where vessels can receive cargoes; there is a large floating dock; there is a sea-wall nearly a mile long of substantial construction; there are steam cranes for loading and discharging cargoes and railway tracks leading nearly to the ends of the piers; and there is anchorage ground for the largest ships. Facilities are provided for handling an immense commerce. There are all the mechanical appliances and engineering works required for making Callao a metropolis. Business alone is lacking. On the rainless coast one constantly sees dry river-beds where there are fine channels for running water and sharp curves and rugged gorges in the coast mountains offering a promise of bold scenery. Only one thing is wanting — water. At Callao there are channels hollowed out and scientifically improved for floating a great commerce; but there seems to be no business. The town is stagnant. All its commercial and industrial interests are depressed.

The chief cause for the commercial decadence of Callao is the exhaustion of the resources of the country

produced by the war with Chili. Peru was completely crushed. Its seaboard had been ravaged; many of its towns were heaps of charred ruins; and its capital was only saved from destruction by the energy of the foreign residents. The government was bankrupt. For years it had been dependent upon the guano beds for revenues, and these sources of wealth had passed out of its possession. It was compelled by its necessities to continue the issue of irredeemable currency, which was already worth only a fraction of its face value. It went on inflating the currency until there was a volume variously estimated from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000, and an actual value of a few cents on the dollar. With such a medium of exchange business operations could not be extended. It was not till the currency became worthless and was cast aside with one consent by the people in the coast towns that there was any real improvement in the situation. Momentarily, the repudiation of the currency involved great distress in the interior, where the natives had no money with which to buy food; but the substitution of silver for paper was rapidly effected, and from that time there has been a partial restoration of business confidence. The unfinished railway system has been one of the chief obstacles to material progress. Lack of capital available for new enterprises has been another hindrance. Peru had stopped paying the interest on its public debt, and thereby had fatally impaired its credit. Its most urgent need was foreign capital, but its borrowing powers had completely collapsed.

Callao is the seaboard base of the second of Mr. Meiggs's great railways. I went over the line to the terminus after enjoying for ten days the delightful society

of the capital. The secrets of the Andes cannot be snatched in a game of blindman's-buff on a railway train. The traveller who goes to Chicla with an impression that he can see grand mountain scenery by shifting his seat from one side of the car to the other, and by occasionally venturing outside on the platform, is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Hubbell, superintendent of the railway, to whom I had been introduced through the courtesy of Mr. Eyre, in Lima, had promised that I should return by hand-car without a cinder-puffing engine in front. I waited until there was a clear sky above me, and then saw the Oroya railway. Mr. Ellis, the roadmaster, sent for me at eleven o'clock and told me that the carriage was waiting. It was a narrow box with two seats over four wheels. A brake worked by a small hand-lever was the only appliance for controlling it. This sufficed for stopping the hand-car in the course of a few yards, even when the motion was as high as thirty miles an hour. Six passengers with the roadmaster made a full load, but gravity is a steed which is at its best when it has something to pull. The wheels were oiled and critically examined; the baggage was readjusted so as to inconvenience the passengers as little as possible; and then the grip of the brake was released. In an instant the car was in rapid motion down the Cordilleras from an elevation of 12,220 feet. In a few minutes more it was running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and if Mr. Ellis had been anxious to put his pony through its best paces, a speed of thirty-five miles might have been attained on the safer levels.

The simplicity of the engineering methods of this railway was now revealed. Projecting terraces or buttresses along the valley of the Rimac have been utilized

for the construction of a series of ascending zigzags. There are no spiral curves above Matucana, but there is a continuous succession of grades one above another. The roadmaster jumps off, readjusts a switch, and then starts the car in the opposite direction. The Rimac, which before was a foaming torrent a long way below us, is now almost on a level with the car. The tunnel through which we passed recedes from view and at last disappears altogether. The roadmaster again alights to switch the car upon a third grade. Now the first direction is resumed, and before long the tunnel through which we had plunged on the first grade is again seen, this time high above us. As one looks down another tunnel can be descried at a lower level. This will be reached by a backward run on an intermediate grade, and then by an advance in the opposite direction. The lines of ascent and descent are distinctly traced as we pass from one level to another. There is one mountain mass which is approached as many as five times on successive grades, and then a tunnel pierces it, and sends the car trundling down the precipices on the other side.

From Chicla to Rio Blanco, with its reaches of white water, there is a descent of 677 feet in three and one-half miles; and thence to Puente de Anchi there is one of 243 feet in two miles. The gradients are uniform from the base of the Cordilleras, and in no instance do they exceed one in twenty-six, the average being considerably lower. The Rimac and other streams are crossed and recrossed by bridges and viaducts of slender construction and ingenious design. At Puente Infiernillo there are double tunnels, with the river pouring out of a subterranean cleft, and the mountains towering in desolate majesty to a great height. A bridge spans a

torrent at the bottom of the ravine. On the mountain sides, which are here nearly vertical, there are evidences of the stupendous forces by which nature has hollowed out this infernal chamber in the Cordilleras. Rock masses have been riven apart and shattered. The foaming torrent has undermined the base of the mountain. A chasm which seemed to defy human approach has been walled in on every side by precipitous buttresses; yet at the bottom of the ravine trains pass over a light railway bridge, and appear and disappear at the mouths of companion tunnels. From Puente de Anchi to San Mateo the railway follows a winding pathway along the verges of precipices. Tunnels are frequent and viaducts seem to be suspended like cobwebs in the air. At San Mateo there are magnificent mountain prospects at an elevation of 10,530 feet. In fourteen and one-half miles there is a descent of 2742 feet by a series of long curves and zigzags. Below Matucana there are two complete spirals by which the car successively reaches points directly below each other. Here was the object lesson by which railway engineers profited in constructing the St. Gothard and other Alpine lines.

At Verrugas the hand-car was switched off on a siding and abandoned. The brook at the bottom of the ravine is ordinarily a thin, silvery stream; but when a cloudburst occurred a year before, the gorge, with its precipitous walls, was suddenly converted into a high flood, which swept down upon the bridge, the most conspicuous work of engineering on the line so far as it is completed. The bridge had three iron piers, the central one being 252 feet high, with the span of the chasm, 580 feet in width. The torrent carried away the middle pier and with it a mass of wreckage. For

NEW VERRUGAS BRIDGE

several months traffic was suspended beyond Verrugas, and mules were put on the road to Chicla. Then Yankee ingenuity devised a method of surmounting the obstacle of the broken bridge. Cables were swung across the chasm, and a small car working on pulleys was attached to them. As our party of seven approached the side pier a hanging platform, with two braces hooked to the pulleys, was in use for transferring freight from one bank to the other. There was no time for substituting the regular passenger box for this rough contrivance. We scrambled up, and were swung across the chasm, the hanging platform tilting with the load. The most serious traveller of the party could not help smiling over the drollery of this swinging ride over a dangerous gorge, and every one breathed more easily when the wheels ceased to move and the open cage could be emptied. A second hand-car was then taken, and the journey down the mountains was continued to San Bartholomé, and thence to Chosica. Lima was then only twenty-five miles distant.

Mr. Meiggs had an ambition to leave behind him some magnificent work achieved under stupendous difficulties. The Oroya Railroad is his title to fame written in spiral curves and zigzags across the Cordilleras. It was undertaken as a marvel of modern engineering, by which Peru might be brought into a conspicuous place among the nations, and its reputation as the most backward and mediæval of South American countries redeemed. Even in its unfinished state, it is a monument to his genius and the most important public work in Peru. As originally planned in 1870, it was to tunnel the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet above the sea, after a long series of zigzags and curves on the

terraces of the upper Rimac. No other engineer would have ventured to forecast the operation of a piston-rod at so great a height. No other contractor would have seriously considered the practicability of building a railway across the mountains to a few huddles of Indian cabins and obtaining remunerative financial returns from it. There were other points in central Peru, at which the Cordilleras could have been pierced at a greatly reduced level, and with less formidable engineering difficulties. Mr. Meiggs, in his way, was as autocratic as the Russian Czar, who upset the careful calculations of his engineers by drawing a straight line across the map and ordering them to take that as their route. Oroya seems to have been chosen as the terminus of the greatest of the Peruvian railways for no apparent reason except Mr. Meiggs's imperious caprice.

It is possible that Mr. Meiggs, in planning his mountain and coast railways, was swayed by emulation of the achievements of the Inca engineers before the Spanish conquest. They built the most ingenious roads over the Cordilleras, the remains of which are still to be seen, and they spanned the widest rivers with rope bridges. The Inca Empire, at the height of its power, extended from the equator to what is now central Chili. In order to facilitate the march of armies, and the development of native industries, the conquering race built highways in the mountain plateaus inland, from Quito to Cuzco and Titicaca, and thence into Bolivia. With equal skill works of irrigation, by which the coast valleys of Peru were kept under a high state of cultivation, were devised, and so well built that portions of them are in use to-day in the vineyards and cotton plantations of Peru. The Incas were the great-

est and most practical road-makers of antiquity. They did not construct their public works where there was no traffic, but where highways were needed in order to connect the centres of their wonderful civilization. Where irrigation was of more importance than a roadway they built dams at successive elevations of mountain streams, and reservoirs for the storage of water; and lower down they trenched the gorges of the sierras and dug long canals in the valleys. Mr. Meiggs and his associates were less practical in their methods than the Incas. One-half of the money expended on railways, if it had been applied to irrigation works, would have transformed a barren coast into fertile plantations and blooming gardens. With practical wisdom in locating the railway routes, the trade of Peru might have been concentrated in two or three ports, instead of being scattered among twenty fishing villages, and the premature building of costly mountain railways which have no terminal points except insignificant Indian settlements would have been avoided altogether.

These costly works were undertaken under the stimulative effect of the guano speculations upon which the government had entered. The national revenues had been largely increased and reckless expenditures were incurred under the impression that the coast manures and salts would prove inexhaustible sources of wealth. Mr. Meiggs was the evil genius of Peru during the period when borrowing was easy. His own contracts amounted to $133,000,000, and his premature death left all his enterprises in inextricable confusion. The State, after investing $140,000,000 in railways, during an incredibly short period, was overwhelmed with war and financial embarrassment. The bondholders, after re-

ceiving no interest for fourteen years, have finally been placed in possession of the unfinished railways. The national debt has been paid by the surrender of all the State railways to the English creditors.

Peru is to-day in liquidation. Devastated by war, despoiled of territories and the treasure of its rainless coast, bankrupt in resources, crushed, prostrate, and despairing, it has been restored by the efforts of one man to life and hope. At the close of the disastrous campaign with Chili, its towns were in ruins, its railways were wellnigh destroyed, and its industries were paralyzed. The country was racked with political feuds and rent with civil war. Each new government created by revolution or military cabal was powerless to restore financial stability. Railways were arbitrarily seized in defiance of vested rights. There was not a financier, either in Europe or in America, so credulous as to lend money to Peru on any terms. Without the aid of large masses of foreign capital, the industries of the country seemed destined to languish for an indefinite period. Under deplorable conditions of national bankruptcy and commercial depression, the future of Peru seemed hopeless. But there was one man who did not cease to hope, even when every one else despaired. For five years he was swayed by the honorable ambition of rescuing the country from its calamitous condition by a master-stroke of finance and diplomacy. Baffled many times by the fierce resentments created by the war between Chili and Peru, and constantly embarrassed by counter-intrigues from rival groups of financiers which had support from political factions, he persevered in his undertaking with inexhaustible reserves of patience and courage until success

crowned his efforts. The entire foreign debt, amounting in interest and principal to $295,000,000, was liquidated by a contract sanctioned by the legislative chambers. The bondholders, in return for this discharge of indebtedness, have received ten State railways, with the privilege of operating them for sixty-six years, and the obligation to extend them 323 kilometers during six years. They have also obtained control of important mining properties, and a monopoly of the guano business in Chili and Peru for four years, and a large share in the working of the best beds for a longer period. They are armed with many other concessions and privileges, which are expected to yield them an immediate income and large prospective profits. The transaction is one of tremendous magnitude, and has established the reputation of Michael P. Grace as a financier.

It was in 1885 that Mr. Grace became possessed with the idea that a financial settlement could be effected by which Peruvian credit and prosperity might be reëstablished on a permanent basis, and the interests of foreign capitalists protected and rendered productive. He was convinced that the opposition of Chili, which had proved fatal to the previous agreements, could be counteracted. He returned to London, became associated with Lord Donoughmore, one of the leading bondholders, and received full power of attorney to represent them in negotiations at Santiago and Lima. The jealousies and resentments of the two nations operated in opposite directions. Chili was unwilling to make any concessions to the bondholders, or to enter into any dealings with them, but insisted upon treating with Peru on the basis of the Treaty of Ancon. Peru desired to negotiate directly with the bondholders, and to have nothing

to do with Chili. Fine diplomatic work was required in order to effect the general result of settling the guano claims against Chili, putting Peru into liquidation, and transferring its railways and other property to the bondholders. The settlement was brought about toward the close of 1889, in the form of a protocol disposing of various questions left open in the Treaty of Ancon. Chili persisted to the end in refusing to recognize the bondholders, but virtually made concessions to them, while assuming the attitude of befriending Peru, and of enabling it to reörganize its shattered finances.

These concessions cleared the ground for final action upon the new contract which Lord Donoughmore meanwhile had been pressing upon the attention of the government of Peru. President Caceres advocated its acceptance; but three successive Congresses rejected it. Then followed a characteristic episode in South American politics. A number of elections were invalidated, the seats of the members were declared vacant, and special elections were ordered and carried by the government. With the help of the new members the contract was ratified on October 7, 1889. The President signed the act, which was officially promulgated on January 11, 1890. By the terms of the Grace contract Peru is absolutely released from all responsibility for the loans of 1869, 1870, and 1872. This debt was incurred in the construction of railways, and the bulk of it was secured by the guano deposits which have been in the possession of Chili. The total debt, in round numbers, was $160,000,000, on which no interest had been paid since 1876. This was exclusive of $100,000,000, of irredeemable paper currency, which had virtually been repudiated. The arrears of interest

amounted at the time of the settlement to $135,000,000, making the aggregate indebtedness, principal and interest, $295,000,000. This has been wiped out by the contract. Peru, unable to pay its public debt, surrendered the railways which were built with the loans of 1870 and 1872. Its government has practically said to the bondholders: "Take the railways, operate them and complete them, so as to render them profitable; and take also Peru's claims against Chili for the guano and nitrate beds mortgaged to you. Cancel the debt when we have given up to you everything we have. Bring new capital and enterprise into the country, and enable us to live and prosper."

The bondholders under the contract acquire possession of 764 miles of railway in actual operation, and are required to extend the southern system 51 miles to Sicuani within four years, and the central system 49 miles, from Chicla to Oroya, within three years, and, in addition, to build within six years 100 miles of new road, either on the coast lines or in connection with the two main systems. These extensions are compulsory under penalty of fines and forfeiture of certain lines; but the bondholders are at liberty to build as many additional sections as they choose. Even with these extensions, the railway system will hardly be more than half finished, and the richest mineral and agricultural regions will remain without direct communications with the coast. Oroya is an insignificant terminal point, and the central line can never be considered completed until direct connections are made with Cerro de Pasco in the north and with the navigable waters of the Amazon in the east. Marangani is a huddle of Indian huts, and Sicuani hardly more than

an Inca village market; and Cuzco will still remain isolated when the proposed extensions are made. Since the signing of the contract, concessions have been granted by the Peruvian government of the right to connect the southern railway system at Puno with the frontiers of Bolivia, and, also, the central railway system, when completed, with the navigable waters of the Amazon, with an additional land grant of 15,000 acres for every kilometer of railway built. A supplementary concession of 5,000,000 acres of land has also been sanctioned. The transfer of the famous Cerro de Pasco silver mines has been arranged for the benefit of the bondholders. Negotiations have been successfully conducted for concessions from the Bolivian government for a railway to be built in connection with the southern railway system, with land grants and subsidies. The government arms the bondholders with all the guano privileges obtained by the Chilian protocol.

These are the main outlines of this liquidation scheme. That Mr. Grace and the bondholders, many of whom have purchased heavily depreciated securities, will enrich themselves, is probable. That they will also succeed, if not embarrassed by revolutionary intrigues, in rescuing Peru from its deplorable plight is credible. That English interests will be promoted at an ultimate sacrifice of American interests by this compromise is certain. The railways of Peru have been managed largely by Americans. These lines will henceforth be controlled by the English bondholders. According to the contract, the companies to be organized for carrying out the compromise, and for extending the railways and developing the mineral resources and guano deposits are to be English. There must be, in the natural order

of events, a decline of American interests in Peru. Mr. Meiggs and his associates created American prestige in Peru, but it was on the strength of capital borrowed in England. In the future Peru will inevitably rank with Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine among the commercial dependencies in England. The industrial revival of Peru was confidently predicted by all influential men in Lima. Mr. Elmore, who had been Peruvian Minister at Washington, and was soon to be Minister of Foreign Affairs, remarked to me that only two men at all eminent in public life had expressed disapproval of the compromise with the bondholders. When foreign capital is supplied for the development of the mining and agricultural belts, and employment is found for thousands of workmen in the extension of the railways, it seems reasonable to infer that the energies of the country will be revived, and that with an increase in prosperity the volume of the export and import trades will be restored. The United States will profit indirectly rather than directly from the bondholders' compromise. Prosperity in Peru will create a market there in which Americans can compete successfully with Europe if they will display maritime and mercantile energy.

X

LIMA IN CARNIVAL WEEK

A SATURNALIA OF PRACTICAL JOKING — BEAUTY OF THE WOMEN — A SHABBY BUT DELIGHTFUL CITY — PAST AND PRESENT IN THE RIMAC VALLEY — MIRAFLORES AND CHORILLOS

For three days after my arrival at Callao the floods clapped their hands along a rainless coast. Without a cloud in the sky water descended by the bucketful on the heads of unwary pedestrians, and shouts of merri ment were raised from roof and balcony where mischief-workers were entrenched. The revels of carnival week involve prodigal wastefulness in the use of water. Nature by withholding rain enforces all the year round lessons of restraint and economy. During the carnival there is a revolt against Nature and her wholesome discipline. Water is showered from the housetops with wanton extravagance. All classes join in the frolic. Practical joking is licensed, and business is practically suspended for three days. Social barriers are thrown down, and a spirit of democratic equality pervades the community. The chambermaid upsets a pitcher of water upon the head of the prosperous merchant as he leaves his house at the next door. The merchant's daughter plays a similar prank upon the beggar asking for alms in the street.

When I arrived at Callao there was not a street where

one was secure against attack from doorway, balcony, or roof. At Lima after crossing the Cathedral Plaza, two travelling companions, who were walking with me to the French and English hotel, were subjected to a shower bath. This was at noon of the third day. As the afternoon passed the sport increased in intensity, and every successful delivery from bucket or dipper was greeted with shouts of laughter. The servants in the hotel, men and women, at first had a general engagement in the inner courts and galleries, from which after much scuffling, scampering, and horseplay, they emerged wet to the skin, powdered with flour, and wildly hilarious. They then stationed themselves upon the roof, and for hours not a carriage, nor a mule-driver, nor a pedestrian went by without being saluted in the approved carnival style. The street was wet from sidewalk to sidewalk, and everybody was warned of the danger with which he was menaced; but few seemed disposed to turn into a safer quarter, and to avoid assault from the garrison of water-throwers. Horses were whipped up, and men and boys ran briskly by, dodging the showers when they could, and the victims when drenched laughed as heartily over their misfortunes as the bystanders under cover of the besiegers aloft. I saw hundreds of men and women showered in this way during the day; but in no instance were there signs of resentment or anger. Dipper, pail, and pitcher, however, are coarse and clumsy weapons of the mimic warfare of the carnival. There are more refined instruments of torture known as *chisguetes*. These are toys by which jets of water or perfume can be thrown directly into the eyes of an antagonist. Roughly dressed men, sauntering through the plaza, felt at liberty to open their batteries upon any one

passing by. There would be a quick movement of the assailant's hand, and a stream of water, often colored with pigment, would be discharged directly into the victim's face. Ladies were attacked in this way and they only smiled grimly. King Carnival reigned. His subjects were on terms of equality. With the Lenten strains in the churches social distinctions would be restored. Meanwhile there was a saturnalia of practical joking.

The prosperous classes and foreigners seemed to enjoy heartily the social relaxation of the Peruvian carnival. The romping extended to circles where etiquette and conventional propriety were ordinarily most exacting. Men and women in private houses engaged in pitched battles with water-jugs and paint-brushes, drenching one another with improvised shower-baths, painting faces and dyeing hair, dashing cologne into the eyes, and spending the evening in making guys of themselves. Lest this may seem exaggeration, I may add that it is a condensed description of a night of revelry in one of the most fashionable houses, as I received it at breakfast on Ash Wednesday from one of the chief merrymakers, who closed his account by remarking that it surprised him every year to observe how completely the conventional ideas of social decorum were relaxed during carnival week. Lent, with its litanies and doleful music, puts an end to all social license. Men and women meet again under the restraints which are ordinarily maintained, and nowhere in South America are the proprieties of life more rigorously enforced than in Lima.

The women of the upper circles in the Peruvian capital have always been famous for their beauty. There is a practical way of testing such a tradition as this.

The photographers' show-cases contain large collections of the beautiful women of Lima. There is not another city in South America where such comely and refined faces are brought under the traveller's eyes. The contour is one of their chief charms. It is a delicately curved oval, with dark, deep-set eyes, and black, glossy hair. Most of the photographs in the show-cases are taken in full dress, and disclose the graceful figure and lovely arms for which the high-bred women of Lima have been famous for generations. The sun is an artist whose judgment in such matters is entitled to the highest respect; but lest it may be thought that I am placing too much dependence upon photographs, a second test may be mentioned. Every afternoon trains of ten or twelve cars, carrying hundreds of fair travellers, leave the three railway stations at various hours for the seaside bathing resorts. There the beauty and fashion of the capital are displayed, and the evidence of the photographs is fully sustained. Two additional charms are to be noted — small and daintily shaped feet, and low, musical voices. The constant play of expression in a well-bred Lima lady's face, when she is talking with a friend, is not the least among her attractions.

In olden days the women of Lima had a characteristic dress to set off their physical charms. This was a close-fitting skirt, in later times made full, and a mantle fastened at the waist, brought over the head and held with the hand so as to show one eye. This costume made the dark, fascinating eye and the shapely arm conspicuous; but it covered the lovely contour of the face. It is never seen now; but there is a reminiscence of it in the embroidered manta. The tapada was practically a mask with which to conceal the face, and

these Lima beauties had no cause to do that. It was, moreover, a costume lacking in individuality, like the black gowns and mantas now worn by women of every class when they go to church. The fireflies that have been flashing their beauty in the revels of carnival week are black crickets during Lent, chirping their Ave Marias and prayers from the pavements of the musty churches.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that I saw so many of the handsome women of Lima in the Chorillos and Callao trains, for otherwise my faith in the sun's trustworthiness, as disclosed in the photographers' rooms, would have been disturbed, after contrasting the pictures of the churches with the buildings themselves. In photographs these temples are wonderful examples of ornate architecture, with façades of intricate tracery and delicate carving. In reality the churches are debased specimens of elaborately ornamented Renaissance architecture, with mud, bamboo, and plaster as the building materials, tricked out with innumerable images, statues, marble columns, and a meretricious blur of contrasting colors. Possibly the cathedral may be reserved as possessing some effective features, when one is some distance away, so as to lose sight of the little statuettes, turrets, and red marble pillars, and to see only the silhouette of its massive towers and broad Gothic nave projected against a yellow sunset sky; but San Pedro, San Francisco, La Merced, and all the other adobe churches and convents, with their ostentatious plaster cloisters, domes, and timber towers, and their complicated fronts of painted stucco work and fussy carving, are irredeemably bad from every point of view. Some of the interiors are imposing, as, for example, the nave of San

CATHEDRAL, LIMA

Francisco, with its lofty arches; but the exteriors, with the stucco fronts and the gaudily painted towers, in startling combinations of red, black, yellow, and blue, are simply vile, venerable though the religious associations connected with them may be. Nothing could be more misleading than a photograph of a Lima church; and on this account the women of the city, who are really beautiful, are placed at a serious disadvantage when their faces are exhibited on the same walls with those spurious samples of adobe Renaissance.

With the numerous churches summarily dismissed from consideration, the general aspects of Lima call for slight comment. The main plaza has the cathedral and Archbishop's house on one side, on another the palace of the Viceroys, painted a dull green, and arcades with small shops on the other two. In the centre there is a brisk fountain, surrounded by ill-kept flower-beds and ambitious statuary. The halls of the deputies and the senate are ancient structures of no architectural merit in the Plaza de la Independencia, where there is a really good work of art, an equestrian statue of Bolivar. In another and remote quarter of the city there is a handsome and tasteful monument of French design erected in honor of the successful defence of Callao against the Spaniards. Beyond the Rimac, with its three bridges, is the famous Alameda of statuary; and not far away are the handsome Exhibition buildings of 1872, with the statue of Columbus, and the neglected botanical gardens. These are among the most ambitious of the architectural pretensions of a capital which was ravaged and plundered by the Chilians. There is one well-organized hospital and also a university.

Lima is rich in historic traditions of the Incas and

Pizarro, and in reminiscences of former prosperity and greatness; but it is poverty-stricken in appearance, and the population has fallen to 110,000. The streets are narrow, paved with cobblestones, and ill-lighted. In the olden time drainage was provided for by open conduits in the middle of the principal streets, and buzzards were the scavengers of the town. These trenches have been covered over and converted into sewer-pipes, emptying into the Rimac, which flows through the centre of the city with a swift current, when swollen with rains in the mountains. This is a marked sanitary improvement; but there are few other signs of progress. The rows of adobe houses and shops are low, dingy, and shabby. The most prominent feature of the domestic architecture is the irregular line of wooden boxes running across the fronts of the altos, or second stories, and projecting over the sidewalks. For four or five feet from the bottom these are completely inclosed, so that the occupants are screened from view from the street; and above the balcony railing there are swinging glass doors or lattice-work shutters. These balconies offer facilities for outdoor lounging at all seasons; and during the carnival the water brigades are stationed in them, as well as on the flat roofs overhead. The facility with which the narrow streets are commanded from these covered ambuscades has undoubtedly encouraged the custom of showering water upon pedestrians and mule-riders.

Nearly every house and shop has a flagstaff, from which streamers of bunting are displayed on national holidays, and banners and religious emblems on popular feast and saints' days, of which there is a full calendar. The ground floor of a house is ordinarily occupied by shops on each side of the arched entrance, which is barred

with double iron gates. Within is the passageway leading to the central courtyard, the walls often being decorated with inferior paintings, either religious or classical in subject. A winding stairway conducts the visitor to the second floor, where there are large, airy apartments surrounding the interior court. Some of the best houses have only one floor, with high vaulted ceilings and double patios. The most pretentious mercantile offices are approached by archways leading through paved courts. The shops are small and make little display, many of them being hardly more than stalls. Some of the best patronized stores are narrow boxes under the covered paved walks of the arcades in the main plaza.

The Spanish pioneers in Peru were mainly Castilians. This accounts not only for the beauty of the women, but also for the purity of the language spoken. The Spanish heard in the best circles is in idiom and pronunciation the least corrupted in South America. The Castilian blood explains also that passion for excitement and that inherent love of pleasure which have always been marked characteristics of the Peruvian capital. Bull-fights have retained their popularity; but the exhibitions are not so coarse and barbarous as those in Montevideo. Horses are not gored and killed, the skill of the riders and the tormentors being shown in distracting the attention of the bull and preventing wanton and unnecessary bloodshed. The bull-ring is superior to the shabby enclosure in Montevideo, and is the largest in Spanish America. Cock-pits also flourish, but are no longer patronized by ladies of fashion as in the olden days. There are two theatres, but in these hard times their business is not remunerative. The

passion for gambling has somewhat abated, owing probably to the lack of prosperity in the poverty-stricken capital; but public lotteries conducted for religious or benevolent objects still flourish, the streets being filled day and night with starveling boys, who have tickets to hawk with creaking voices and shrill outcries. In former days religious feasts, like St. John's Day, with open-air festivities in the valley of the Amancaes, were converted into a saturnalia of dissipation, indecent dancing, and riotous romping for the recreation of the lower classes; but there has been a marked improvement in public morals and in popular amusements. The carnival scenes now represent the extremity to which excesses are carried by this pleasure-loving population.

Lima is one of the pleasantest cities south of the Isthmus as a place of permanent residence for foreigners. One's earliest impressions of it are invariably disappointing; but that is because imagination, inspired by tales of the Incas and the Spanish conquest, has drawn too large drafts upon credulity. A day or two is required for discounting these credits, and readjusting one's ideas to current conditions. Then Lima is found to be a city with many attractions. The weather is sultry, but the heat is not inclement; and the climate the year round is equable, albeit slightly enervating from the lack of anything resembling winter. One soon comes to have a real affection for the bright plaza, with its portales and Moorish effects; and the foreign society one finds is delightful. It may be that my own impressions were too strongly colored by exceptionally favorable surroundings, for the American Minister, the Hon. John Hicks, and the Secretary of Legation, Richard Renshaw Neill, were most indefatigable in

promoting my pleasure and comfort, and in introducing me to people whom I was most anxious to meet. If Lima receives a visitor in carnival week with a dash of cold water, it speedily overwhelms him with gentle courtesies and completely wins his heart.

Past and present jostle each other at every turn in the Peruvian capital. One starts out for a morning stroll, and is nearly run off his feet by a drove of donkeys loaded with the newest English and German calicoes for the interior, and the next moment he sees a swarthy Indian milk-vender, with black hair braided behind her back in two long plaits, who looks like a daughter of the Incas. He may halt at one end of the plaza to buy a morning journal, with a few meagre dispatches and a translation of a French romance, or he may cross over to the cathedral, fee a guide and be taken below to the dark corner where Pizarro's bones are reputed to have been buried. He may go on to the central market, which he will find to be a modern bazaar of European wares, as well as a base of supplies for the Lima households, and a short turn of three blocks will bring him to the ancient Plaza of the Inquisition, and the hall where death decrees were signed by fanatical judges for the burning of heretics. He may take a new-fangled ice at a gilded French restaurant, and then stop at a silversmith's stall and drive a bargain for a battered idol buried in one of the aboriginal cemeteries centuries before Pizarro crossed the seas on his errand of conquest. There is the garish daylight of industrial occupation and pleasurable excitement, and there is the moonlight of historic reminiscence shining with reflected lustre over this fabled city of the kings. The clangor of bells in mediæval church-towers summons

a motley population at dawn to another brief term of labor; but there is a melancholy cadence which seems to tell of bygone glory, deeds of darkness and shame, and disastrous wars of conquest. There is no other South American town where the spirit of the past colors so strongly the life of the present.

It is the afternoon hour for the bathing trains. Surely there will be nothing in the ride to Chorillos to divert one's thoughts from the Lima of to-day! There are nine or ten cars filled with men, women, and children, who are going for a dip in the sea. On the American and English railways there are similar trains with throngs destined for the surf baths at Callao and the Point. Sea-bathing is the fashionable medical prescription for every ill to which flesh is heir. A theory has been started that it is necessary to take these baths in order to sustain bodily vigor. Not that there is aught amiss with the climate. Lima in that respect is as highly favored as Eden, as every Peruvian enthusiast will tell you; but even Adam and Eve, they will add, must have found perpetual summer and a rainless Paradise slightly debilitating. There is no winter in Peru and something is needed as a substitute for tonic effect upon the human system. Surf-bathing, according to the fashionable medical theory, is a mild touch of winter, and it promotes physical reaction. It accomplishes in the course of a year what is effected by alternating changes of season in higher latitudes. It serves to protect the lotos-eaters of Lima from the enervating influences of a perfect climate. Certainly it is a touch of winter. The Humboldt current coming from the Antarctic lowers the temperature of the surf along the rainless coast. The water at Callao and

Chorillos, in the warmest weather, is colder than the surf at Coney Island in October. It is a plunge, not into tepid, but into downright cold water, which is taken as a substitute for winter. Some physicians have gone so far as to recommend two surf-baths a day for patients suffering from languor induced by the delightful conditions of existence at Lima. Fashion has sanctioned the practice of frequent surf-bathing. The trains are filled every afternoon with the wealth and fashion of Lima.

But what station is this at which the train draws up in its progress seaward? It is Miraflores, the scene of the last stand made by the Peruvian army in defence of Lima. Before the war it was one of the most beautiful suburbs, where wealthy merchants owned fine country estates. After the battle it was pillaged and burned, and from the desolation and ruin wrought on that fateful day it has never recovered. It was on the hillsides above the station that the campaign, fought for the possession of the nitrate and guano beds of the coast, was brought to an end. The Chilians, acquiring complete command of the sea after the capture of the Huascar, had sent an army of 25,000 men to Pisco after the conquest of Tarapacá and Tacna. Only an inferior force of disheartened Peruvians could be rallied against them. After Miraflores, Lima was at the mercy of the invaders, and was only saved from destruction like a brand out of the burning, by the determined efforts of the foreign residents.

This, too, is Chorillos, once an obscure fishing village, with singularly bold and varied coast scenery, and afterward the favorite watering-place of Lima, where the wealthiest families passed the summers, and where fort-

unes were won and lost by gaming. The hardest fighting of the fierce battle which decided the fate of the capital was on the crest of the morro overlooking the bathing houses. The Chilians, advancing upon Lima and storming a long line of defensive works, had been held at bay for a few hours, and then were left in possession of the field. Chorillos, with its seaside hotels and summer cottages, was plundered and burned to the ground. At least six thousand Peruvian soldiers were killed on these two battle-fields, and about thirteen hundred Chilians. It is within a short distance of this battleground, where kinsmen and friends fought for the defence of Lima and were shot down and massacred, that crowd of bathers now disport themselves morning and afternoon. Chorillos has been partly rebuilt, but it has not regained its former prestige as the most fashionable pleasure resort of the West Coast. The charred ruins have disappeared, but its prosperity has not been restored. The misfortunes of Peru culminated in those two crushing defeats at Chorillos and Miraflores. It was the second invasion of a country inhabited by a people naturally industrious and peaceable. It was as disastrous in its results as Pizarro's campaign against the subject races of the Incas.

Ten miles south of Chorillos are the ruins of an older civilization than Pizarro's, — the work of the same wonderful builders whose aqueducts, roads, villages, and temples are found throughout Peru. The Temple of Pachacamac, in the Lurin Valley, is now hardly distinguishable from the tussocks of sand which are found everywhere along the rainless coast. Twenty years ago it was possible to trace the outlines of the palace, the Temple of the Sun, public squares, broad avenues,

and the foundations of ancient houses, and also to explore the tombs of princes and people. The sepulchres have been opened and plundered, the yellow sand has accumulated on the bleak hillside, and the extensive remains of the aboriginal city, with its terraces, are now almost buried out of sight and remembrance. Like the mounds near Truxillo, this temple represents the industry of a primitive coast race which was conquered by the Incas at least a century before the appearance of Pizarro. The Chilian armies, in their march from Lurin to Chorillos, passed the ruins of cities built both by the conquered coast nation and by the victorious Incas; they followed in the track of Pizarro; and they left behind them blackened heaps where had stood the coast resorts and suburbs of Lima. So history has repeated itself in the wonderful Valley of the Rimac.

The Chilians, with a stronger infusion of Spanish blood, conquered the descendants of the Incas whose power was overthrown by Pizarro. It was an invasion as calamitous for Peru as that earlier campaign of conquest. For nine years there were dictatorships involving civil war. The future of the country seemed hopeless until under President Caceres's administration the compromise with the bondholders was effected, and there was a marked improvement in public affairs. His term was about to expire when I visited Peru, and the succession was a matter of grave uncertainty. There had been four candidates in the field; but Colonel Morales Bermudez was understood to be the favored candidate of the Government, and he was successful in April, 1890. The elections in Peru are generally carried by the party which obtains possession of the ballot-

boxes, and in a struggle of this nature the government of the day exercises overwhelming influence. The Indians in the interior have little to do with determining the political fortunes of the country, although they constitute the mass of the population. They have been helpless victims either of wars of conquest like Pizarro's and the Chilian campaign, or of political strife by which the rule of military adventurers has been established, or of financial compromises by which foreign investors have foreclosed their mortgages upon the resources of the nation.

XI

GUAYAQUIL AND THE ISTHMUS

VOYAGE FROM CALLAO TO PANAMA — ECUADOR'S BUSY PORT — THE ISTHMUS CAPITAL — WATER AFTER COGNAC AND CHAMPAGNE — CONFLICTING VIEWS OF THE FRENCH CANAL — EXTENSION OF THE CONCESSIONS — PROBABLE ACTION OF THE COLOMBIAN GOVERNMENT

No voyage could have been more delightful than the run from Callao to Panama with Captain Hullah in the steamer *Coquimbo*. The Secretary of the American Legation and the acting American Consul accompanied me to the steamer, and introduced me to several fellow-passengers from Lima, so that before the ship sailed I was surrounded with acquaintances. Captain Hullah was unceasing in promoting the pleasure of the passengers, and good fellowship reigned during the voyage of eight days. The heat was not unpleasantly felt, although we crossed the equator with a nearly vertical sun toward the end of February. The sea was smooth, except in open roadsteads where the ship was rocked by a heavy swell. A fresh breeze invariably had a cool breath. Sunsets of pale shades of yellow, pink, and saffron revealed new beauties every night. It was an almost ideal voyage in southern waters.

A hundred miles north of the desert levels of Payta the rainless zone comes abruptly to an end. At Tumbez there is a sudden transition from sandy barren, and

bare cliffs to heavily wooded shores, and the freshest and rankest vegetation. At the Gulf of Guayaquil the rainless coast is no longer seen. A rainy zone is entered with vistas of equatorial woods and luxuriant foliage. The scientific reasons advanced in explanation of this sudden change are more numerous than satisfactory. Many of the theories based upon prevailing winds and ocean currents are flatly contradicted by the logbooks of experienced sea captains navigating these waters. It would be difficult to find a more interesting field for physical investigation than the West Coast of South America, with its 2000 miles of barren cliffs, and its sudden and amazing contrasts of vegetation in the Gulf of Guayaquil.

Guayaquil is practically the only port of a country equalling in territorial extent the New England and Middle States, with Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana added. It is the collecting point for the produce of this wide district, and the base of its foreign supplies. Situated thirty miles from the entrance to the Gulf, it has a good harbor accessible under favorable conditions of the tides to vessels of heavy draught. Several inland rivers are navigable beyond it, and the mule-roads lead from it to Quito, the low-lying coast lands and the forest belt of the Montaña. With all the disadvantages of an enervating climate, and of the reactionary tendencies of the least progressive and most priest-ridden government on the Southern Continent, it has surpassed Callao in population, having now about 35,000 inhabitants. The volume of its commerce is slowly but steadily increasing, as it is the only distributing point for the exports and imports of Ecuador. For a mile along the water front there are warehouses and shops, and there is a brisk

movement in the streets. The town itself, with its quaint double-towered churches, and its weather-beaten houses with bamboo framing coated with mud and plaster, is not impressive; but its inland and foreign trade, capable of rapid development after the opening of railway communication with Quito, entitles it to serious consideration among Spanish-American cities. The United States has about one-fifth of the total volume of trade, its exports and imports being nearly equal. With English, French, and German merchants, competing actively for the trade, and with American shipping seldom seen in the Gulf of Guayaquil, this result can only be explained in one way. There has been an American mercantile house on the ground since 1869, and it has displayed commendable enterprise in introducing manufactures and products from the United States. This house has identified itself with the material interests of the country, and has been successful in extending American trade.

From Cape St. Helena, the northern headland of the Gulf of Guayaquil, and Cape St. Francisco near the equator, the coast makes a long easterly detour curving backward toward the 80th meridian at Panama. The West Coast steamers would lengthen their routes more than one-third, if they followed the shore and called at the Colombian ports. For this reason, and also because the intermediate ports are insignificant, they make no stops between Guayaquil and the Isthmus. Two great gulfs are formed by the arch of the Isthmus; the Bay of Panama which is at least 120 marine miles broad at its mouth, and the Gulf of Darien which measures over 200 miles in width from Point San Blas to Cartagena. With 1000 miles of seaboard, 600 on the Pacific

and 400 on the Caribbean, Colombia has practically only the two Isthmus ports, Panama and Colon, and the two keys of the Magdalena Valley, Cartagena and Barranquilla.

The picturesque old town of Panama has so foul a reputation as one of the worst plague spots of the tropics, that wary travellers double their doses of quinine forty-eight hours out at sea, and anxiously number the hours while they are in port. So strong is the prejudice against it, that the scenic beauty of the harbor escapes observation, and the quaint buildings, the charming drives through the suburbs, and the fine prospects to be had from the Battery, are not appreciated. At the risk of being considered an optimist I must deliberately record my testimony to the effect that a week may be pleasantly passed on the Isthmus. Panama may have been a pandemonium during the canal revels; but it is now a reputable town where one may remain with security, and form friendships which will be the treasure-trove of a protracted foreign journey. The ruins of the old city founded after Balboa's first glimpse of the Pacific, and established as the stronghold of Spanish power, from which Peru was conquered and Central America overrun, lie five miles to the south buried under the tropical growth and decay of two centuries. The only landmark of this famous town which can be seen from the harbor is the crumbling tower of the church where Pizarro offered his prayers and vows to the Virgin before sailing southward for the conquest of Peru. Morgan, the boldest of the buccaneers, sacked and destroyed the old city with its Moorish churches adorned with gold and pearls, and its luxurious vice-regal court. Panama as it is known to-day was rebuilt, in 1673, with

Indian labor and the best Spanish engineering science and artistic taste. How well the work was done the fragments of the military walls and the massive foundations of masonry at the Battery disclose. How true was the artistic instinct is shown by the oldest of the churches which are genuine samples of characteristic Moorish architecture unaffected by a spurious and debased Renaissance, with which Spanish-American cities are ordinarily encumbered.

Panama as the key of the rock-ribbed Isthmus uniting two continents has felt the impress of four mighty races in the triumphs and vicissitudes of its career. Spain converted it into the military centre of a vast realm of conquest. The buccaneers raided and plundered it in founding the English colonial empire and challenging Spanish ascendency in the New World. The Americans built the Panama Railway through fathomless swamps and pestilential forests, to revive its fortunes and to establish short lines of communication for the commerce of the world. At last came the French fresh from conquests over Nature at Suez to fire the ambitions of the historic town, to debauch its morals, and to leave in the unfinished ditch the most startling memorial of human miscalculation and credulity that modern civilization has known. The collapse of M. de Lesseps's project has been so dire a catastrophe, both for the Isthmus and for French investors, that the incoming traveller can have eyes and ears for nothing else.

Water is a wholesome but insipid drink after a riotous excess of cognac and champagne. Panama during the period of the French occupation enjoyed all the excitement of a prolonged debauch. Before M. de Lesseps's arrival on the Isthmus in January, 1880, it

was a drowsy town, which the transit trade had failed to enrich. In the course of twelve months rents of buildings were quadrupled, the prices of land within a few blocks of the handsome little plaza were more than doubled, and the most sober-minded residents were seized with a mania for speculation. French contractors came in, with adventurers, profligates, and gamblers close behind them. For nine years there were high prices, feverish excitement, business activity, hard drinking, and general demoralization. Champagne flowed and diamonds flashed. Improvidence in canal management was matched by reckless play in the gambling hells. Corruption, bribery, and immorality were rampant. The moral sense of the staid old town was perverted long before the collapse of the canal enterprise. The mercenary contractors, the tainted adventurers, the diamond merchants, the gamblers and the rakes retired from the Isthmus when their occupation had gone. Panama awoke from its debauch in 1889 to live on water in place of cognac. Rents and real estate values went down with a rush; trade declined; the throngs of loungers in the great tap-room opposite the cathedral thinned out; diamonds disappeared from the streets; life became painfully quiet and uneventful. The times were dull, and Panama craved the stimulative effects of the old excitement, profligacy, and riotous living. It demanded, with passionate intensity of feeling, the completion of the Panama Canal. It was a matter of public indifference whether the work were done by the French, the English, or the Americans, so long as it were undertaken by some well-equipped body of capitalists for the revival of the business of the town, and, incidentally, for the welfare of the maritime world.

Panama was awaiting when I visited it, in March, 1890, the report of the canal commission from Paris, with the forced cheerfulness and the suppressed excitement of an unlucky gambler, watching the turn of the cards that will determine the fate of his last gold piece. M. Brunet, liquidator of the company, in order to inspire public confidence in the mismanaged and collapsed enterprise, appointed an international commission of experts, and empowered it to make an exhaustive investigation of the accounts of the contractors, and of the plans and estimates of the engineers, and to decide whether the completion of the canal was practical. This commission dispatched to the Isthmus a delegation of five experts. The delegation spent five weeks on the Isthmus, inspected all the material and machinery, made a minute and thorough examination of every section of the proposed waterway, and critically studied the estimates, working plans, and revised calculations of the engineers. They were discreet men, for they left the Isthmus without imparting to any one the slightest hint respecting their impressions and conclusions.

I found at Panama pessimists who could see naught but evil, folly, and calamity, in the canal enterprise, and also optimists who had the faith required for moving the Culebra Mountain, and restoring the flow of financial investments into this famous ditch. The optimists were in majority; but the minority were exceedingly acrid in their criticism of canal management. I felt at once the movement of these hostile forces. In the morning the canal was painted black for me, and in the afternoon a vivid scarlet, and in the watches of the night, as I listened to the nerve-rending clangor

of the cathedral bell, or the ceaseless clicking of glasses in the bar-room of the Grand Hotel, I was too bewildered to discriminate between these violent contrasts of color. A week's stay in the Isthmus convinced me that the truth lay somewhere between the extreme views which were held by the enemies and the partisans of the canal. That the management of the enterprise in all the stages of active construction was incapable, reckless, wasteful, corrupt, and scandalous was not seriously disputed. This was one of the few points of agreement between opponents and advocates of the canal. Sharp lines of divergence opened at nearly all other points. The condition of the canal property was represented, on the one hand, as incredibly bad, and on the other as phenomenally good. The houses and store-sheds along the line were described as rotting from unceasing dampness; the material and machinery as corroding with rust and rendered practically worthless; the rolling stock and tracks as valueless for future operations; the costly dredges as water-logged and irretrievably ruined; and the bed of the canal as rapidly filling up with sand at the Atlantic and Pacific mouths, and as littered with a rank growth of tropical vegetation in the intermediate spaces. On the other hand, the engineers asserted that all the machinery, material, and property was in better condition than it was when work was suspended in 1889, and that at a signal from Paris the houses could at once be filled with workmen, trains of earth-cars set in motion on the construction tracks, and a dozen dredges put in operation within a week.

The Chief Engineer of the Panama section, a brother of the acting Director, accompanied me to the Boca,

and conveyed me in a steam launch through the completed section of the canal and the Rio Grande as far as the innermost dredges. Under his guidance I was enabled not only to see the Panama section of the canal, where there was a depth of eleven metres at high, and seven at low water — a depth which could readily be increased two metres by dredging — but also to inspect the numerous craft, dredges, machines, storehouses, and buildings of the Company. Everything which fell under my eyes was in excellent order and had been freshly painted. Subsequent observations along the line of the railway and at Colon convinced me that while there was necessarily some degree of deterioration from disuse and excessive dampness, the Company's movable property was in a fair state of preservation. Why should it not be well cared for? There was a large staff of officials at the Isthmus who had nothing to do except to look after the material and machinery. The Company was nominally bankrupt; but its cashier drew regularly upon Paris for $60,000 a month, and paid out that amount in salaries and for general expenses. Paint was cheap and it was not spared. Every mile of the canal line was under surveillance, and the property was in as good condition as the circumstances warranted. Nevertheless it was gradually deteriorating, and from every year of disuse was losing some part of its original value.

Respecting the practicability of the completion of the canal, I found the widest possible lines of divergence between the opinions of the pessimists and the optimists. M. Berges, the acting Director, assured me that there were on the Isthmus no engineering difficulties which could not be readily overcome; that the

freshets of the Chagres had caused less trouble than was anticipated and could be easily controlled; that while the engineers were not wholly in accord respecting details, there was a substantial agreement on the expediency of substituting locks for the original tide-level canal; and that the completion of the work was entirely practicable, and could not, in his judgment, involve a larger expenditure than $100,000,000. M. Berges's brother, one of the principal engineers, told me that the mechanical difficulties were not so serious as they had been generally regarded, and that the canal could certainly be finished if the requisite capital were provided; but not, he thought, for $100,000,000. Competent engineers, on the other hand, who were not in the interest of the Company, had stated that at least $300,000,000 would be required in order to open the canal for inter-oceanic traffic. That estimate would increase the nominal cost of the work to $800,000,000, the bonds issued having had a face value of $500,000,000, although $265,000,000 probably represented the actual amount of money sunk in the canal. The pessimists asserted that not more than $80,000,000 of honest work was ever done on the canal, $185,000,000 having been squandered and flung away, the larger part of it in France, without its reaching the Isthmus at all. Here they proved too much for their case; for if only $80,000,000 had been expended on the canal, the cost of finishing it would not be $300,000,000, as they represented, but a much lower limit. This, however, they would not admit, but producing section maps of the Isthmus, pointed out that the mountain barriers had only been scratched, and that with such meagre results to show for vast expenditures, the whole scheme was to

be condemned as impracticable and visionary. One cause of the variation in the estimates, it must be added, was the lack of a common basis of calculation. The French engineers were basing their figures upon a canal with locks and an artificial lake somewhere in the centre. The critics were calculating the cost of a much more expensive work.

A year afterward I returned to Panama to find the French Canal enterprise in a comatose state having the semblance of death. Its friends asserted that it was sleeping; its enemies said that it was dead. There had been diplomatic incantations and jugglery during the intervening year; but there were no signs of returning animation. Life could only come from contact with life. Money was the life of the enterprise when the Isthmus was converted into a hot-bed of speculative activity and reckless expenditure. Before there could be stir and movement among the dry bones of M. de Lesseps's grand project, the vivifying impulses of fresh masses of capital must be felt. Not one encouraging word had been received from Paris since Lieutenant Wyse's departure from Bogotá and the Isthmus to indicate that the money required for the completion of the canal could be secured. Apparently French faith in the enterprise had been exhausted.

During the spring of 1890 it seemed probable that the Colombian Government would allow the original contract to expire by its own limitations, and would thereby become the residuary legatee of the entire work. This was undoubtedly the secret policy of President Nuñez. While the executive power was authorized to grant an extension of time for the completion of the canal, it could not be compelled to do so. The Com-

pany had been organized March 3d, 1880, and under the conditions of the contract it was to construct and open the canal during the period ending March 3d, 1892. By availing itself of its rights under the contract the Colombian Government could have established its absolute ownership of the unfinished enterprise. By declining to extend the construction period it would have succeeded to all the rights of the bankrupt Company. It would have secured possession of all the lands, buildings, and everything except the movable property of the Company; and it would also have established its ownership of the completed fraction of the work, variously estimated at one-third, one-fifth, or one-tenth of the whole undertaking. President Nuñez, it was then currently believed, favored this policy on the ground that the Government could make more money out of the enterprise by taking possession of the unfinished canal, and disposing of its rights to a new Company, than by extending the term and allowing the assignees of the French Company to proceed with the work. It was evident, however, that the Company would appeal to the courts, and not surrender control over the property until every legal expedient had been exhausted. In this struggle, moreover, it would enlist the sympathies of the population of the Isthmus and of adjoining States, and the Government would have to face the risks of revolutionary outbreaks.

This was the situation when Lieutenant Wyse subsequently arrived at Panama to negotiate an extension of the period allowed for construction. He was in a disputatious mood and committed many tactical blunders; and when he went to Bogotá he was drawn into several unnecessary controversies, and his mission seemed to be

destined to failure. The intervention of the Bishop of Panama and the clerical party rescued him from defeat. A most influential deputation, headed by the Bishop, visited President Nuñez at Cartagena and pleaded for the extension of the construction privileges. The coast district, which had supplied cattle for the canal laborers, also lifted up its voice in support of the French Company's appeal. Dr. Nuñez ascertained that public opinion in Panama and the four adjacent States was setting strongly in favor of a renewal of the Company's privileges. The Bishop of Panama convinced him that it would be hazardous for him to reject the appeal of the Isthmus. He decided to reverse his policy and to revise the contract with the French Company. The deputies of the National Congress, who had previously been instructed to vote against the extension of construction privileges, were informed of the President's change of base, and, after a little diplomatic by-play, the new canal agreement was negotiated. Lieutenant Wyse returned in triumph to Panama and was the hero of the town.

The agreement, while it conceded an extension of time for the completion of the canal, was a very shrewd bargain on the part of Colombia. The main point which Dr. Nuñez was determined to secure was the avoidance of legal controversy whenever the time should come for the establishment of the Government's ownership of the work. An extension of ten years was granted, subject to the condition that a new company should be organized not later than February 28th, 1893, with sufficient capital to resume work "in a serious and regular manner." If work were not begun within the term agreed upon the contract would be

void, and the Republic would enter into full possession and ownership of the work, plant, and property without the necessity of judicial proceedings, and without the payment of any indemnity for the canal. The contract would be invalidated on the same terms before February 28th, 1893, if the liquidator should cease to protect the works, materials, and buildings, or if the corps of employés were withdrawn, or the money required for monthly disbursements withheld. It was stipulated that the buildings, materials, works, and improvements should be delivered in good condition to the Government, if work on the canal were not resumed with adequate capital within two years. By these specifications the ground was cleared for the transfer of the property to Colombia without litigation and without indemnity, if the French company should be unable to raise additional capital and to resume work on the canal before February 28th, 1893. All complications with the French Government would be avoided, and President Nuñez would be enabled to open negotiations with an American or an English syndicate for the completion of the canal on the basis of the payment of the Colombian national debt. The government mortgage on the property would be virtually based upon a quit-claim deed signed by Lieutenant Wyse as the agent of the liquidator of the bankrupt company. Instead of taking possession of the work on March 3d, 1892, with litigation in the courts and revolution in the air, the President agreed to wait another year in order to acquire absolute ownership of the canal property without legal controversy and without political resistance.

The Panama Canal will ultimately be in the market and will be open for competitive bids from London,

New York, and Berlin, if the French company fail to raise $100,000,000 for the prosecution of the work. That is a comprehensive statement of the situation. If the French Company can be reörganized the Colombian Government by the new agreement obtains satisfactory guarantees for the maintenance of an adequate garrison along the line of the canal, and for ample pecuniary compensations for its services in obtaining the expropriation of lands, buildings, and plantations required for the work. The Government has made a hard bargain with the bankrupt company, and its interests are protected whether the final desperate effort to revive the project under the existing management be successful or otherwise. The question of finishing the canal rests with French investors. With $265,000,000 in hard cash sunk in this famous ditch, they can hardly have the heart to pledge themselves to raise $100,000,000 more without having definite assurance that when that amount has been expended another $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 will not be required for the completion of the work.

XII

CARTAGENA AND CARÁCAS

THE CHIEF FORTRESS OF THE SPANISH MAIN — HOME OF PRESIDENT NUÑEZ — THE COLOMBIAN TRAVESTY OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT — VENEZUELAN COAST TOWNS — AMERICAN COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE — BIRTHPLACE OF BOLIVAR — REVOLT AGAINST GUZMAN BLANCO — A PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION AT CARÁCAS

As Panama was the stronghold of the Conquistadores on the Pacific, and the common base of operations for the conquest of Peru and the settlement of Central America, so Cartagena was the main fortress of the Spanish Main. The harbor is a capacious one, but is approached by a narrow and circuitous passage, the main entrance having been obstructed many years ago in defensive operations against an English fleet. The steamer in entering the harbor passed between a crumbling battery on shore and a bristling little fort on an island. A broad lagoon commanded by a series of land batteries opened before the eye, and in the distance lay the walled town from which old Spain received the proudest of its fleets of galleons, and upon which it expended $50,000,000 of treasure in the attempt to render it an impregnable fortress. The old city was built upon an island, and surrounded with ramparts of masonry from forty to fifty feet in thickness. These massive fortifications were pierced with embrasures for

guns and with stone turrets for sentinels at regular intervals. Probably these defences were never as formidable as they looked, for the buccaneers were not afraid to run into the harbor, and the French and English carried the town by storm on the only occasions when it was regularly besieged. Cartagena remains, however, almost the only memorial in the New World of the military science of the Spanish era of conquest. Its ramparts were built for all time. Few cities in Tropical America have retained the antique characteristics of the Spanish conquest. Rio de Janeiro has its musty churches, Cordova is the most mediæval town in the Plate countries, and Lima and Panama have the oldest architecture on the West Coast; but each has been modernized, and has renewed its youth in florid French buildings, and the glare of electric light. Cartagena remains what it has always been, — an antique fortress. Two hills, Popa and San Felipe, tower above it with fortifications and churches. A shallow canal connects it with the Magdalena. The city is filled with old churches and musty ruins, is ill-paved, neglected, and unimproved; but it is one of the most picturesque towns in Spanish America.

Cartagena is virtually the centre of political power in Colombia, for it is the residence of President Nuñez, a dictator without the name. Before the revolution of 1885, during which Colon was burned and the Panama Railway protected by American marines, the States enjoyed a large measure of home rule. The insurgents who were defeated in that struggle were Radicals and advanced Liberals. They were making a stand against centralized government, and they were overthrown. When the followers of Dr. Nuñez were victorious, they trans-

formed the constitutional system of the country. States which had formerly elected their own presidents, or governors, were reduced to the level of departments and ruled by partisans sent out from Bogotá. Under the Rio Negro Constitution of 1863, each State had been allowed to organize and equip its own military forces. Under the Constitution of 1886 this privilege was revoked, and the supremacy of the national government was established with the aid of a standing army under its own control. The Liberals who had triumphed under the leadership of Mosquera had established religious liberty and ordered confiscations of ecclesiastical property. The Conservatives who were victorious in 1885, restored many of these churches, and voted a large compensation fund for property which had been sold. The Liberal marriage laws were revised. The schools were brought under the influence of the clergy and many reactionary measures were enacted. Dr. Nuñez, who had entered public life as a Radical agitator, swung completely around the circle. As the leader of the National party he became the ally of Clericalism, and the defender of ecclesiastical privilege. Being a man of unrivalled capacity for directing public affairs and enforcing party discipline, he has established a highly centralized military government without incurring unpopularity by remaining constantly in sight and openly exercising authority. He has been successful in maintaining peace, in repressing revolutionary tendencies, and in introducing financial reforms and public works. Strong government has not been without its advantages; but the system can hardly be considered either republican or democratic.

When I returned to the Isthmus in 1891, the farce of

electing a President by popular vote was in course of preparation. Dr. Nuñez was the candidate of two factions of the Conservative party, each of whom had its own leader in training for the vice-Presidency. One of them was Dr. Caro, who had been the author of the Constitution of 1886. The other was General Velez, a brave soldier and successful department administrator. Dr. Nuñez proclaimed his neutrality in this contest for several months; but finally withdrew his support from the Velez faction, making Dr. Caro the official candidate for vice-President. The Velez committee at once nominated their leader for the Presidency against Dr. Nuñez, and brought another candidate into the field for the vice-Presidency. If the elections on December 5th, 1891, had been free, General Velez would have been elected with the aid of the Liberals; but the superior resources of the government secured the reëlection of President Nuñez.

Of all the travesties of popular government which have been witnessed in Spanish America, the political play enacted in Bogotá, and Cartagena is the most grotesque. Dr. Nuñez is known as the titular President of the Republic. His practice is to go to the capital at the beginning of the presidential term, and when he has taken the oath of office to remain there for a few weeks until all matters of policy and discipline are arranged among his followers. He then retires to his country-seat in Cartagena, leaving the vice-President to bear the burdens of state. The more servile the follower whom he places in that office the greater will be the titular President's feeling of security in enjoying the retirement of his home. A vice-President with policies and ambitions of his own will inevitably revolt against the

dictatorship. President Nuñez is very careful to select a candidate upon whose fidelity and humility he can depend. So absolute is government control over elections that the official candidate is always elected, or at least counted in. The vice-President is the industrious public functionary, who receives deputations, makes compromises with political factions, and directs the business of the State. Relieved of all official drudgery the President exercises supreme power without emerging from retirement. Dr. Nuñez has mastered the art of governing a nation with luxurious ease.

The Spanish Main opening eastward from Cartagena and the Magdalena ports is a grand mountainous coast. The maritime range is virtually a continuation of the Andean system, with a change of axis from North and South to West and East. As Santa Marta is passed the glittering peaks of the majestic Sierra Nevada are seen a long way inland. Here was once a strongly fortified centre of Spanish wealth and power; but the importance of the town has shrunk decade after decade until it is now a neglected cluster of hovels remarkable only for its melancholy reminiscences of the great Liberator, Bolivar, whose last breath was drawn in one of its crumbling adobe ruins. The mountains recede and finally disappear as the rocky headland of Vela is approached. This cape with the companion promontory of Gallinas was the landmark of the earliest voyages of Spanish discovery. It was the farthest western headland sighted by the aspiring book-writer after whom a continent was named. It marked the limit of the concession granted to Las Casas by the Spanish court, when that humane and noble pioneer undertook to found an empire on principles of justice and in a spirit of good-will

to native races. It is the coast boundary between Colombia and Venezuela, two rich but undeveloped countries, where the revolt against Spanish domain began with a victorious struggle and patriotic constancy. Beyond it lies the broad Gulf of Venezuela, and then from Cape St. Roman eastward the coast is guarded by a continuous mountain range.

Venezuela may be roughly described as a triangle, with nearly equal sides, one of which is a coast line of 1500 miles, another an irregular frontier running south from Cape Vela into the heart of the continent, and the third an Andean chain parallel with the maritime range. Within these lines is embraced an area of 632,695 square miles, where room for three Germanies could be found. The mountainous coast belt is the only one which is under cultivation and inhabited by whites. Out of a total population of 2,250,000 considerably more than 2,000,000 is centred in the seven States bordering upon the sea. The cultivated belt has an average breadth of seventy miles except at Lake Maracaibo where it is over 100 miles. Beyond this area of population and agriculture there is a broad pastoral or grazing belt extending to the Orinoco, and back of this there is a forest region of great mineral wealth, but thinly populated, and, in the main, unexplored. Venezuela was the first country on the mainland discovered by Columbus; but it is among the last in the order of industrial development. It is known to be rich in gold, copper, iron, coal, and timber; it has in the Orinoco Valley facilities for rivalling the Argentine and Southern Brazil as a grazing country; and it has a coffee tract unequalled in fertility. Under stable and progressive conditions of government during the last twenty years, it has been

doubling the volume of its foreign trade. With railway construction and irrigation on a large scale, it could be converted into the most prosperous State in South America.

Opposite the mouth of the Gulf of Venezuela lies the picturesque island of Curaçao, with its quaint capital, Willemsted, protected by two antiquated forts. This was taken from the Spanish by the Dutch in 1630, and has remained in their possession with two adjacent islands. Those thrifty pioneers of European trade did not aim to colonize the New World, so much as to carry on illicit commerce with the settlements of more powerful nations. Curaçao was admirably adapted as a slave mart and a smuggling centre, and until the end of the Napoleonic wars it was a rich and prosperous island. It still retains, with its gables and pitched roofs, characteristic aspects of a Dutch colony; but its industries have declined, even the famous cordial known by its name being now prepared in Holland from orange rind, limes, and spices obtained in the West Indies. Curaçao as a free port has become the centre of an American steamship line's operations on the Venezuela coast. The island is practically a bonded warehouse which is of great service in promoting the interests of American trade, since goods not required for immediate sale in Venezuela can be stored there. Coro, with its port of La Vela, has a population of 10,000 and a large export trade in coffee, skins, and dyewoods. Maracaibo lies at the entrance to a beautiful but shallow lagoon navigable only for vessels of light draught. It has a population of 40,000, and is the centre of a rapidly increasing trade in coffee, hides, and dyewoods, being the outlet for the commerce of a large section of Colombia as well as for the mountain-

ous region south of the lake. The bulk of the exports to the American market goes from this section of Venezuela, the shipments of coffee alone varying between $5,000,000 and $6,500,000 annually.

The low valleys on the Venezuelan coast are preëminently adapted for the cultivation of sugar and cacao, and the high table-lands among the mountains for coffee farming. No sugar is exported, the processes of manufacture being primitive, and barely enough being produced for the home market and for the distillation of cheap rum for the natives. Cacao is after coffee the great agricultural staple. France and Germany are the chief markets for cacao, which is of the finest quality produced in South America, ranking with that of Ecuador. The productive zone for coffee begins at an elevation of 1,500 feet above the sea. The mountain slopes behind Lake Maracaibo and in the valleys of Carácas and Valencia are the best districts. Venezuela is already producing 90,000,000 pounds of coffee a year, and is, after Brazil, the greatest storehouse for the American market. The coffee belt is large enough to supply the whole American market, if it can be brought under systematic cultivation, and if adequate railway transportation can be provided. This is now the chief disadvantage under which Venezuela labors in competing with Brazil, where railways traverse the coffee zones, and carry the product from the farms to the warehouses and wharves in Rio de Janeiro and Santos. The completion of the railways between Carácas and Valencia, and between Lake Maracaibo and Mérida and other mountain towns, will be required before the coffee production of Venezuela can be adequately developed. The few railways now in operation are not built with reference

to the transportation of coffee, which is brought to the coast mainly on the backs of mules.

Puerto Cabello is, after Maracaibo, the most populous port in Venezuela, and is connected by railway with Valencia, the second city. The port is crescent-shaped, but has an inner lagoon which with proper engineering works could be converted into a safe and commodious harbor. All the coasting steamers call at this port, which has a large trade in coffee, cacao, copper, fruits, dyewoods, and hides. The finest fruit region in Venezuela is the mountainous region back of Puerto Cabello. La Guayra is the most important port, although it is an insignificant town with a population of 9,000. The harbor when I entered it was an unprotected roadstead, with a high and dangerous surf; but the subsequent completion of the English port works has greatly improved it. The town lies on a narrow shingle of beach at the base of a precipitous mountain range sloping abruptly toward the sea. There are clusters of houses in ravines above the shore line; but nature has interposed insuperable obstacles to the growth of the town. The shelving shore is so narrow, and the hillsides are so steep, that La Guayra must ever remain a port of limited population. Its trade will always be large, because Carácas lies behind the mountains at a distance of ten miles in an air line. A railway about twice as long connects the capital with its port. The engineers in their eagerness to avoid tunnelling have made the railway needlessly circuitous, and have largely increased the expense of keeping it open during the season of land-slides. After heavy rains the road-bed is frequently impassable for several days and traffic is obstructed for weeks. Bolder engineers of the Meiggs

type would have chosen a more direct route, constructed more tunnels, and diminished the liability to obstruction from landslides. The railway is poorly built and equipped in comparison with the Peruvian lines. It offers rare attractions to sight-seers, the marine vistas from the mountain slopes being magnificent. At Carácas there are three short railways leading to adjacent villages. The coffee and cacao collected by these lines, and by mule trails in the mountains, are shipped from La Guayra. The bulk of the foreign importations is also brought into the roadstead for distribution throughout Venezuela.

With American, Spanish, Dutch, and German lines running between La Guayra and New York, and with two English lines calling in the roadstead on their way to New Orleans, there are ample facilities for rapid steam communication with American ports. Mails are received every ten days from the North Atlantic States, and merchandise can be ordered more promptly from New York than from Liverpool. Freights are low in consequence of sharp competition between four steamship lines. With shorter lines of ocean transportation to New York than to Hamburg, Havre, or Liverpool, Americans have a marked advantage in trade and are profiting by it. Venezuela is the only South American country where the shipping of the United States makes a favorable exhibit in comparison with that of maritime Europe. No steamer under the American flag is ever seen in the ports of Uruguay, the Argentine, Chili, and Peru. A few sailing vessels alone compete in those waters for a carrying trade, which has been expanded many times during the last twenty years by the multiplication of European steamship lines. In

Venezuelan ports the American flag is constantly seen.

Since 1879 the Red D. steamers have made voyages regularly between New York and the Spanish Main. These steamers were built by New York merchants, who had established a remunerative trade with Venezuela by means of sailing vessels. They felt the pressure of competition, and met it in the old-time spirit of American maritime enterprise. They now have steamers and tenders admirably adapted for the requirements of passenger and freight traffic. There is rapid steam communication under the flag and there is American energy on shore. The conditions have been favorable for the development of American commerce. The imports to the United States have increased from $1,917,315 in 1869 to $10,966,765 in 1890. During the same period the exports from American ports have expanded from $806,540 to $3,984,280. No European country exceeds the United States in exports, although England is not far behind it, while taking only one-eighth as much Venezuelan produce. The balance of trade is against the United States, because every product of Venezuela is admitted in American ports without payment of duties, whereas flour is taxed 110 per cent in return, and every other staple and manufacture almost as heavily. Even a moderate reduction of the duty on flour would double the imports received from American ports. Flour commands an exorbitant price, and is beyond the reach of the poor and laboring classes. When the cost of bread is exceptionally high the tariff is suspended temporarily by executive degree, but as soon as the market is well stocked the duties are restored. Everything is taxed

CARÁCAS, FROM PUBLIC GARDENS

and the burdens fall heavily upon the people. The tariff on food products is maintained, because the governing classes consider this one of the most effective methods of raising revenue and increasing their opportunities for controlling expenditures.

I reached Carácas from La Guayra after two days' detention caused by landslides which blocked the railway. Lying in a fertile and well-watered valley, flanked by lofty mountains, it is a city of great scenic beauty. Rivers and brooks run through it and there are numerous bridges of iron, masonry, and wood. In this way the capital feebly supports the character of the country assigned by Amerigo Vespucci's companions, when, after a glimpse of the villages on the shores of Lake Maracaibo, they gave to it the fantastic name of Little Venice. Carácas is a genuine Spanish-American capital with characteristics of its own. It is a city with a population of 70,000, abounding in evidences of refinement of taste and lucidity of intelligence.

The Capitol comprises two great buildings with Ionic fronts, the halls of Congress, and the Executive Mansion known as the Yellow House. The material may be brick covered with stucco, and the buildings may be low structures of a single story; but the lines of the architecture are chaste, and broad avenues surround them on four sides. The houses of Congress are very bare; but there is a well furnished reception-room in the Executive Mansion, with a large collection of portraits of national heroes and statesmen. Opposite the Capitol is the Gothic front of the University of Venezuela, with inner courts decorated with statues, and a national library in the rear. The Bolivar Plaza is a bright and artistic centre of life in the heart of the

city, and has a large and spirited equestrian statue of Bolivar, perhaps the best work of sculpture to be seen in South America. The cathedral is a crumbling pile, suggesting that the earthquake which destroyed the town, in 1812, spared this one building; but there are fine churches in Carácas, St. Anne's Basilic being the most elaborate in design, and St. Francisco one of the newest. The National Pantheon is a sombre church at the northern end of the city; but it contains, where was once the altar, Bolivar's dust under white marble and a statue of the Liberator, with numerous emblematic figures and memorial tablets. The streets are narrow but well-paved and lighted. There are ten squares containing monuments to heroes. The shops are attractive bazaars; the central market has a pretty little park beside it; and there are signs of bustle and activity everywhere. Carácas resembles Lima without being mediæval in appearance. It has been modernized, without being completely Europeanized, like many of the Spanish-American cities.

A viaduct connecting Calvary Chapel with the Guzman Blanco Promenade is one of the most conspicuous public works. This beautiful pleasure-ground is in the heart of the city like St. Lucia in Santiago, and it is a lovely and artistic public garden, with carriage roads and foot paths, and a stately approach by broad stone stairways. A terraced park on a hillside 500 feet above the level of the streets, it commands broad prospects of the city, valley, and mountains. With its thickets of bamboos, its clumps of mangoes and palms, and its fountains, rose beds and parterres of flowers, it bears evidence to the refinement of taste for which Venezuelans are conspicuous. The Bolivar monument has its border of for-

get-me-not; every plaza has an artistic arrangement of flower-beds and shrubbery; the architecture of the town is singularly chaste and simple. What is lacking in Venezuela is not delicacy of taste but the robust fibre of civic virtue.

The capital of Venezuela has the crowning glory of being the birthplace of Bolivar, the cradle of South American liberty. It reverences his memory. His dust is buried in its Pantheon. His statue is in its central plaza. Memorials of his patriotism and genius are seen on every side. Every coin passing from hand to hand in the daily traffic of the city bears his image and superscription. Carácas is the city of the Liberator. Alas! the traditions of his fame have not protected it against political usurpation and wretched travesties of civil liberty and republican government.

The Venezuelan Constitution is modelled after the American Constitution, with modifications grounded upon the Calhoun doctrine of State rights. The confederation consists of eight States, which are supreme and coördinate in their sovereign rights. The National Government represents, not the people, but the States. The Congress comprises two houses, one elected on the basis of population, and the other consisting of senators chosen by the legislatures, three from each State. This Congress elects a Federal Council once in two years, a senator and a deputy from each State delegation, and one additional deputy from the federal district. This Council of seventeen chooses a President of the Republic for two years. It is in no sense a popular election. The representatives of the eight States select the National Executive, and remain in office during his term. Neither they nor he can be elected for the next

term. The States have nominally retained full sovereign authority, in order to protect themselves against usurpations of power, and the evils of centralized government.

For all practical purposes Carácas is Venezuela in matters of government and legislation. The political cabals have ruled, and there has been centralized administration of an extreme type. The cherished doctrine of State rights has been constantly nullified by the appointment as provincial representatives of men who have never lived outside Carácas. All the evils of irresponsible and highly centralized power have arisen under a constitutional system theoretically designed to promote the largest development of State rights. After 1829, when the Republic of Colombia, whose independence had been won by the victories of Bolivar and Paez, was divided into three States, Venezuela passed through an exhausting period of military dictatorship and civil war. In 1869 opened an era of peace and progress under the political domination of General Guzman Blanco. For twenty years, whether he was the head of a Provisional Government established by force of arms, or the constitutional Executive, or Minister to France, his will was the supreme force in the State. When not occupying the Presidential office, he controlled the administration through candidates of his own, nominated and elected by his command. With all the vices of irresponsible power were joined many of the virtues of enlightened government. He suppressed Clericalism and established genuine religious liberty. He built railways, improved the public roads, and adorned the cities with stately edifices, beautiful pleasure-grounds, and French statuary. He developed the industries and

commerce of the country, and promoted its prosperity by a policy at once strong and pacific. It was a system of political absolutism by which the government was virtually reduced to the level of military dictatorship. A reaction against it was inevitable in the liberty-loving country of Bolivar, a land which led the way in the revolt against Spanish tyranny.

The signal for a political revolution was raised by university students in October, 1889. They began operations by flinging stones at a statue of Guzman Blanco in Carácas. Within twenty-four hours the statue was pulled down by a mob and broken into fragments. Another statue of the Dictator was destroyed in the capital, and a third was knocked down and mutilated in La Guayra. The numerous tablets and inscriptions which commemorated his achievements and public services in grandiose phrases were defaced or wrenched from their fastenings. Oil paintings of the Dictator were forcibly removed from the art galleries and other indignities were offered. It was a singularly effective revolution, wrought without bloodshed or excitement.

This political movement was successful because Guzman Blanco was in Paris, and his personal representative in the executive office was not disposed to resent public affronts to his patron. The President, Dr. Rojas Paúl, was a wise and discreet man. He had been carried into the executive office through the influence of the Dictator; but when once installed he began to think and act for himself. Probably he was weary of consulting the real ruler of Venezuela by cable at every turn of public affairs. Having watched the tendencies of popular thought, he perceived that the supremacy of the

vainglorious Dictator would not be tolerated longer. He made arrangements for carrying the work of the statue-breakers to its logical results. He reörganized his Cabinet so as to exclude several of the devoted partisans of Guzman Blanco, and brought Dr. Anduesa Palacio into the field as a candidate for the Presidency. When the Dictator resigned his post as Minister to France a successor was promptly appointed. The biennial election was controlled by the opponents of the political cabal which had governed Venezuela for twenty years. Anduesa who had been a member of the Cabinet was chosen by the Federal Council as the new President.

On March 19th, 1890, I witnessed the culmination of this political drama in the inauguration of the President. It was a peaceful and orderly demonstration conducted with dignity and a certain degree of stateliness. The capital was filled with apathetic and bewildered spectators, who were hardly able to believe that for the first time in twenty years Guzman Blanco had ceased to be the power behind the throne. There was a fusillade of bombs and fire-crackers by day, and there were glittering showers of rockets by night. Thousands of flags fluttered from the house tops; the gray lines and sombre effects of the architecture were completely concealed by festoons of bunting and artistic decorations; archways of colored lights spanned the streets, and the plazas were brilliantly illuminated at night. The garrison of the city, numbering several thousands of soldiers, marched through the principal streets to the Yellow House, and saluted the outgoing and incoming Presidents. The civic ceremonies were attended by the Executive Council, members of Congress, the chief officials, and the diplomatic corps. The new President

took the oath of office, and, after delivering a short but patriotic inaugural address, received the congratulations of his friends. While cannon were booming, and military bands were playing national airs, there was an undertone of public apprehension and uncertainty in the festivities of the day. The military parade was watched with apathetic interest, and the inaugural address, of which thousands of printed copies were scattered among the throng of spectators, was read listlessly and without outward signs of enthusiasm. It was a curious revelation of the characteristic attitude of the Spanish-American race in times of political excitement. The same torpor and indifference, which I had witnessed in Brazil after the revolution, was reproduced in the impassive faces and motionless figures of the populace of Carácas. The town show was mildly enjoyed; but every one seemed to be under restraint, and there was nothing to indicate either approval or disapproval of the downfall of the Dictator.

Corruption is the commonest taint of Spanish-American administration, and it has been reserved for the country of Bolivar to acquire an unenviable distinction in this respect. Although Guzman's long political reign was an era of progress and prosperity, he set the malign example of conducting the administration for personal ends. Anduesa's administration instead of being an era of reform, reproduced all the vices and corruption of the old order, and none of its progressive virtues. After two years it ended in civil war, usurpation, and the enforced resignation of Anduesa. Colombia and Venezuela present in their political and administrative systems the most deplorable results of republican government without the safe-guards of enlightened public opinion.

XIII

JAMAICA AND THE BAHAMAS

PORT ROYAL AS A NAVAL STATION — KINGSTON AND RURAL JAMAICA — THE WEST-INDIAN EXHIBITION — A CANADIAN FLIRTATION WITH POOR RELATIONS — RECIPROCITY WITH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL DEPENDENCIES — A WORKING GOVERNOR — BAHAMA HEMP AND CANE SUGAR — INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES — SAN SALVADOR

PORT ROYAL is the key of the West Indian Empire for which England made great sacrifices in her historic battle for supremacy with Spain and France. The conquest of Jamaica by Cromwell's expedition, in 1655, a little more than thirty years after the earliest settlements in St. Kitts and Barbadoes, was the first blow aimed by a maritime rival at the Spanish Empire in the New World. It was the opening act of a naval drama in which England won, lost, and regained an empire. The age of Chatham witnessed the bombardment of Havana, the destruction of one mighty fleet after another, and the surrender of nearly every French island. The West Indian Empire seemed to have been lost after Yorktown when only Barbadoes and St. Lucia remained in the Lesser Antilles and a powerful French fleet was threatening the conquest of Jamaica; but Rodney's courage and genius restored English prestige in the sea-fight off Dominica. As the Empire was left after

the acquisition of Trinidad and British Guiana in the Napoleonic Wars it has remained to this day, except that its colonial population has been impoverished, brought to the verge of ruin and driven out of the islands by increasing hives of blacks. With the Bahamas in the north, Belize in the west, and the Lesser Antilles in the east, curving from Porto Rico for 600 miles toward the mouth of the Orinoco and British Guiana, Port Royal is the geographical centre of these once highly-prized and prosperous possessions. It is now essentially a black empire. The white settlers and their descendants were ruined by Emancipation, for which grants of $100,000,000 from the British exchequer were an inadequate compensation. Immigration from England ceased long ago; the whites are rapidly disappearing, and the future of the British West Indies is largely dependent upon the black man's lack of ambition, the importation of Asiatics, and an increasing market for tropical produce in the United States.

England may have neglected the West Indian Colonies during the last two generations; but Port Royal is the centre of so many glorious associations and traditions of the founding and preservation of the Empire, that its dignity as a naval station is still maintained. Venables, Collingwood, Benbow, Nelson, Jervis, and Rodney were once commanding figures in the sheltered lagoon, with its long, straggling breakwater of coral reef and sand. Often has it been a rendezvous for buccaneers' raids and naval squadrons; and prizes taken from France and Spain have been condemned and sold there by the score. The flag still floats proudly over this famous naval station, a symbol of the prestige once won in the Caribbean at costly sacrifice of blood and treasure,

and a sign that England is not wholly unmindful of the glory of her history. Guard-ships and vessels of war are always at anchor there; at the dock-yards there is a plant for repairing ships; and fortifications, barracks, hospitals, and storehouses make a brave show of importance. The town itself is forlorn and squalid. The great earthquake of 1692 shattered its fortunes for all time, and swallowed up the records of its profligacy and debauchery.

Port Royal lies on a sand-bank at the entrance of a deep lagoon formed by the river Cobre trickling through a mangrove swamp. The grass-grown palisade of sand, crowned here and there with stunted palms, runs inland for eight miles. Opposite the entrance there are batteries, and further in are the ruins of Fort Augusta built upon an unwholesome site where yellow fever was singularly fatal. In the remote reaches of the lagoon lies Kingston on a sloping hillside, with the impressive background of the Blue Mountains. When approached from the sea it is seen for hours before the circuitous passage is traversed, and with the mountains wreathed in mist it is transfigured into loveliness. When seen close at hand it is something very different. It is a city essentially commonplace, with dull and shabby houses, with unpretentious and ill-designed frame buildings, with unpaved streets fouled by the slime of open drains, and with few trees and a meagre display of tropical vegetation. Kingston has often been devastated by fire, hurricane, and earthquake; but after each disaster it has been rebuilt in the same offensive, inartistic way. From Victoria market at the water's edge, the principal business thoroughfare, King Street, runs up the slope of the hill to the parade-ground, an ill-kept park, with a few

fine trees and dusty beds of flowers. Queen Street meets this central square at a right angle with King Street, and is equally uninteresting. Near the parade-ground there is an ill-proportioned English church, remarkable chiefly for being the burial place of Admiral Benbow. The Colonial Office is a dingy square house; there is a small public library; and a miniature museum, a hospital and a colonial bank complete the list of local institutions. For a city, with a population of 40,000, Kingston has few attractions. The sights are exhausted in a few hours, and the traveller has no inclination to repeat them, for it is the hottest town in the West Indies.

The suburbs are more attractive than the town itself. Beyond the Exhibition Buildings are the barracks of the Up-Park Camp, the headquarters of the West Indian regiment. On the main road toward Half-Way Tree, there are many pretty houses with orange groves, cocoa-nut clumps, and spreading mangoes about them. King's House, where the Governor lives, is in that quarter, with a beautiful lawn in front of it, and a tasteful display of shrubbery. The Colonial officials have houses near by, and there is a quaint English church, with a burying ground behind it. The church was built during the reign of Queen Anne, and is the best bit of architecture on the island. Rural Jamaica is very lovely indeed, with scenery of entrancing beauty and endless variety.

One day I drove out to Constant Spring, and thence over the crest of the mountains to Castleton Gardens, passing hundreds of small farms where negroes were cultivating tobacco, maize, and yams, and here and there a field of cane. The road followed a winding ravine with rich alluvial bottom lands. The hillsides

were luxuriant with verdure, mangoes, cedars, and palms being prominent objects in the distant reaches. The majestic peaks of the Blue Mountains, 7360 feet high, were hidden by the lower ranges; but there were grand prospects as the ridge was ascended and frequent glimpses of a swift-flowing river before and after the descent into the hollow where Castleton Gardens were sheltered from the winds. There had been recent rains, and the valleys and meadows were lovely in their freshness and richness of tone. Another day was spent in Spanishtown, the old capital. Its glory has departed with the transfer of the government to Kingston; but it is a delightfully quaint town with its deserted Spanish plaza, its rambling lanes and vine-covered houses, and its legislative halls and official residences falling into decay. Spanishtown is the starting-point for some of the most picturesque drives on the island. The best of these, the road to Rio Cobre Dam and Bog Walk, offers a succession of enchanting views, and is justly esteemed by the natives the finest bit of river and mountain scenery to be seen in the West Indies. Not content with driving over the road once, I returned from Bog Walk to Spanishtown by carriage in preference to taking the railway to Porus, whence I was to go to Mandeville, loveliest of West Indian villages. The English have not done all things well in Jamaica; but they have opened a system of roads in every quarter of the island which is unrivalled in the West Indies.

The foreign visitor who remains for several weeks in this lovely island is impressed with a sense of the failure of Anglo-Saxon civilization. Kingston is one of the largest centres of population in the British possessions in Tropical America. It is one of the most

STREET SCENE, BARBADOES

backward and least attractive of Southern cities. I have not found any Brazilian or Spanish-American coast town of equal pretensions where the streets have been so badly paved and lighted, or where the sanitary conditions are so utterly neglected. In only one respect does Kingston compare favorably with cities of Spanish origin. It has an excellent system of wharves on the water front where steamers can receive and discharge cargo with facility. With its shabby and commonplace architecture, its neglected parks, its filthy streets and its surface drainage, it offers a striking contrast to Spanish-American coast cities.

The religious aspects, both of the capital and of the island, are most appalling. The work of the Roman Church in Spanish America has not been perfect, but it has, at least, secured respect for marriage and family life. The English Church in the West Indies has failed to leaven the mass of black ignorance. The Moravians have been more successful in their missionary efforts, but they have been powerless to enforce the necessity of marriage or to repress the shocking immorality prevailing in the islands. The vast majority of negro and colored women prefer to have looser bonds than wedlock so that they can desert their homes, if the fathers of their children do not treat them well. Mr. Froude describes it cynically as "a very peculiar state of things, not to be understood, as priest and missionary agree, without long acquaintance." "There is immorality," he adds, "but an immorality which is not demoralizing." When one contrasts the failure of the English to inspire the West Indian blacks with respect for family life with the success of the Spanish in making marriage a religious institution among the Indian races of the New

World, he cannot follow Mr. Froude's sophistries about the eating of forbidden fruit which brings with it no knowledge of the difference between good and evil.

What, is perhaps, more discouraging than anything else, is the tone of hopelessness with which the officials and descendants of the colonists talk of the future of Jamaica, and the inevitable supremacy of the black race. There is good society in the suburbs of Kingston, and an incoming traveller is invariably received with hospitality and refinement of courtesy by the white residents; but no one can mingle freely with them without perceiving signs of apprehension and anxiety by which their daily life is overclouded. I talked with men who lived in remote quarters of the island where large and successful business interests had been established, and they confessed that they constantly had the feeling of living with a sword suspended over them. There are mercantile centres where four or five whites live in the presence of thousands of blacks, who are known to be pulsating with ambition and unrest. "We do not talk very much about it," said one of these merchants, "but we are all looking for an earthquake which will swallow up the white population." The history of the island, with its Maroon wars and Gordon insurrection, shows that the colored race is not lacking in independence of spirit. Hayti, where an industrious French population was massacred in a tempest of black passion, is a warning of what can be done anywhere in the British West Indies, if the colored race ever pass beyond control. The denunciation of Governor Eyre is also a forecast of the severity with which any resolute administrator will be condemned by the English people.

Whether the English have legislated well or ill for

this once prosperous plantation colony, they have contrived to empty it of its white population. The present Governor of Jamaica, Sir Henry Blake, may have erred in his choice of expedients; but he has, at least, had the right aim in view in making the resources of the island better known abroad, in order to attract a fresh supply of white blood. He is to be credited with organizing and directing a movement for providing increased hotel accommodations. The theory has been that foreigners have not gone to Jamaica to pass the winters, because the old-fashioned lodging-houses and inns were inferior, and that the only practical method of drawing in visitors was to build a large number of expensive hotels with modern improvements. Kingston now has a very ambitious hotel at the water's edge. At Constant Spring, a few miles out of the city, there is another great house with accommodations for several hundreds of guests. Spanishtown has an aspiring hotel, and many other houses have been opened with a flourish of trumpets. These hotels are now lonesome and depressing barracks. During the Exhibition season their rooms were seldom filled. How they can be converted into remunerative investments passes comprehension.

The Colonial Exhibition, which I visited frequently during my stay in the island, was a more serious attempt to advertise to the world, and especially to Europe, the resources of Jamaica. While it was not a self-supporting enterprise financially, and involved a deficit in running expenses which the subscribers to the guaranty fund were required to make good, it was attended by more than 200,000 visitors, and was a most creditable industrial display. The chief benefit derived by the island from the undertaking was the stimulative effect

of carrying out a great and useful project. Never before had Jamaicans made an effort to take an account of their stock of resources, and to find out for themselves, and then to let the world know, what they could do.

The Exhibition was organized primarily for the purpose of displaying the industrial resources of the British West Indies, and of attracting European capital and immigration to a neglected quarter of the Empire. The Dominion Parliament voted a large appropriation for it, and appointed an energetic commission. The Canadian exhibit was the most pretentious one in the Main Building, and not only occupied a good share of the space on the floor and in the galleries, but also called into requisition several structures outside. It was a complete and even brilliant display of the Canadian fisheries, manufactures, and produce of field, mine, and forest. It was under the charge of an active and intelligent staff, which ceased not, day nor night, to glorify the Dominion, and to depreciate the value of the American market as the base of exchange for West Indian products. For six months there was a most determined effort to draw the islands into a scheme of commercial union, from which Canada would have everything to gain and England's West Indian possessions everything to lose. In this movement the Canadian Finance Minister took an active part, visiting the principal islands and boldly advocating a colonial trade bund based upon preferential tariff schedules.

It was not until Canada was deprived of many of its commercial privileges in the American market that its ministers began to take any interest in the West Indies. Then there was a change of attitude. Canada, instead of offering cold shoulder and cynical advice to the West

Indians, as Mr. Froude has represented her as doing after the rejection of the first American sugar treaty, fairly embarrassed them with the warmth and intensity of her affection. The once despised Jamaica, which had seemed a long way off and to have an impoverished non-consuming population of ignorant blacks, suddenly loomed up before the eyes of the Ottawa Ministers as a thrifty and prosperous island tenanted by loyal Britons; and the West Indian archipelago from Trinidad to Barbadoes, from Grenada to Dominica, and from Antigua to the Bahamas, assumed the importance of a commercial empire held by the Queen's worshipful subjects of the same breed as themselves. Then it seemed the most natural thing in the world that brethren should dwell together in unity and be wholly independent of the United States, which, after all, was not a larger market, at least in extent of territory, than British North America!

Sir Henry Blake during the Exhibition period listened with a rapt air to the Canadian cuckoo song and seemed almost willing to be convinced that there were millions of fur traders in the barren stretches of Hudson's Bay territory, who were athirst for Jamaica rum with sugar in it, and that in the regions toward the North Pole there were other millions of Esquimaux who were hungering after bananas and oranges to eat with their ice-cream. The necessity for being polite to his guests and patrons passed with the close of the Exhibition, and the commercial statistics of the island unerringly revealed the superiority of the American market as a base of trading operations. The official returns published in 1891 showed that, while Canada bought $183,775 of Jamaica produce and sold $721,765

in return, the United States purchased $3,966,550 and supplied $2,722,650 in provisions and manufactures. Canada, while selling four times as much as it bought, was not in a position to ask for differential advantages in furnishing Jamaica with flour, fish, lumber, coal, and manufactures. The United States, while buying twenty-one times as much as Canada and selling less than four times as much, was clearly entitled to preferential arrangements in the export trade, since it could offer with its population of 63,000,000 a vastly superior market for sugar, coffee, and fruit than Canada with its population of 5,000,000.

The question which the planters of the islands were invited by the Canadian Minister of Finance to determine was whether they could afford to be deprived of their free market in the United States for all their produce except oranges, for the sake of accommodating the Dominion, which had been injured by American tariff legislation. If they were to discriminate in favor of a vastly inferior customer, who was already selling to them four times as much as it was buying, the effect of the transaction would be inevitably to subject their own sugar, coffee, and hides to import duties in the United States. They might not be willing to enter into commercial union with the United States, but they were unprepared to fling away the advantages of their largest market by supporting Canada's demand for preferential trade.

The new proposals of the United States were based upon a free market for sugar, coffee, and hides, but the advantages were to be shared equally by Brazil and the Spanish West Indies. It was not so generous as the previous proposal, which had been vetoed by England;

but it was made by the best customer whom the islands had. Before I left Jamaica, news was received of the negotiation of a reciprocity agreement between Spain and the United States, by which a free market for Cuban sugar had been permanently secured. That announcement brought the Canadian flirtation to a close. The acceptance of the American offer by Spain made it impossible for the British West Indies to reject it. The British planters were sending $13,000,000 of sugar to the American market against $43,000,000 which was exported from Cuba and Porto Rico. It was their chief staple, and they could not sell it anywhere else; and if duties were imposed upon it in 1892, it could not be sold even there. Those duties, which would follow their neglect to modify their own tariffs, would be a discrimination in favor of the Spanish islands against the British West Indies. Their principal industry would be ruined, while American capital and machinery were going into Cuba and promoting its commercial revival. This was the logic of the economic situation, and before the year ended British Guiana, the Leeward and Windward Islands, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Trinidad made the best bargain they could at Washington for the permanent retention of the free market. Their own tariffs, which had been ingeniously devised so as to tax American food products heavily and English manufactures lightly, were readjusted on equitable conditions of trade. The Colonial Office, which had once interposed its veto, was powerless to obstruct reciprocity. England had done nothing for the sugar islands since the Emancipation period. It had opened its own ports to sugar from all the world and had left the principal industry of its West Indian

possessions to decline, while Europe was stimulating the cultivation of the sugar beet by bounties and supporting it by superior facilities for technical education. To have closed the American market by a second veto upon commercial union would have completed their ruin.

Nine governors are employed to direct the destinies of the British West Indies. They draw their salaries, respect the traditions of the Colonial Office, entertain the officers of Her Majesty's fleet, exercise supreme legislative, judicial, and executive powers, and strive to conciliate in every possible way the black constituencies by fictitious concessions. In the main these functionaries are content to wind and unwind the red tape spools of the Colonial Office, and to make tariffs in the interest of English manufacturers. They are drawn helplessly along in the drift of West Indian tendencies. There has been constant experimenting with constitutions and franchises. The general trend of events and tendencies is in the direction of negro rule. The whites, disheartened by the economic conditions and despairing of receiving reinforcements of European immigrants, are selling their plantations and rapidly disappearing from the islands. In Jamaica there are 700,000 blacks and 15,000 whites, and in other islands the preponderance of dark blood is even greater. In Trinidad and British Guiana coolie labor has been introduced with marked success, and in Jamaica the same experiment has been satisfactorily tested; but in the main the industries of the islands are dependent upon an indolent colored race, which is already impressed with the conviction that it is destined to govern and own the British West Indies. What is needed is European immigration on a large

scale and the investment of English capital in new and profitable industries, in order to secure the maintenance of white ascendency and the material development of the islands.

A work of this kind has been undertaken by the governor of the Bahamas, Sir Ambrose Shea, an official with a soul above red tape. A few weeks before my journey to Jamaica I had paid him a visit at Nassau and had been greatly impressed with the industrial policy which he has introduced there. When he first reached his post, he found a few minor industries, which were languidly operated, but were not a substantial source of colonial wealth. He noticed a species of cactus, known in the Bahamas as the Pita, growing neglected and despised among the rocks. His experienced eye recognized in the long, sharp-pointed leaves a valuable fibre material. Discerning with keen intelligence the economic basis of a new industry of great promise, he sent to London samples of rope crudely manufactured from the leaves of the largest plants. There the fibre was pronounced by experts to be equal, if not superior, to the best manila hemp. After obtaining the sanction of the colonial legislators for the sale of Crown lands for the cultivation of sisal, he hastened to London, where he succeeded in interesting capitalists in his project. Large tracts in New Providence and other islands were purchased, cleared, and planted. At first a bounty was offered for the promotion of the industry, but this was speedily suspended. So numerous were the applications from foreign investors that the price of land rose from $1.25 to $4 an acre. As unrestricted sale of land would have involved not only the cheapening of the product, but also serious difficulties respecting the labor

supply, restrictions were placed upon the cultivation of fibre plants. The governor provided a safeguard against overproduction by limiting the number of acres to be sold, and sought to prevent a scarcity of labor in any quarter by a careful distribution of allotments of land. He also aimed to raise the standard of labor by enabling colored people to buy land on the easiest possible terms.

The governor's industry, as he described it to me, is in an experimental stage. The fibre produced has been from old plants growing wild in the islands. The plantations started under his administration will not bear leaves with fibre of the requisite quality before 1895. Then the financial results of his industrial policy will be known. In any event the cultivation of Bahama hemp promises to carry into the millions the exports of the islands, which now amount to $650,000 annually. The industry has already attracted English investors, and has increased the valuation of land $1,250,000.

Sir Ambrose Shea is ridiculed by the incredulous as a monomaniac. Certainly he talks and apparently thinks of little except Bahama hemp. There has been, however, much reason in his madness, and an industry admirably adapted to the soil, the climate, and the conditions of labor has been introduced. He believes that it will be a source of wealth, and he is anticipating the new era of industrial development by improving the communications of the islands with one another and the world. If his policy be successful, it will convert Nassau into one of the commercial centres of the West Indies. Certainly, monomania which takes the form of intense zeal for the enlargement of industrial resources and the promotion of the prosperity of all classes of the colonial population is so rare as to be phenomenal.

Since the Emancipation year the British colonists in the West Indies have been constantly warned against dependence upon cane sugar, but the introduction of new industries has been attended with great difficulty and with meagre results. Cacao has been successfully cultivated in Trinidad, where there is also a large export of asphalt. Grenada has an extensive cacao tract. The Windward Islands and Dominica raise small quantities of coffee, cacao, and cotton. Montserrat has a petty industry in limes, and dyewoods are shipped from all the islands. In Jamaica, where the sugar production has had a very marked decline, the coffee exports have remained stationary, the industry being largely conducted by black peasant proprietors on a small scale. Intelligent labor is lacking there for a large development of tobacco farming. Logwood continues to be exported in considerable quantities, but most of it consists of old stumps and roots, the remnant of more active enterprise in earlier days. The island's exports during recent years would have declined, if the fruit trade had not been organized on a large scale by a few enterprising Americans. St. Ann's Bay, Falmouth, Port Antonio, and Kingston have been converted into great centres for the shipment of bananas and oranges to the United States market, and a large fleet of steamers has been employed in the service. Very active competition for the control of the fruit trade has followed, and the export of bananas has been largely increased.

The opening of numerous banana tracts in Central America threatens to reduce this trade. While I was in the island, one of the largest American houses withdrew its fleet, sold out a valuable trading plant, and

transferred its operations to Honduras. Shrewd men in the trade already perceive that Jamaica cannot compete permanently with Central America in supplying the American market. Its bananas have to be transported by mule or wagon from the interior, and the expense is thereby largely increased. Plantations situated on rivers like the Bluefields in Nicaragua have a great advantage over those in Jamaica, as steamers can call at their wharves for the fruit and the cost of shipment is heavily reduced. Central America is destined to be the chief banana farm of the United States. The banana trade of Jamaica is exposed already to sharp competition from that quarter. As for oranges, while there is fine fruit in the island, it is virtually the wild stock, planted from seeds and unimproved by budding and grafting. While Florida has been steadily developing improved methods of orange cultivation, Jamaica has continued to raise the old stock.

While the sugar industry is declining in Jamaica and the Leeward Islands, and cannot be maintained in Barbadoes, the Windward group, Trinidad, and British Guiana, without commercial union with the United States, fruit and cacao are meagre substitutes for it as sources of wealth. If anything is to be made of the islands, it is through the introduction of new industries like Sir Ambrose Shea's Bahama hemp. If he succeeds in attracting English capital and immigration a great impulse will be imparted to the fortunes of what has been considered the poorest group of islands in the archipelago. It is in the Bahamas, if anywhere, that there are signs of the dawn of a new industrial era. Sisal can be cultivated in Jamaica and the Virgin and Leeward Islands. There can be as wide a range of

fibre plants in the West Indies as in Mexico. The United States has recently placed a high premium upon this class of industries by opening a free market for raw fibre.

It is at least a pleasant fancy that the despised Bahamas, which were the first coral reefs sighted by Columbus, have the promise of an industrial future. San Salvador is a low-lying line of beach between Eleutheria and Long Island on the outer rim of the Great Bahama Bank. A headland at the southern end bears the discoverer's name; but there are few signs of that loveliness of verdure which he described with rapture to his sovereigns upon his return to Spain. It is now tenanted by a few hundreds of negroes who make a scanty living by fishing and raising oranges and pineapples. As it lies in the track of New York steamers bound for the south coast of Cuba, Jamaica, and the Isthmus, it comes frequently under the eyes of travellers, and never without exciting emotion and interest. That shingle of white beach had in it the promise of a New World to be added to the resources of civilization. Dull, indeed, must be the soul that fails to appreciate in some degree the significance of its discovery. Unconscious of the great part which it has played in history, it now shrinks from close scrutiny. Before a decade ends it may be the centre of hemp plantations, and be restored to the modern world of industry after four centuries of neglect.

XIV

THE LAST SPANISH STRONGHOLD

ALONG THE CUBAN COAST — EXPEDIENTS FOR HARASSING AMERICAN SHIPPING — VANITY FAIR IN CIENFUEGOS — ASPECTS OF THE CUBAN CAPITAL — SIGNS OF EXHAUSTION IN MATANZAS — AMERICAN OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES — THE LAST MARKET FOR CANE SUGAR — UNRECIPROCAL PROTECTION RUINOUS TO CUBA — HAVANA HELPLESS BUT WASHINGTON POWERFUL — ANNEXATION AND COMMERCIAL UNION

Cape Maisi is the land first sighted when Cuba is approached from the Bahamas and the Windward Channel. It is a barren coast that meets the stranger's eyes until Guantanamo Bay is entered, and the Sierra Maestra becomes the background for impressive scenery. This is the first of a series of spacious bays with which the island is encircled. Havana, Matanzas, Nuevitas, and Neve on the north, and Guantanamo, Santiago, and Cienfuegos on the south have harbors unrivalled in the West Indies. Here is the suggestion for an argument from Nature in favor of the closest commercial relations between the United States and Cuba. Let it be conceded that the physical forces shaping the configuration of the coasts of the island were directed by reason and benignant purpose, and it will follow that the harbors were designed to facilitate commercial exchanges with the adjacent continent, the home of the

American branch of the English-speaking race. In Nature's bold hand, Commercial Union may be traced in the deep indentations of the seaboard. On mountain sides stored with iron, manganese, and mineral wealth, in forests of the interior practically unexplored, and in valleys and level tracts unsurpassed for fertility, the same words are written in letters large.

At Guantanamo I caught a first near glimpse of Cuba, and heard an intelligent discussion of the industrial state of the island. A prominent sugar-planter of the south side took passage on the steamer for Santiago, and was unreserved in conversation. It was early in January, 1891, or about five months before the commercial treaty was negotiated with Spain. A delegation, representing nearly all the industrial interests of Cuba, was then in Madrid urging compliance with the reciprocity requirements of the United States, but apparently without hope of influencing the Spanish Government. I asked this planter what would be the result if Spain were to refuse to negotiate a treaty with the United States during the year. "A revolution in the island," was the quick response. It seemed a startling prediction to me then, but before I had been in Cuba a month it had been repeated a hundred times.

Another fellow-passenger, who knew Cuba well, was the superintendent of the Juragua mines near Santiago. Less than ten years ago the first iron claim in the mountains was officially recognized. Now there are three American corporations developing large tracts of rich mining territory, building railways to the coast, and exporting ore to Pennsylvania. The oldest of these companies employs 2000 miners and railway workmen, has a rolling stock of 1600 cars, and requires for the

transportation of its ore a fleet of twenty steamers. It is most valuable ore, and the mountains seem from surface indications to be well stocked with it. The Spanish Government has promoted the development of these properties, and the industrial results are proving beneficial to Eastern Cuba. Immigration has been encouraged, employment has been offered to an impoverished population, and the business interests of Santiago have been powerfully aided by mining enterprise. The same government by responding favorably to the American offer to negotiate an equitable reciprocity treaty, has stimulated investment of American capital in sugar plantations and improved machinery by which the chief industry of the island will be rendered vastly more profitable. What Cuba needs to-day is the reorganization of its agricultural system with foreign capital so as to secure more economical production of its great staples.

There is one Caribbean seaboard that rivals Eastern Cuba in boldness and grandeur,— the mountainous coast of Venezuela; but there is no harbor on the Spanish Main to be compared with Santiago de Cuba. The rock-bound coast sullenly opens its granite gates, and jealously guards the entrance to a spacious bay flanked by mountains. One of the giant cliffs sloping abruptly seaward is crowned with a gray fortress. So narrow is the entrance that the ship seems to pass directly under the antique battlements, and the sentinels on the stone terraces, and the prisoners behind the barred windows, are almost within call. The harbor opens and widens as the ship sails on until it is a placid expanse of sheltered water, with blue mountains encircling it, and the city a long way in the distance transfigured in the

golden light of a tropical morning. Like Rio de Janeiro it lies among hills with mountains encamped about it, with islands bristling with fortifications, and with seaward defences which could be made impregnable, even with meagre engineering skill. Like the Brazilian capital also, it is a foul and shabby town, unworthy of its magnificent surroundings.

There had been an outbreak of yellow fever among the Spanish miners in the mountains, and the sanitary condition of the town was so dangerous that I was glad to continue my journey along the south coast. I sailed with Captain Colton, of whom a good story can be told. Owing to bad weather at Nassau he was once compelled to leave port without landing a portion of his cargo. When he arrived at the Cuban ports he reported the case, and announced that he would land the cargo on the return trip, and send by mail a certificate from the Spanish Consul at Nassau that the goods had been put ashore there. The custom-house officials would not listen to him, but refused to clear his ship because cargo not intended for Cuba had been brought in. He allowed them half an hour in which to come to a decision. He told them that in order to protect the lives of his passengers, and to save his ship, he had been compelled to leave Nassau without landing a portion of his cargo, and announced that if they refused to clear the vessel, he would abandon it where it lay at anchor, hold them responsible for the consequences, and take his crew in a body to Havana before the Consul-General to protest against their conduct. It was a bold stroke; but Captain Colton knew the men with whom he was dealing. They promptly cleared the ship.

More of this spirit of aggressiveness is needed in

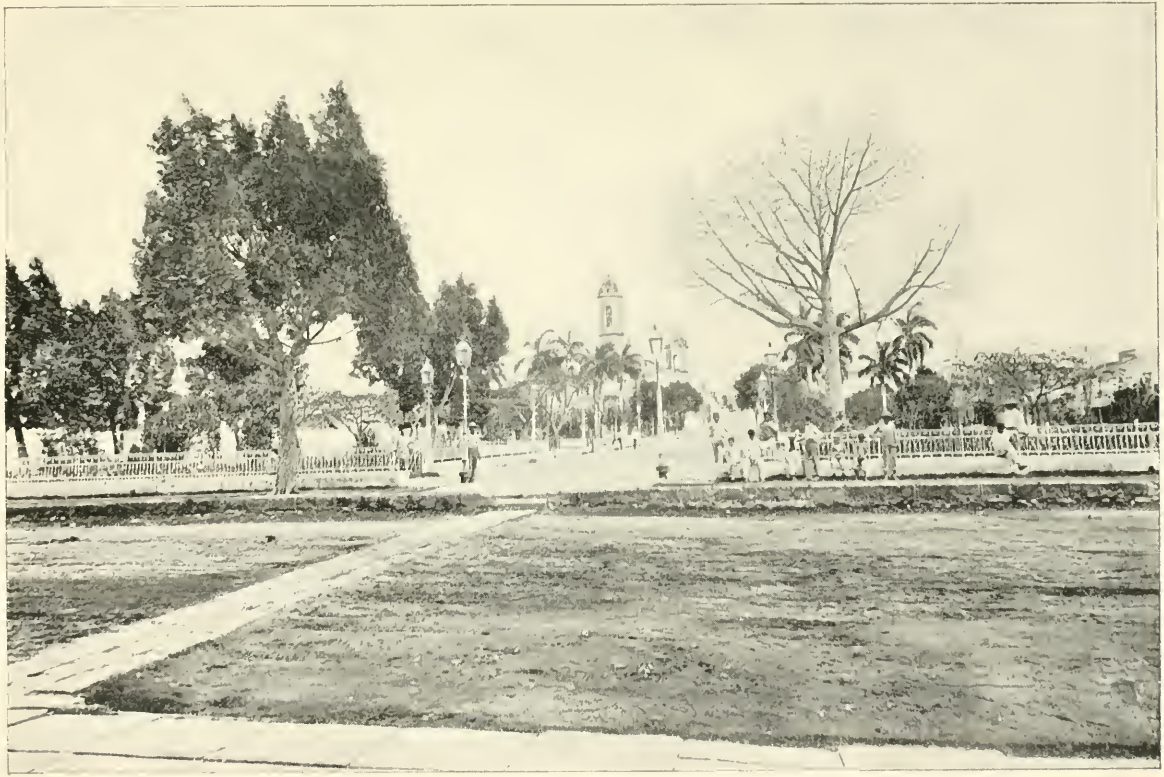
Cuba. For two generations American diplomacy has been too lax in resenting Spanish exactions. In the *Virginius* affair, the courageous English commander who trained the guns of his ship upon Santiago and threatened to destroy the city, if the executions in the prison were not immediately suspended, taught Americans how to secure respect for a flag; but the State Department frittered away its resources and allowed itself to be duped and defrauded out of adequate reparation. When the United States chooses to exert its power wrongs are at once redressed in Cuba. More warnings are needed like President Cleveland's proclamation in 1886, threatening to reimpose the retaliatory duties on Spanish bottoms, if American ships were not accorded their full privileges under the commercial agreement of 1884. That menace sufficed to liberate the forces of public opinion on the island, to alarm Spanish ship-owners, and to compel the government at Madrid to accede to the American demand. Nevertheless the officials have persevered in violating the principle of equality of flags, which was the basis of that agreement, and they have not been compelled to desist. Ordinarily there is not strength enough in the bow of American diplomacy. Spanish-American countries understand this, and constantly take advantage of the indulgence and good-nature of the State Department.

The Spanish custom officials, for example, have devised an ingenious method of harassing American shipping interests by a system of fines imposed for trivial clerical errors and shortages of cargo, when there is no intent to defraud the government of the island. In the United States penalties are never imposed when there has evidently been no breach of good faith on the

part of the shipper; but in Cuba advantage is taken of every technical irregularity. The moiety system, by which the informer receives a portion of the fine, stimulates the zeal of custom-house operators. Diplomatic correspondence has been carried on for years in relation to these cases without effect. The customs officials have their living to make by their wits at the expense of American ship-owners. Although the commerce of the island is almost wholly with the United States, and largely under the American flag, Washington diplomacy seems to be helpless to enforce shipping rights secured by treaty.

Cienfuegos, the terminus of the American line of steamers, and of the western railway system of Cuba, is a modern town built since the present century opened. It has a fine harbor and a growing trade, and is the commercial centre of thirty of the largest sugar plantations of the island. While having only one-half of the population of Santiago, it is a cleaner, more cheerful, and more interesting town. It has excellent hotel accommodations for the latitude, and with sugar and tobacco plantations near by, offers much entertainment to strangers. Sunday is the gala-day of the week, as is customary in Spanish-American towns. The clergy are so accommodating as to have the last service in the cathedral over by nine or ten o'clock in the morning. This leaves nearly a full day for cock-fights, horse-racing, and the promenade in the plaza, which has a broad stone walk lined at the sides with benches for the accommodation of chaperons. It is a handsome square, well lighted by electricity and bordered by the best buildings of the town,— the cathedral, theatre, public library, a large club-house, and a popular café.

This Sunday evening promenade is one of the social institutions of Cuba. During the week young women are not allowed to go out alone, but are constantly watched, kept under rigid restraint, and invariably accompanied by their elders or by servants in their walks about the town. This system of supervision would be intolerably irksome to the mothers and guardians of the blooming señoritas, if marriage were not arranged at a very early age. At thirteen or fourteen a Cuban girl is supposed to be ready for marriage, and a match is made for her by her parents as soon as possible. Meanwhile, during the transition stage, she is closely watched, and not allowed to make acquaintance with men. She is kept under guard during the week, but on Sunday night she is exhibited to all comers. The mothers and chaperons accompany the giddy young creatures to the plaza, and leave them at liberty to stroll up and down the stone walk in company with girls of their acquaintance, while they themselves occupy the side benches where they can overlook the scene and keep their eyes upon them. The whole town goes out to see the show. For three hours all the young unmarried women tramp up and down, dressed in their prettiest gowns and displaying their charms, while hundreds of young men join the procession and exchange glances, if not words, with them. Anything like an incipient flirtation or an indiscretion brings the stern mother upon the scene, and the foolish, saucy girl is dragged homeward prematurely and kept indoors the following Sunday. Hour after hour the promenaders are in motion, girls of thirteen and fourteen being the belles of the walk, and a great concourse of carefully dressed and profusely powdered men watching them with eager interest. It is the Cuban Vanity Fair.



PLAZA IN CIENFUEGOS

Notwithstanding the decline in the fortunes of the planters, their houses are very agreeable interiors, and their hospitality is unaffected and charming. It is difficult for a foreigner to break the ice, and to establish confidential relations with the planters; but when this has been done invitations follow, and there are frequent glimpses of Cuban home-life. So rigid are the requirements of custom and etiquette, that it is only at home, and in the presence of members of the household, that well-born daughters are to be seen at all. It is only in the conventional reception-room, furnished with long rows of cane-seat rocking-chairs, that their acquaintance can be made, and then only under watchful supervision. They are little women, short in stature, plump and well rounded in figure, graceful and supple in movement, with dark eyes that flash at night and melt by day. Like the beautiful wild flowers of the Cuban woods, they mature very early, and they fade as rapidly. The prettiest girl will be plain long before she is thirty. Handsome women in middle life are never seen in the tropics, but only in the temperate zone. The beauty and charm of Cuban women is evanescent, but real and irresistible, while it lasts.

Cienfuegos is one of the centres of the sugar industry, and many of the finest plantations and mills are in close communication with it either by railway or water. I was so fortunate as to receive an invitation to visit Soledad, which has the reputation of being one of the best-managed plantations on the island. It produced in 1891 about 14,000,000 pounds of sugar. Other plantations largely exceed it in cultivated area and mechanical resources, the Constancia having a product of

40,000,000 pounds; but Soledad is conducted on scientific principles and with American thrift, thoroughness, and organization, so that there is the greatest saving in the cost of production, and the largest margin for profit on the investment. At one plantation near Matanzas and at another in the Cienfuegos district the cane, instead of being ground by milling machinery, is cut up into small pieces, and the sugar is worked out of it by water by a process of diffusion similar to that employed in the manufacture of beet sugar. It would be a singular result if this method were to be adopted generally in Cuba as a means of cheapening and enlarging the cane product. One of the most experienced planters in Matanzas told me that he believed that this would be one of the effects of free coal, which is provided for by the reciprocity treaty. The diffusion process involves the necessity of burning coal, and so long as a heavy duty was imposed upon it economical production was impracticable. With free coal, and the iron-ore steamers available for bringing it from Pennsylvania at low freight charges, a revolution in the current processes of making cane sugar may be impending.

The struggle between cane and beet will inevitably be one of the sharpest industrial conflicts known in the history of manufacture. Whether Cuban cane can hold its own against European and American beet, is a question which not even experts in the business venture to answer. But one thing is certain: if the cane-sugar industry of the Spanish West Indies is to keep its ground against the destructive competition of the bounty-fed beet, it can only be through processes of economical production, and with the improved machinery employed in plantations like Soledad. Not only is

the American market needed for Cuban sugar, but American capital, system, and habits of organization are required as well.

Fine tobacco plantations are also to be seen in the Manicaragua valley near Cienfuegos. The methods of cultivation and curing are uniform throughout Cuba, the characteristic differences in the color and flavor of the leaf being largely due to qualities of soil. The world smokes too much to enjoy the luxury of the pure Havanas of earlier days. The district where the choicest leaf is produced in the Vuelta de Abajo is of limited area. It is surrounded by belts in which leaf of excellent color, but lacking in delicacy of aroma, is produced. It is soil rather than climate that regulates the quality of tobacco, and while the plant grows readily throughout Western Cuba, and in certain districts near Matanzas, Cienfuegos, and Santiago, it is only from a comparatively small area that the best leaf can be obtained, and then only when the plants are trimmed after budding. The demand for well-known brands is very great, and it has to be met in some way. I was told in Santiago and Cienfuegos, that much of the tobacco raised there was sent to Havana, and made up as cigars passing under the best names. The deterioration in the quality of Cuban cigars imported into the New York market during recent years is undoubtedly to be accounted for by the artificial widening of the Vuelta de Abajo preserves, so as to include various hot tobaccos, similar in color, but inferior in aroma. There are large areas cultivated under contracts by which the producers receive fixed prices for plants according to their height. This system, with the indiscriminate method of drying plants instead of sorting and then

curing the leaves, is promoting deterioration of quality. While the tobacco produce of the island is increasing steadily in volume, the planters and manufacturers are trading largely upon their former prestige.

From Cienfuegos there are two routes to Havana. One is by railway, involving an early start, four changes of cars, and a full day's ride. The other is by steamer to Batabano, requiring a night and a morning on the sea, and a two hours' journey by rail across the island. The second is preferable on many accounts, and, especially, because the steamer scenes are characteristic of the country, and, therefore, especially interesting to strangers. Each steamer carries cattle in the lower deck, and a motley company of Spanish soldiers and noisy Cubans. The soldiers camp out on deck, and lie mummied in their blankets while asleep, and in the morning they are fed from kettles, the spoon passing from man to man very much as the pipe of peace is smoked in an Indian camp. They are a noisy rabble, shouting, gesticulating, and singing when they are not sunning themselves on deck with their blankets wrapped about their heads like clumsy hoods. The Cubans do not fraternize with the soldiers, but remain at the other end of the boat, singing, gambling in the saloon, and lingering affectionately over their cocktails. A dozen nuns are among them, watching the roistering scenes with unaffected interest, and cautiously retiring to a quiet corner when the uproar becomes scandalous. As the steamer approaches the wharf at Batabano there is a medley of singing, shouting, and swearing, with the accompaniment of accordions, guitars, and fifes. Cubans, like all Spanish Americans, are passionately fond of noise and excitement. It is what makes their life worth living.

A train is already drawn up to carry the passengers of the crowded steamer to Havana; but it is a long, dreary time before it is in motion. There are two engines at hand and switches conveniently placed for the rapid making-up of trains; but neither one nor the other is used. A pair of oxen is employed in hauling one car after another into place, while the engines stand motionless on the track. Why the engines are not brought into use to facilitate the operation, and to start the train on time, the most ingenious Yankee will be unable to find out. Possibly it is because Columbus used oxen for making up his trains when he first visited Cuba, and the Spanish ruling class does not favor radical reforms.

A railway ride across Cuba from Batabano discloses vistas of undulating levels and moors under poor cultivation, relieved only by sentinel palms of the royal guard, or by encampments of palmettos, or by straggling cabins with palm-leaf roofs. Raptures over tropical vegetation and semi-Saracenic architecture are transitory vagaries in Havana. The harbor, with its long line of high-bastioned fortifications flanking the low peninsula upon which the city stands, is an imposing pageant especially under a moonlit sky; but the country about the city is flat and unimpressive. The laurels and other shade trees in the avenues and plazas have an ill-nourished and stunted look. The Bishop's garden in Tulipan was once a lovely retreat, but it is now neglected ground. The finest drives in Havana are those to the Cerro and to Vedado; but there are few luxuriant tropical trees to be seen by the way, and not many orange groves and banana clumps. The Botanical Gardens, and the grounds about the Captain-General's

country-seat, offer the only really satisfactory glimpse of tropical foliage to be obtained in Havana.

Cuba, while the most accessible, is also the most representative foreign country which Americans can visit on their own continent. Havana, whether more or less Cuban than it is Spanish, is a city utterly unlike any large American centre of population. It is the last stronghold of Spain in the New World where her empire was once undisputed. There are vivid contrasts of architecture, foliage, and customs. From the moment of passing the grim Morro, the Cabañas fortifications, and the battery at the Point, the visitor is conscious of being among an alien race, whose sympathies, manner of life, ideas of morals and religion, habits and recreations, are not in accord with his own. Havana is the most distinctively Spanish capital in Tropical America. A Spaniard fresh from the historic Peninsula feels more at home there than anywhere else in the New World.

I went to Havana with a strong feeling of sympathy for a people gloomy and despairing, lying bound and fettered in the outer darkness of political despotism, overawed by a foreign garrison of 60,000 soldiers, despoiled of their liberties, denied the rights of public meeting and a free press, subjected to unceasing police espionage and the risks of arbitrary arrest, and plundered by tax-gatherers and lawless bandits. I found before a fortnight had passed that much of my sympathy was misplaced. Cuba was very different from what I had imagined it to be. It was suffering less from political tyranny than from violations of economic law. The people were poor, but not so unhappy that they failed to get a great deal of pleasure out of life. They were denied autonomy and representation; but they had more

personal liberty and suffered less from ecclesiastical bigotry and irresponsible power than the population of Spain. The main body of soldiers in the island is a volunteer force of perhaps 40,000 or 50,000 men. It is called a Spanish garrison, and is the main support of the government in an emergency; but it is not under pay, and it is recruited from the native population. It is required to drill regularly and to guard the custom-houses and government buildings. Whether it can be depended upon to take the part of the Administration against the people in a revolution is an open question. When one learns that the main force by which the people are held under the galling yoke of a tyranny frequently described as worse than the White Czar's is manned by hack-drivers, porters, street-pedlers, barbers, restaurant-clerks, and salesmen in the shops, his preconception of the terrors of military government is sensibly modified. The fortifications at the entrance of the harbors, some of them splendid relics of the science of Vauban and his school, are occupied by regulars, and the foreign force is brought constantly under the public eye and ostentatiously shifted from one quarter of the island to another; but there is nothing formidable in the military armaments of Spain in Cuba. The island is not overrun with a horde of foreign soldiery.

It is not the Havana of the devastating Patriot War, nor of the barbarous executions of the *Virginius*, that is seen to-day. Public meetings are held whenever notice is filed with the authorities, and speech is reasonably free. There is an antiquated press law, but it is not enforced. The day when journalists were compelled to send to the authorities printed proofs of what they had

written has passed. Arbitrary arrests for political offences have ceased in large measure. There is free access to the courts of justice. There are few glaring abuses of political administration. There is a deliberate effort to reconcile the people to Spanish rule, and to efface the terrible memories of a civil war conspicuous for atrocity. Police espionage is not what it was. Life and liberty are not dependent upon the caprices of the Captain-General. Slowly and laboriously the island has been making progress in its political and social conditions during the last decade. Cuba and Porto Rico are the remnant of a once mighty empire won by Spanish genius and courage. Spain is bent upon retaining the last stronghold. Revolution is to be averted by conciliatory administration and promises of political reform. In the march of progress Cuba is moving, not standing still.

There is fulness of life in the Cuban capital, with exuberance of animal spirits and light-hearted gaiety. There are few careworn faces to be seen in the crowded streets, the busy arcades, and the spacious plazas. The cafés and restaurants are thronged day and night with a pleasure-loving, rollicking population. Around the shabby little statue of Isabella gathers nightly a motley concourse, joyous in mood and mercurial in temper, to listen to the feeble murmur of a Spanish band, to traffic in lottery tickets, and to laugh and chatter by the hour over frivolous jests. What Paris is to France, Havana is to Cuba. It is the centre of the island's life, activities, and recreation. The times may be hard, but to the Lydian measures of their favorite city Cubans disport themselves with intensity of enjoyment. In Havana are the best club-houses, and play runs high in gilded

gaming-houses. The city has the bustle of the daily movement of a population of 250,000, and under the glare of electric light it loses the aspect of faded grandeur, and is again the most brilliant capital of Spanish America. There is more of genuine Spanish blood in Havana than in Buenos Ayres, Mexico, Santiago de Chili, Montevideo, or Lima. It has been estimated by Mr. Froude, that there are in Cuba alone ten times as many Spaniards as there are English and Scotch in all the West Indies. Cuba is essentially Spanish in blood, customs, vices, and pleasures. Whatever else the Spaniard may do, he never mopes; and Havana, with all the evils of misgovernment, and all the hard pressure of economic reverses, is cheery, bright, and overflowing with good-nature.

Corrupt and incapable administration has always been a Spanish characteristic. Cuba has been reduced to its present extremities largely through the rapacity of the governing class in former years. If there has been a marked improvement during recent years, so that the Captain-General now aims to return to Spain only with what he has saved from his salary, and the burden of direct taxation has been decreased rather than increased, it is because the industrial resources of the island have been exhausted through old-time methods of plundering the population and systematic violation of economic laws. The orange has been pressed dry; even Spanish administration does not attempt to squeeze the seeds remaining in the spongy pulp. For this reason sugar planters and tobacco farmers are now frank in admitting that the direct taxes on their land and industries are not unduly high. It is the burden of indirect taxation by which the cost of living is heavily increased, and the

exchangeable value of sugar and tobacco correspondingly reduced, that has been overwhelming this rich and fertile island with ruin.

The country is impoverished; the palaces of the nobles are deserted; there has been an extraordinary shrinkage of real estate valuations; the treasury is exhausted with extravagant payments for an inefficient and corrupt civil service, and the interest on the war debt; and the municipalities are without means for ordinary public improvements and sanitary regulations. Havana is capable of becoming what Humboldt found it in his day — one of the most brilliant and imposing capitals of the world. The old city was built of enduring stone which has grown harder with the lapse of time. The cathedral, churches and public buildings were fashioned when severe and simple architecture, without meretricious ornamentation, was the requirement of classic taste in Spain. Even the great prison, which is the most prominent object from the harbor, is not without good lines. The newer portions of the town are well laid out with broad, shaded avenues, frequent squares and breathing places, and a spacious alameda. Even in its ruined estate when public grounds are neglected, street pavements in need of repair, and the whole town is fairly perishing for lack of fresh paint, poor, faded Havana has an air of distinction and even grandeur. With good administration the city could be transformed in a decade. A canal constructed so as to let the tides into the back bay would flush out a harbor that is now a cesspool, and promote the healthfulness of the town. Moderate expenditures could repair the crumbling plaster of the public buildings, replace the broken lines of shade-trees in the avenues, and restore

the brightness and glory of the Cuban capital. Havana now awaits, like a queen in tattered, patched, and soiled robes, the turn of the wheel which will reinvest her with the dignity of her prosperous days of power and wealth. So long as old-time Spanish administration continues in force, it is a lottery with blanks.

Signs of exhaustion and impoverishment which are conspicuous in Havana are multiplied in Matanzas, where the decadence of a once prosperous and beautiful city is a melancholy spectacle. In its best estate it was a luxurious centre of wealth and fashion as well as of productive industry and commerce. Surrounded with sugar, coffee, and tobacco plantations, it ranked after Havana as the busiest hive in Cuba. All the industries of the island were carried on with success on the verdant hillsides and undulating plains encircling its spacious and picturesque harbor. The Yumuri Valley was dotted with country-seats, where rich planters entertained their guests with generous hospitality. The San Carlos Paseo was blocked with carriages in the afternoon, and the evenings were filled with gaiety and sumptuous entertainment. All is now changed. Emancipation and the insurrection impoverished the rich planters. Many of the finest estates passed into the hands of Spanish immigrants and adventurers, who have been condemned to maintain an exhausting struggle against a system grounded upon violations of economic law. Planters who have escaped confiscation have witnessed the gradual shrinkage of the profits of their industries and the collapse of their fortunes. Depreciation of values is even greater in Matanzas than in Havana. Country seats which were conspicuous for elegance and social festivity are now bare, silent, and

falling into ruin. The San Carlos drive is a neglected and unfrequented road. Matanzas is a centre of unremunerative commerce, a city haunted with memories of its former prosperity. The vivid sunlight lays bare mercilessly the faded glories of the town and the ravages of commercial ruin. By moonlight, one needs to be told of the neglected condition of these once famous drives and promenades, and the pathos of faded grandeur and exhausted fortunes makes only a transitory impression upon a sympathetic mind. San Severino Castle and the ruined fortifications are enveloped with silvery radiance. The San Juan River, with its dingy lines of crumbling warehouses, is softened and transfigured. The broad bay, with its sparkling shipping lights, and the ocean beyond foaming upon a coral ledge, are vistas of singular beauty.

Cuba was designed by nature to be the most beautiful garden, and the richest treasure-house, of the race dominating the industrial fortunes of North America. Nature proposed; man disposed. The island has been brought to the verge of economic ruin, from which commercial union with the American market opens the only way of escape. The purchase of Cuba either in Jefferson's or Buchanan's time would have retarded, possibly have paralyzed, the anti-slavery movement. It would have been a grave calamity for the United States, but it would have transformed the fortunes of the island. Cuba under American administration would have been to-day one of the richest and most prosperous countries of the world. Mountain-sides which within a few years have barely been scratched by mining engineers, would have been in a high state of development. Forests which are now either trackless or the haunts of

lawless marauders, would have been paying tribute to the commerce of nations. Coffee, sugar, and tobacco plantations, under intelligent supervision and with improved machinery, would have quadrupled in value. Yellow fever would have been stamped out by sanitary science, and the picturesque mountains of the south coast converted into popular winter resorts for northern invalids. Every industry of the island would have received an invigorating impulse. The past cannot be undone; but the future of Cuba is crowded with opportunities and weighted with responsibilities for Americans. They have on their southern seaboard another California, which may neither be purchased, nor conquered, nor stolen, yet may be linked indissolubly with the American market in the bonds of commercial union.

If Cuban scenery be disappointing from nakedness of hillsides, and lack of variety in foliage and farming lands, it is not through any fault of nature. There is no other garden in the West Indies like this highly favored island. There is no defect either of climate or soil. It is human folly that is responsible for the meagre development of the agricultural resources of the island. Not even Southern California has a wider range of fruits than Cuba. There is a soil of varied qualities, and so rich that it only needs to be scratched with plough or hoe to be made to yield a hundred fold. There is an abundance of red earth, impregnated with iron, which is the natural bed for a coffee farm. There are broad levels of black soil, where sugar-cane will flourish as in no other quarter of the world. If the choicest lands for tobacco are of limited area, there are most extensive belts where leaf of fine color can be raised. Corn while growing to half-size can be made

to bear all the year. There are rice and cotton lands which can be cultivated on a large scale most productively. The forests are rich, not only in mahogany, rosewood, ebony, and cedar, but also in dye-woods like fustian; and in the south and east the mountain ranges are stocked with iron and manganese. All these resources are made available by undulating plains, where railways can be cheaply built, and by a coast-line of 2000 miles bordered with capacious harbors.

Four centuries have been rounded out since the discoveries of Columbus, yet Cuba to-day is one of the least developed countries of the New World. Out of a total area of 43,000 square miles barely more than one-tenth is under cultivation. At the western end of the island there is a population exceeding 1,000,000, but the remaining districts, of which Puerto Principe and Santiago are the capitals, are practically unsettled, having between them less than 500,000 whites, negroes, and Chinese. A transformation of administration and economic conditions is needed in order that there may be a new and reinvigorated Cuba. The Spanish commercial system has been like the wild Indian fig of the island entwining the monarch trees of the forest and paralyzing them with its serpentine embrace. The destroying fig must first be uprooted before the tree can have the soil, light, air, and moisture needed for its normal growth.

The Spanish West Indies by retaining slavery for a generation after emancipation had been decreed in the British Islands, were enabled to obtain as marked an ascendency in the production of cane sugar as Brazil secured by forced labor in raising coffee for the markets of the world. While the British West Indies were

struggling to find some substitute for the uncertain labor of emancipated slaves, the sugar industry of Cuba was making rapid progress. When Jamaica, Trinidad, and British Guiana, after experimenting unsuccessfully with free colored laborers imported from Africa and other countries, finally obtained coolies from the East Indies, emancipation was proclaimed in Cuba under conditions which enabled the planters to adapt themselves to the change and to profit by the experience of their rivals. Slavery, while it exposed the white population of Cuba to less apprehension than in the British West Indies, where the European descendants were hopelessly outnumbered by the blacks, confined the island practically to two industries, sugar and tobacco. Even tobacco had fallen to a subordinate and greatly inferior level. As slavery prevented diversification of industry in Brazil and the American Southern States, making coffee the chief staple in one, and cotton in the other, so also it left Cuba largely dependent upon sugar. This is the economic curse of slavery wherever it has existed, and the evil is greatest in the West Indies, because the cane industry has been subjected to the tremendous pressure of competition with beet sugar. Brazilian coffee and American cotton have continued under free labor to dominate the market of the world, but West Indian sugar has been displaced in Europe and can be sold to-day mainly in the United States. That is the last and only great market which is left for the chief staple of Cuba. The effect of tariff enactments by which Spain was protected at the expense of Cuba was to compel the island to buy its supplies in a dear market, where only a little of its sugar was sold, and thus to depreciate the purchasing power

of its chief staple. This extraordinary economic system was aptly compared by Consul-General Williams, in one of many talks with me, to a turbine wheel. The exports of Cuba went to the United States, but their purchasing power in exchange was diverted to Spain, which did not receive the initial impulse.

Yankee shrewdness has been no match for Spanish guile during recent years of Cuban diplomacy. Never was one government more completely outwitted by another than the United States by Spain in the negotiations which led to the commercial agreement of 1884. There had been a tariff war between the two countries, by which the shipping of each had been protected by discriminating and retaliatory duties. Inasmuch as higher imposts were levied in Cuban ports upon cargoes under the American flag, merchandise in Spanish bottoms was subjected in American ports to an ad valorem duty of ten per cent. The retaliatory duties were more prejudicial to the interests of Spanish than to those of American shipping, for the reason that the volume of the exports from Cuba greatly exceeded that of the imports received in return from the United States. In order to rescue its shipping from these ruinous conditions, Spain succeeded in entrapping the United States into a commercial agreement for the equalization of the flags and the abolition of the discriminating duties on each side.

In order to obtain admission for Cuban sugar into American ports under the Spanish flag, it was necessary to offer compensating advantages for American shipping in Cuban ports. This was nominally done by the removal of discriminating flag duties. But measures were taken to neutralize this advantage by provid-

ing for a gradual reduction of the import duties on breadstuffs and manufactures shipped from Spain. The commercial agreement was made on February 13, 1884, but the Spanish tariff act of July 20, 1882, had reduced to a minimum all the benefits which could be derived by the United States from the compact. This can readily be illustrated. Before the agreement was made, flour from Spain was subject in Cuba to a duty of $2.25 per 225 pounds when shipped under the Spanish flag. American flour in Spanish bottoms was liable to a duty of $4.69. On American flour in American bottoms a duty of $5.51 was paid. The effect of the agreement of 1884 was to remove the discrimination between American and Spanish bottoms amounting to 82 cents. American flour still had against it a discrimination of $2.44; and, under the tariff law of 1882, this broad margin was to be widened every year by the reduction of duties on Spanish flour. This sliding scale of reductions extended over a period of ten years. In this way the margin against American flour was increased from $2.44 year by year until it was $5.62 per barrel. The same methods of procedure were employed for the protection of all classes of merchandise manufactured or produced in Spain. The flags were equalized, but the gradual reduction of duties on Spanish imports placed American imports in Cuba at greater disadvantage than in 1882, before the commercial agreement was made.

Spain was playing a double game. While offering fictitious advantages, it was adopting a policy by which its commercial marine could be saved from destruction and developed at the expense of the only great maritime nation that was systematically neglecting and sacrificing its shipping interests. Spain by its economic and

commercial policy had driven every flag except its own and the American from Cuba. With discriminating duties in favor of Spanish products, no other European nation could profitably compete in the import trade; and when there was no market for cane sugar on the continent, there were no cargoes to take back. Americans took the sugar and apparently were indifferent to the development of their export and carrying trades. It was easy to dupe the great Yankee nation into a compact by which Spanish ships could carry sugar into New York and be admitted on terms of equality in the carrying trade, while American merchandise was to be discriminated against in Cuba more and more heavily by the operation of the reduced tariff on imports received from the Peninsula. Spain made a bargain by which its shipping interests could be restored without loss to its agricultural and manufacturing classes, and at once increased its subsidies and bounties to its merchant marine. The sugar-planters derived no benefit whatever from discriminations against the exports of the only market where they could sell their product. They lost heavily by a tariff system which protected Spain at the expense of Cuba and compelled them to obtain exchanges in the dearest market.

While the American tariff bill of 1890 was under discussion, Spain decreed an increase of twenty per cent on imports in Cuba and Porto Rico from all ports except its own. This was done defiantly in expectation of increased duties on tobacco. It was the first response to the offer of a free market for sugar in the United States. It was not until the reciprocity amendment was adopted that the island's future was directly affected. That brought in American diplomacy to work

out the economic emancipation of Cuba from Spain. Bitter experience had taught the island that alone and unaided it could do nothing. The disastrous insurrection would never have broken out, if Cubans had not counted with false confidence upon American intervention. It ended in collapse, because the United States government, recoiling from civil war, would do nothing for the insurgents. The economic revolution by which the island's industrial fortunes might be restored could be brought about only with the coöperation of the United States. Havana was feeble, but Washington was powerful. The reciprocity amendment was the fulcrum for a long lever. Let sufficient force be applied by the Great Republic, and the world of Spanish diplomacy might be moved.

The lever was long enough and there was adequate force in Washington. The reciprocity schedules were negotiated. Spain reluctantly consented to relax its economic system and to recognize the commercial dependency of the islands upon the United States. The Madrid government may not have been influenced by apprehension of political disturbances, but it must at least have dreaded an access of annexation feeling. In the Cuban revolt it had a powerful body of Spanish supporters with conservative instincts. The native landowners who were in sympathy with the insurrection lost everything in the struggle. Their estates were confiscated and sold to Spaniards and foreigners. It is this new class of property-owners, reinforced by the old contingent of Spanish conservatives, that has been most directly interested in securing reciprocity. It is the ruling class, controlling what capital there is in the island, and its interests require unrestricted trade with

the only market where its produce can be sold. If reciprocity had been refused, a great impulse would inevitably have been imparted to the annexation movement; and if serious disturbances had arisen, the home government would have lacked the support of the most influential classes. The risks were not taken. By granting the demand for reciprocity, the Madrid government adopted the most practical and the safest method of counteracting annexation agitation and of strengthening the allegiance of the colonies to the Crown. The Northern Republic had been like a giant sleeping while the little men of Spanish Liliput had enmeshed him with the silken bonds of diplomacy. He suddenly awakened and had resources of power at his command which were irresistible.

It was my fortune to be in Cuba while the commission was in Madrid and to converse freely with the planters and merchants a few weeks before the reciprocity treaty was negotiated. I was astonished by the frankness with which a revolution was predicted as the result of a possible failure of the reciprocity negotiations. A summary of the opinion of the land proprietors and industrial classes would have taken this form: Cuba had been paralyzed and ruined by a system of unreciprocal protection adopted for the selfish interests of Spain; the island must have the benefits of commercial union with the United States, the only market for its sugar; if the mother country persisted in refusing to negotiate an equitable reciprocity convention with the State Department, there would be intense excitement, bitter resentment, and a prospect of the outbreak of revolution; and while compliance with the reasonable demands of the United States would stimulate a

feeling of loyalty to Spain, Cuba belonged naturally in the orbit of the Northern Republic and sooner or later would be drawn into its place by the law of economic gravitation. There was no division of opinion in the island respecting either the advantages of or the necessity for commercial union.

The only planter who spoke to me in terms of disparagement of reciprocity was a rabid annexationist who apprehended that the success of the policy would postpone for an indefinite period political union. He had no faith in it. Anything short of annexation would be futile. The sugar-planters were at the end of their resources. They could not sell their estates, nor carry on business profitably, nor obtain trustworthy mechanics and skilled labor for so delicate and scientific an industry as sugar-making. The country was utterly exhausted. What was needed was American trade, capital, and labor; and these could only come after annexation. Cuba belonged in the Union. Nature intended it to be there. Economic law was carrying it in that direction. A financial collapse would accelerate the movement. No, reciprocity was not a remedy. Annexation must come. So this worthy man ran on for an hour or more. He was the only planter, or merchant, who dissented from the general opinion that commercial union was the only policy open to the island. As an uncompromising annexationist, he was repelled rather than attracted by the policy of reciprocity.

The Madrid government was reported at that time to be considering the expediency of imposing a direct export duty on sugar as soon as the American revenue duties were abolished in April, 1891. That would

have been a direct challenge to the United States. If it were followed by the enforcement of the reciprocity amendment at Washington and the restoration of the sugar duties against Cuba, it was conceded by all planters whom I met that 1892 would be a critical year. A political revolution was generally predicted as the direct consequence of the failure of negotiations with the United States. Not once but many times was the assertion made by men of influence that the Madrid government seemed bent upon precipitating a second insurrection by rejecting the overtures for commercial union. At the same time there were others, perhaps equally well informed, who were confident that the horrors and sufferings of the civil war, recalled with shuddering fear and anguish of mind, would prevent the recurrence of a political outbreak and induce public apathy. Every one was ready to concede that commercial union would greatly diminish the cost of living and the burdens imposed upon industry, and strengthen the bonds uniting the colonies with the mother State.

In every quarter I received testimony to the quiet, orderly, and peaceable character of the working population. The negroes were docile, easily controlled, and well disposed. During the insurrection the slaves were loyal to their masters. When the war ended, emancipation came as a reward for their good conduct. No feeling of race antipathy was excited. Whites and blacks adapted themselves at once to the new conditions. They may be seen to-day working side by side in the field or taking coffee together at a restaurant. The Spanish, being a Latin breed, have little of that strong feeling of affinity for their own blood, and of antipathy to a race of another color, that is characteris-

tic of the Anglo-Saxon. There was neither jealousy nor persecution of the freedmen, as in the United States after the war. There was no corresponding feeling of resentment against the whites.

These facts are significant, because the strongest argument against the annexation of Cuba before the Civil War in the United States was grounded upon the danger of increasing the area of slave population, and because also the inaction of the American government during the insurrection in the island was justified by the plea that the existence of turbulent and lawless classes there precluded intervention on its behalf. Emancipation has been wrought there with less race friction and disturbance than in the United States. In no other quarter of Spanish America is there less lawlessness than in Cuba. The strongest argument against the purchase or annexation of the island is the lack of congeniality and sympathy between the Latin race and the American Anglo-Saxons. They are as unlike as if they had been born and bred on different planets.

The Cuban question is looming up in the future of the United States as one of steadily increasing importance. Commercial union has satisfied, at least temporarily, all industrial classes and restored in some degree the prestige of Spain in the island. It has promoted investments of American capital and the development of the sugar industry on a large scale. With improved machinery and scientific processes it is not improbable that the production of sugar in Cuba will be doubled in a decade. The reductions of duties on American flour, provisions, manufactures, lumber, and coal will largely benefit consumers and industrial interests. If commercial union be followed by a revival

of business activity, as now seems probable, there will be no disturbance of the relations of political dependence upon the mother country, for Cuba with a restoration of its prosperity will be more loyal than ever before. If the reciprocity agreement fails to release the planters from their financial embarrassments, the force of economic gravitation toward the United States will become irresistible, and annexation will be the last resource of the island. Americans to-day are confident that they do not want Cuba on any terms. They are probably right, for the Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations do not accord with each other. But if in time the people of the island are found to be clamoring for admission into the Union, it may be very difficult to keep them out. Cuba is a storehouse of mineral and agricultural wealth. It was designed by nature to be the most productive garden of the tropics. The early Spanish navigators rightly named it the Pearl of the Antilles. It is a pearl clouded with industrial misfortunes. Under American administration it would be cleaned, reset, and polished, so as to shine with more than its old-time lustre.

XV

A CIRCUIT OF MEXICAN TOWNS

RUINED RACES AND PROSPEROUS INDUSTRIES OF YUCATAN — NEW HARBOR WORKS AT TAMPICO — VERA CRUZ IN WHITE CEREMENTS — OLD-TIME SCENES IN ORIZABA — PUEBLA AND CHOLULA — THE MOST PROSAIC CAPITAL OF SPANISH AMERICA — TOLUCA AND MORELIA — LAKE PATZCUARO AND TZINTZÚNTZAN — AN INDIAN ART-IDOL IN A RUINED CHURCH — CONTRAST BETWEEN AGUAS CALIENTES AND SAN LUIS POTOSÍ — MONTEREY IN A TRANSITION STAGE

THE traveller who follows in the track of Cortes and the Conquistadores from Cuba catches his first glimpse of Mexico on the second morning after leaving Havana. The yellow sand dunes of Progreso passed under the eyes of the boldest and least scrupulous adventurer of the era of the conquest as he was sailing along the coast of Yucatan toward the Tabasco River. It is the same sunny but treacherous shore which is seen five miles away as the ship lies at anchor, rolling from side to side with the ground-swell. If the winds still blow and the sand-bars are shifting with every ebb of the tide, as they were four hundred years ago, so, too, there is little change in the lower currents of human existence in Yucatan. The dark-skinned, coarse-haired, somnolent Mayas were there when Cortes sailed the seas, and they are still to be seen lazily tilling the fields and

sunning themselves in the market-places. Four centuries ago their great cities were already in ruins, and their massive causeways and temples were overgrown with tropical verdure. They had been a superior race, with a genius for architecture, mechanical art, and engineering such as the overrated Aztecs never possessed; but they were in an advanced stage of intellectual decadence when the Conquistadores passed along the coast. They still form the mass of the population of the peninsula, and when one glances at their stolid faces he finds it hard to believe that there has been any material change in their social state or mental development. The workmen in the sisal fields, the hammock-makers in their huts, and the market-women dozing in their stalls live very much as their swarthy ancestors lived generations ago. Fruit, maize paste, beans, and green peppers form their diet. If a laborer can make thirty cents a day he is content. He is always in debt to his employer, and is never to be counted upon for serious occupation twenty-four hours after a feast-day. This is the character of the working population of Yucatan according to the testimony of experienced observers. Generations of Mayas have lived and died since the palaces of Palenque and the temples of Chichen were overthrown, but there has been no revival of the primitive prestige of a wonderful race.

One must be just, however, in his estimate of Spanish-American civilization. If there are in Yucatan and in adjacent States hundreds of thousands of the descendants of Mexican races, whose genius is attested by the elaborate stone structures unearthed during the recent years by archæologists, it is because the conquest, with all its tyranny and merciless greed, left the natives in

possession of the coasts, fields, and forests. An Anglo-Saxon invasion would have swept them into the Pacific. The Indian tribes which witnessed the settlement of Jamestown, Manahatta, and Plymouth Rock have perished from the face of the earth. The Indians whom Cortes found in Yucatan and Mexico are still there, and it is their labor, unskilled and uncertain though it be, that makes the resources of the country available for the requirements of trade. If 4,000,000 out of 12,000,000, the estimated population of the country, are of pure Indian stock, the great mass of what remains, at least 6,000,000, is of mixed blood; and the upper strata of it have received the impress of Spanish civilization. It may not have imparted a progressive impulse to the Indian population, but it has not been a barren policy of extermination. The unmixed races remain, in their fallen estate, the most interesting ruins to be found in a land of ruins, but they have at least been left in possession of their mountains and forests. To these are added races of mixed blood, the bone and sinew of the population, upon which all hope for the future of Mexico must be grounded. Because the Spaniard does not have the same race affinities and antipathies which influence the Anglo-Saxon, there is a hybrid population that is capable of making social and political progress.

Yucatan offers strong and almost startling contrasts between what is old and what is new in Mexican civilization. The memorials of its ancient architecture and industries are embedded in its forests, and the strain of the oldest native blood runs in the population; but in its commercial activity and the development of its agricultural resources it is essentially modern. Progreso is practically the only port, and it is the terminus of a

well-managed system of American railways, by which a crop of henequen fibre, valued in 1890 at over $5,000,000, is carried to the American market. On its long wharf are landed all the imports received in the State, and it is the shipping-point for raw fibre, the main product of the country. The railway runs for many miles through sisal plantations. All the way from Progreso to Mérida acres of fibre-producing cactus are seen. Yucatan is one of the most productive and prosperous Mexican States. If the working population remains in a low state of impoverishment and ignorance, the henequen or sisal farmers have what Sir Ambrose Shea is seeking to provide for the Bahamas, an industry preëminently adapted to the soil and climate. A great industry has been established, and Progreso has become one of the largest shipping-points in Mexico, rivalling Vera Cruz. Mérida, while founded as long ago as 1542, is not a forlorn and crumbling town. The cathedral with its double towers fronting upon the plaza shows signs of age, but the houses are freshly painted, and offer a marked contrast to the dilapidated architecture of Cuban towns. The government buildings opposite the cathedral have double portales, graceful architectural lines, and an unmistakable Moorish effect. Mérida has a population of 50,000 and is a rich town. The henequen farmers live there in great comfort and spend money freely. At the carnival balls there is a lavish display of diamonds and Parisian costumes, and the planters and merchants often go abroad with their families to see the world.

From Progreso the steamer *Yucatan* crossed the Gulf and anchored for three days off Tampico, where fresh evidences of the progressive tendencies of Mexico were

furnished in the harbor works. This town with a population of only 5000 aspires to be a commercial rival of Vera Cruz and Progreso. American enterprise and engineering skill have converted the worst into the best harbor on the coast. A sand-bar shifting with the breath of every norther has blocked the entrance to a broad and deep river with a channel adequate for the requirements of shipping of heavy draught. Work was begun in March, 1890, on a system of jetties similar to those constructed at the mouth of the Mississippi. The capital for this great enterprise is American, being supplied by the Mexican Central Railway Company, which opened direct communication with Tampico from San Luis Potosí in 1890. The Monterey and Gulf Railway will connect the town with Laredo and Eagle Pass, and the Interoceanic in time will approach it from the south. With these railway facilities and with a deep-water harbor secured through the construction of the jetties, Tampico will inevitably become a great commercial centre.

Vera Cruz is making a belated and unscientific effort to improve its own harbor. A breakwater or mole is to be extended to the reef which now renders the entrance to its harbor very dangerous. There will be piers built on the inner side, so that vessels can take their cargoes from railway cars. The plan is very effective on paper, but conservative engineers predict that it will be a failure, since such a breakwater will not prevent the blocking of the harbor entrance with sand. Of the two rival engineering schemes, the Tampico jetty system is the more scientific and provides a practical method of scouring out the harbor. Vera Cruz, while it is laboring over its clumsy breakwater, will not admit that its

commercial supremacy is menaced by so insignificant a rival as Tampico. It is the natural gateway to the capital, and, moreover, has behind it the rich coffee districts of Cordova and Orizaba. These advantages are very great, but little Tampico is surrounded by mountain slopes, where coffee can be produced as readily as ixtle fibre on the higher plateau, and it is the natural shipping-point for the ores and metals of Central and Northern Mexico. Vera Cruz cannot afford to despise ambitious Tampico. The export trade of the three Gulf ports, Progreso, Tampico, and Vera Cruz, is largely with New York and New Orleans. Coffee and raw fibre are the chief exports, with silver ore, dyewoods, hides, rubber, sarsaparilla, and fruit in small quantities. Three-fourths of the surplus product of coffee is now sent to the American market and almost all the crude fibre. Two-thirds of the commerce of Vera Cruz is with the United States.

An ill-omened city of the dead, Vera Cruz is approached with a sinking of the heart, and even picturesque beauty is without power to restore courage and to disarm prejudice. Under the intense blue of a tropical sky the disreputable old town, with its blackened domes, its reeking fever-nests and its swarms of scavenger birds, is transfigured by rich mists of sunlight and revealed in spectral loveliness. Two majestic mountains, towering above the cloud-girt Sierra Madre range, bend over it like guardian spirits. Grim San Juan de Ulúa stands at the entrance of the harbor like a cemetery lodge. Landward is a vista of crumbling flat-roofed houses, cluttered like gravestones, with here and there, like monuments upreared, a church tower with china tiles, or a Moorish dome with time-stained face. Where

the city ends in reaches of sand, palms and rank cactus growths stand out like ornamental shrubbery on the borders of a cemetery. Learned travellers stroke their beards and assert that the effect of the architecture is Egyptian. What they see is a Spanish city of the dead, with glittering crosses and monumental belfries pointing heavenward, and with weird and ghastly effects of light and shadow such as are rarely known on sea or land.

The two giant sentinels of the coast, the Cofre de Perote and Orizaba, are isolated mountains on the outer edge of the broad Mexican table-land. Jalapa lies at the base of one and Cordova and Orizaba within a day's mule-ride of the other. These three cities are approached from the coast through orange groves, plantations of coffee, sugar, and tobacco, and broad stretches of tropical forest. The foot of the range is reached by the English railway from Vera Cruz after sterile savannas and swamp lands have been passed. The vegetation increases in luxuriance as the slopes are ascended; barrancas a thousand feet deep flank the line of the railway, and mountain torrents and cascades flash before the eye as the train winds around ravines and plunges from one tunnel into another. Almost from the base of the range the symmetrical peak of Orizaba with its snowy summit is seen, and every mile of the journey inland its proportions are enlarged and its splendors increased. A railway which makes less than three miles in a direct line while passing over twenty miles of zigzag and spiral curve cannot be anything but intensely interesting to sight-seers. The scenery by the Interoceanic, the new coast line to the capital, is described as equally fine, although the grades are easier

and the methods of construction much more economical. About $30,000,000 went into the English railway, owing to defective surveys for the enterprise. The original blunders have involved high operating expenses, which place it at a serious disadvantage in meeting competition.

What Orizaba was in Maximilian's time it remains to this day — a characteristic bit of old Mexico. With the railway station a mile away and with three lines of street cars restricted to short routes, it has not been despoiled of its picturesque quaintness by modern innovation. Railways and electric lights have come, but the antique simplicity of primitive customs remains. The market scenes might have been sketched by Bernal Diaz, the companion of Cortes, nearly four hundred years ago. The dark-skinned women at the fountains, filling their water jars; the long, straggling lines of donkeys in the roadways; the groups of peasants in tattered raiment with soles of leather bandaged to their feet, and grandiose hats on their heads, resplendent with silver cord and tinsel ornaments; caballeros with silver stirrups and gorgeous saddles, and beggars by the wayside with black-eyed babies carried in deep pockets on their backs, are figures belonging to old Mexico which are disappearing from the central plateau and the northern border. In Orizaba they are in accord with the scenic surroundings. The cowering beggar lying in a heap and mumbling for alms is in the right place under the crumbling church tower. The meek burro is at home in the crooked lanes and deep defiles. The swarthy Indian faces, with black plaited hair and gleaming teeth, are appropriately framed by the rough casements in the adobe walls of the low-browed houses.

For variety of landscape effect and antique architecture, Orizaba is unrivalled in a picturesque realm. It lies in a verdant valley engirdled with bold hills which would rise to the dignity of mountains, if Orizaba were not close at hand with the tip of its white cone nearly 18,000 feet above the sea, surpassed in height by Popocatepetl beyond the plain of Puebla, but unique in its symmetry of form and majestic in its isolation. There are three rocky ravines with brooks of sufficient volume to turn the water-wheels of old-time factories. There is an alameda with noble trees and a bright little zócalo with a cluster of antique stone churches around it. Fountains are playing under orange trees, and stone benches are shadowed by the gorgeous tulipan. Every bridge spanning the foaming rivulets is an artistic study. Every angle of the crumbling military wall and every water-wheel among the rocks is an inviting target for the tourist's camera. The streets, winding in and out among the churches to the borders of the town, end in plantation roads with neatly trimmed hedges, white-washed cabins, and cultivated fields of coffee, sugar, and tobacco. The coffee shrubs are shaded with rows of bananas, but the sugar and tobacco have full exposure to the sun. The town is bordered on all sides with tropical verdure.

While Orizaba is a remnant of old Mexico, it reveals the promise of the potency of progress. The antique churches contain paintings of real merit by native artists. American tourists are accustomed to saunter carelessly through Mexican churches and to glance contemptuously at the altar-pieces and sacristy panels as crude and ignorant work. There is much bad painting of the religious order, but the collection in the Gallery

of Fine Arts in Mexico contains not a few pictures of original force and fine coloring. Orizaba has had a native artist named Gabriel Barranco, who has enriched the churches with works of noble purpose, if of unequal execution. His Holy Family in the rambling church of San José de Gracia is an attempt to Mexicanize Nazareth; for the rug on the floor, the pottery on the shelf, and the tools on the carpenter's bench are all native wares. The expedient of nationalizing their work was adopted by all patriotic painters of the Middle Ages. This industrious Mexican, laboring in a remote mountain town, has felt the impulse of by-gone religious inspiration and has given characteristic expression to the devotional life of his country. In like manner Felix Parra, in his noble painting of Las Casas in the National Gallery of Mexico, has shown that Mexican art has a present of positive achievement rather than a future of doubtful promise.

Whoever founded Puebla had the instinct of a modern sanitary engineer. The city stands on the easy slope of a hillside, and, unlike other Mexican towns of the first rank, is thoroughly drained. While the death-rate of the national capital is raised by drainage conducted under impossible conditions, the lakes being higher than the city, Puebla has all the advantages of a healthful site. It is one of the cleanest of cities. There are gangs of prisoners constantly employed in the roadways, and police inspection is most thorough. The visitor who drives out to the fortifications on the crests of Guadalupe and Loreto obtains an inspiring view of the city, with its undulating levels, its yellow, blue, pink, and white domes, its avenues of fir trees in the old Paseo, the brown, gray, and red façades of the churches,

the fine lines of the tower of San Francisco, and the magnificent cathedral pile. Puebla, however, is not only a handsome town when seen from a distance under favorable conditions of light, but also when closely inspected in detail. It is largely built of granite, and has many massive structures on its broad thoroughfares. It is a city of churches, hospitals, charitable institutions, colleges, and theatres. Glazed tiles are used not only in the church domes, to produce the effect of mosaics in the strong sunlight, but also in the business blocks and public hospitals, to break the cold uniformity of stone façades. Wrought-iron work is also employed for ornamental effects, and there are signs of originality in the street architecture. The central square is one of the handsomest in Mexico, and every afternoon and evening it is filled with promenaders while the band is playing. They listen with rapturous delight and intelligent appreciation. They have a strong preference for music by Mexican composers, which expresses their own joy in life, their excitable temperament, and volatile spirits. There is no other country in Spanish America where a distinct school of native composers has been created. The military bands in Brazil, the Argentine, and Chili play selections from French operas and Strauss's waltzes. In Mexico the largest proportion of the music is of native composition, consisting of military marches and waltzes of original movement and refinement of feeling. Some of the bands are exceedingly good, notably those of Puebla, Morelia, and Monterey.

The cathedral of Puebla is undoubtedly the finest church in Spanish America. The cathedral in Mexico is larger, but the proportions are less symmetrical and the lines are inferior to those of this majestic pile; and

as an interior it is not to be compared with the Puebla cathedral in richness of workmanship and simplicity of treatment. Two high towers surmount an impressive façade of stone, with basso-relievos in white marble. Built upon a stone terrace, it is of massive construction over 300 feet long and 100 wide, with a nave eighty feet high, crowned with a spacious dome. Other Spanish cathedrals are marred with meretricious ornamentation and tawdry decorations. Here every interior effect is rich and shapely. The pavement, instead of being floored as in the cathedral of Mexico, is of colored marbles. The entrance doors are magnificent samples of wood carving. The high altar is the costliest and incomparably the finest in Tropical America, being fashioned of onyx and many other Mexican marbles, and ornamented with bronzes and inlaid pictures.

The transition from the noble cathedral to the pyramid mound of Cholula is a natural one, for it places the most finished product of Spanish-American civilization in comparison with one of the mighty works of the mysterious races who preceded the overrated Aztecs of the time of Cortes. It is approached by tram-car across the Atoyac Valley, a long ride of six or eight miles; or it can be reached by the Interoceanic Railway, which has a station at its base. The grass-grown pyramid mound is in the centre of a straggling Indian town, containing a plaza and as many as twenty old churches, some of which have been closed and practically abandoned. What may have been, at the time of the Spanish Conquest, a pyramid with a truncated top, is now a steep terraced hill, with a road leading to the summit, which is crowned with a little chapel. The aspect of this

ancient mound has been so completely transformed by Spanish embellishment and road-making, and by decades of vegetation, that it is now impossible to determine what were its original proportions. That it was of artificial construction is evident from the fresh cut made at its base for the railway bed, adobe, brick, and fragments of limestone being plainly seen. If the mound-builders came from the North, they improved their opportunity for education during their southern residence, for their architectural work in Mexico is vastly superior to the crude hummocks found in the Mississippi Valley and in the southwestern States. If they came from Central America and the Isthmus, they brought with them arts which flourished at a very early date in Peru.

An American traveller entering Mexico with the preconception that he is visiting a country without aptitude for making industrial progress only needs to visit the manufacturing cities of the table-land, Puebla and Leon, in order to have an increased feeling of respect for the people. Not only have agricultural industries of great importance been established, but nearly everything which the native population requires for clothing and every-day life is made on Mexican soil. The cotton mantas and shawls worn by the women, and the woollen blankets in which the men enwrap themselves, are of domestic manufacture. A coarse, unbleached cotton cloth, which is the only material used for clothing by two-thirds of the population, is produced by as many as one hundred mills. Twenty-two of these cotton factories are in Puebla. There are also five woollen mills in the city, and factories for producing leather goods, hats of felt and straw, potteries, glassware, paper, matches, soap, and many other articles in com-

mon use. Puebla is also the centre of the onyx quarries, and tiles of various patterns are manufactured for building purposes. The peon and his wife are clad in homespun fabrics; the manta, zarape, and reboso are of Mexican cotton or wool; the sandals on their feet and the gorgeous sombreros on their heads are of domestic manufacture; they eat their maize cakes and beans from native pottery, and when they mount their mules to go to market they are in saddles of local production and at liberty to use a genuine Mexican spur. Elsewhere in Spanish America the markets are bazaars filled with European goods of the cheapest grades. Mexico has its own manual arts and domestic manufactures.

The national capital is the most modern and prosaic city in Mexico. It lacks the strong coloring of characteristic costumes and the quaintness of old-time simplicity. There is the pulsating activity of a population of 325,000 to be felt in its streets, but reminiscences and memorials of the storied past embalmed by the genius of Prescott will be searched for laboriously, if not in vain, outside the National Museum. The two volcanoes, irreverently called by Americans "Popo" and "Woman in White," instead of overhanging the historic lakes, are a long way off, and are seen to less advantage from the entrance to Dolores cemetery, or from the military school at Chapultepec, than from the plain of Puebla. The suburbs are not picturesque. The Viga Canal is a trench of nauseating stenches, and the chinampas or floating gardens are a flimsy humbug. The lakes are drainage cesspools, instead of being crystal sheets of water to reflect the intense blue of the Mexican sky. Chapultepec is a beautiful old castle, but the Paseo de la Reforma leading to it is grand only in design. The

approaches to the shrine of Guadalupe with the stone stations of the cross have been ruined by the railway tracks. With the single exception of the cathedral, there is nothing in the architecture of the city that is impressive. It is at once the most progressive and the most commonplace capital in Latin America.

What Mexico really is can be told in the plainest prose. It ranks after Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro as the third capital of Tropical America. It is well built, paved, and flagged, has a fine water supply, is lighted with electricity and gas, and has an excellent police. The streets are cleaner than those of any American city. The pavements in such streets as San Francisco, the Plateros, and Cinco de Mayo, are as smooth as a polished ball-room floor, and pleasure-grounds like the zócalo in front of the cathedral and the main Alameda are always in perfect order and as beautiful as Spanish landscape gardening can make them. Mexico has a most convenient system of street cars, by which every suburb can be directly approached, and a reformed method of numbering the avenues from a central point, by which order will finally be evolved out of the present confusing conditions of street nomenclature. The altitude of the city, about 7,500 feet above sea level, is trying to all who are not acclimated to it; but the heat during the dry season is seldom oppressive, and the nights are invariably cool. During the rainy season the streets are often flooded, since the lakes, with one exception, are higher than the city, and the drainage problem has continued to baffle the intelligence of the engineers. There are few theatres for so large a city, and the hotels and restaurants are utterly abominable. Mexico is in need of well-managed hotels, chop-houses, and steam

laundries. Until these wants are supplied, it will remain a city where travellers are condemned to endure much discomfort and annoyance. My fortnight's stay in the city was fortunately timed so as to include the carnival ball at the Jockey Club, an imposing ecclesiastical funeral, and an impressive military parade. I saw Mexico at its best and was impressed with its progressive tendencies. There is the bustle of increasing business in its streets; there is the movement of intellectual forces in its daily life; and there is an air of refinement and culture among its wealthiest classes.

Among the seventy churches of the capital there is one of unrivalled grandeur and another of superior sanctity in the estimation of the Mexicans. The cathedral is over 400 feet long, 200 feet wide, with double towers of great height. With its majestic proportions and wealth of basso-relievos and statues, this could not be anything but an imposing structure; but there is a lack of symmetry in the exterior design, with an inharmonious mingling of incongruous architectural lines and types. The cathedral at Puebla is superior to it both within and without. I can say this with a feeling of confidence, because I have seen the cathedral of Mexico under the best possible conditions, when it was crowded with worshippers from the massive portals to the high altar at the funeral of Archbishop Labastida, and when it was deprived of its usual bare and cold aspect; but the interior is deficient in richness of effect and warmth of coloring, and must be adjudged inferior to the cathedral of Puebla.

The cluster of churches surrounding the miraculous spring and image at Guadalupe possesses few architectural merits, but the interiors are heavily weighted with

gold and silver, and represent an outlay of millions of dollars. This is the Mexican Mecca, which has been visited in past generations by hundreds of thousands of pilgrims, who have knelt at the twelve stone stations. It still retains its preëminence as the favorite sanctuary of the patron saint of Mexico — Our Lady of Guadalupe. Incongruous is the dirty town of Guadalupe, with its pulque-drinking and lazy population sunning itself in the plaza within a few yards of the scenes of all these appearances of the Mystic Lady. Familiarity with ground consecrated by heavenly visitations seems to have exerted a demoralizing effect upon the inhabitants. There is no meaner town, no population more degraded, than is to be seen here on holy ground, where emperors and beggars alike have prostrated themselves before the stations of the cross.

If the traveller be enthusiastic over the glories of that wonderful Aztec civilization which Cortes is reputed to have found in the Valley of Mexico, two or three protracted morning hours in the National Museum will be needed in order to restore his impaired faculties. A thorough study of that remarkable collection of antiquities may convince him that the Aztecs belonged to the stone age, possessed only a crude mechanical art and no metallic tools, were without artistic instinct, and had neither a written language nor money nor manufactures. The real treasures of the collection, such as the Calendar Stone, the Sacrificial Stone, and the idol of Huitzilopochtli, probably are not Aztec relics at all, but the remnants of an earlier and higher civilization, which had been overthrown before Cortes landed in Mexico. It is in the National Museum that the visitor sees all that can honestly be seen of old Mexico. He may not

be able to identify periods and races, but he will have at least a vague sense of sampling all the generations of primeval Mexico, and of condemning such art as they possessed as both coarse and hideous, and as offering no indication of a civilization much in advance of that of other cannibal savages. The National Museum, Art Gallery, and Library are three well-conducted institutions, which are thrown open to the public without charge for admission. These are the chief treasure-houses of Mexican archæology, art, and literature, and the collections are of inestimable value for their educational influences. The Museum has created rival schools of archæology in Mexico. The Gallery, with its fine picture of Las Casas and other strong works, has imparted an impulse to national art. The immense library has only been partly explored, and contains material for a revised history of the country, which will settle many disputed points. These three magnificent collections are the crowning treasures of modern Aztec Land.

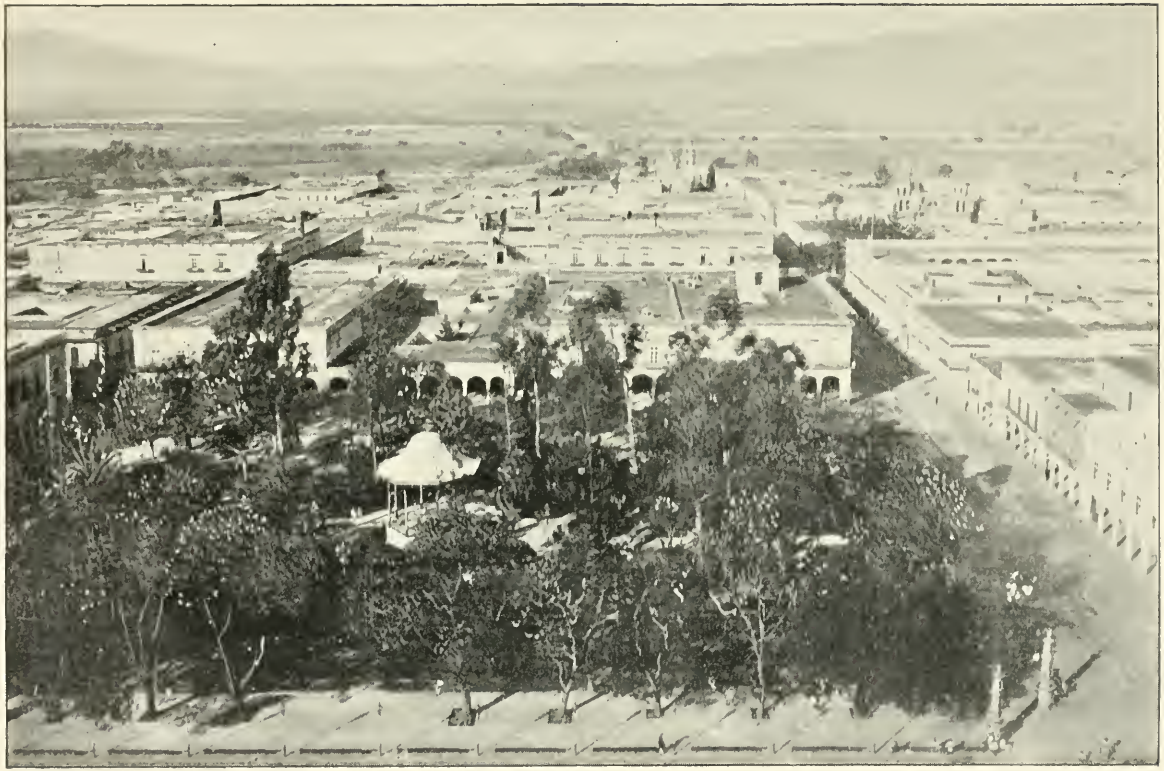
The railway from the national capital to Toluca leads over the mountains and commands magnificent prospects not only of the Valley of Mexico and the snow-crowned volcanoes, but also of another majestic peak in the West, the Nevado de Toluca. Starting at a level of 7400 feet above the sea, the line crosses the divide beyond Salazar at an altitude of 10,635 feet and descends to a level of 8600 feet at Toluca. It is a railway ride of only forty-five miles, but there is not a dull mile among them. At Dos Rios, a fantastic swarm of Indian huts, there is a long bridge spanning a mountain stream, and then opens a succession of barrancas, or gorges, leading up to the summit at Sala-

zar. Everything in this wonderful panorama of rugged highland scenery is in accord, the wild, precipitous cañons, the foaming water-courses, the town and serrated edges of the mountains, the bristling, sword-spiked magueys, the adobe huts, and the gypsy creatures trafficking in pulque and tortillas as the train halts at the stations in its circuitous and laborious passage. When the divide is crossed, there is another series of gorges, another mountain torrent is followed in its windings from the summit, and the magueys, the thatched Indian cabins, and the bundles of bright costumes are in keeping with the scenic surroundings. The stately Nevado de Toluca, rivalled in height only by Popocatepetl, Orizaba, and Ixtaccihautl, looms up from the valley of Salazar to make the last stage of the journey as impressive as the first.

Toluca is one of the oldest Mexican cities, having been one of the strongholds of the Toltecs before the ascendency of the Aztecs was established in the great valley by the lakes; but it is one of the most modern in its general appearance. It is the capital of the federal State of Mexico, and it has government palaces, buildings, and churches of recent construction and architectural pretensions. It has a college of excellent reputation and a spacious, well-conducted market. It has also a special brew of beer, which is sold everywhere in Mexico, and has added not a little to its contemporaneous fame. Toluca affects a jaunty, youthful air and does not care to be reminded of its ancient history. Its pride is centred in its new institutions and buildings, and in the bustle, energy, and industrial activity displayed by its people. This affectation of newness does not enable it to dispense with two of the old-time abominations, a miracle-working image and a bull-ring.

Morelia has one of the few really impressive cathedrals in Mexico. The sacristy is very beautiful, and there is much fine carving in the choir. The towers are finely proportioned, and the effect of the exterior is symmetrical and imposing. There are several other handsome churches in the town, but this ranks among the most pretentious in Mexico. In general terms it is safe to affirm that, in excellence of architectural design and in richness of interior decoration, there are at least six churches in Mexico surpassing any cathedral in South America that can be named. There may, or may not, be more piety, but certainly there is better art. Another distinguishing characteristic of Morelia is its charming pleasure-grounds. In addition to the plazas on each side of the cathedral, there is an alameda at the eastern end of the town, where a long stone causeway, with broad parapets and benches, is shaded with trees. This causeway is spanned by an aqueduct, and it is a delightful place for outdoor music. Since I have compared the ecclesiastical architecture of Mexico with that of South America, it may be well to add that with the exception of Rio de Janeiro and Santiago in Chili there are no cities in the far South possessing such artistic plazas and alamedas as are seen in Aztec land. Spanish regularity and landscape gardening have left their impress upon Mexican cities, but in the aboriginal blood there must have been a strain of passion for decorative effect.

From Morelia I made an excursion with one of the students of the college to Tzintzúntzan. The village was formerly inaccessible, but it is now readily reached from Patzcuaro, the terminus of the Morelia branch of the National Railway. From a picturesque hacienda, where a clean bed and delicious whitefish broiled to a



MORELIA

turn are to be had, a little steamer crosses the lake to Erangaricuaro, a curious Indian village, where barges are filled with lumber cut in the mountains near by. We started before seven in the morning with a double portion of delicious coffee from Uráupam and two eggs; for breakfast in the Indian fonda at Erangaricuaro would be delayed until two o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was hardly high enough above the eastern mountains to light up the weather-beaten face of the hospitable plantation-house, with its farm buildings and orderly kitchen garden; but the lake was already revealed in the same bewitching loveliness which enchanted Humboldt, the wisest and least imaginative of travellers. There are larger lakes in Mexico, Chapala, near Guadalajara, being three times as long; but there is none to be compared with it in beauty. Lake Patzcuaro is well named, in the Tarascan tongue, the place of delights. It is encircled with mountains and sealed with flowering islands. Twenty-five miles in length by ten in breadth, it is a miniature Lake George at an altitude of 7000 feet above the sea. Bold mountain peaks cleave the sky, with Tzirate towering afar in stately splendor and the treacherous volcano, Jorullo, looming up ominously in the south. The undulating banks are robed in exquisite freshness of verdure. The islands Xanicho, Xarácuaro and Pacanda, with their fishing hamlets, are mirrored in the waters with the clouds hanging over them; and the visitor seems to see what he could not find in the lakes of the Valley of Mexico, the fabled floating gardens of Aztec days. Great swarms of wild duck are fluttering over the tranquil surface of the lake, undisturbed by the sportsman's rifle. It seems like a deserted lake, for there are no signs of life in the fishing

hamlets. The few Indians gliding noiselessly by with their rapt, impassive faces, in their primitive canoes, are ghosts of the Tarascan past rather than moving figures in the Mexico of to-day. The noisy, puffing little steamer, with its lumber barge, appears out of place on this tranquil sheet of water. It is a region which seems to belong to the dreamy reaches of a storied past.

There was an empire, with Tzintzúntzan as its capital, when Cortes invaded Mexico. From the Pacific to the frontiers of the Aztecs the Tarascan kings held sway. Their palaces were in the valley of Patzcuaro, on the shores of the lake and on the slopes of Tzirate. Fortresses were on the islands and paved roads, and timbered subterranean passages connected the cities. At Iguatzio there was an ancient pyramid. There were temples with hideous carved idols, and massive sepulchres for Tarascan sovereigns. It was a peaceful race, but when attacked it was warlike and powerful, as the Aztecs learned to their cost. Cortes, when he had conquered the great city beside the eastern lakes, sent, not an army, but missionaries to Tzintzúntzan, and they were received gladly. The idols were overthrown and the Tarascan King himself embraced Christianity. Then came one of the atrocities of the Spanish Conquest. The King was burned at the stake for withholding treasures from a commission of covetous adventurers. The Tarascan chiefs were put to death with horrible torture, and the affrighted natives were scattered among the mountains of Lake Patzcuaro. This massacre caused indignation in the Spanish Court, and Quiroga was sent out to renew the faith of the natives in a religion which had been defiled by odious crimes. He was the first bishop of Michoacan, and he was consecrated at

Tzintzúntzan. He founded the first college in Mexico, and preached a gospel of love and good works, which won the hearts of the simple and docile Tarascans. Three centuries have passed since his death, but his memory is reverenced still by the Indian population in the fishing villages. The glory of the Tarascan empire has passed away, but not the gratitude of the race to the saintly man who taught them ways of pleasantness and peace.

It is now eleven o'clock, and the two belfries of the ancient churches invite approach from the beach. A long lane leads up the slope of one of the two hills over which the adobe cabins are scattered. A throng of Indians gaze at the visitors with indifferent interest at the landing, and a guide lazily consents to conduct the party to the churches. The houses are the rudest cells of sun-dried clay, and there are roses blooming over the doorways, and luxuriant vines have covered the crumbling walls with fragrant verdure. One cabin is like another, for a spirit of equality prevails among this simple-minded people, and no one is anxious to have a better house than his neighbor. There are pigs in the lanes, common red pottery in the cupboards, and for all the uniform diet of maize-cakes and beans. Even in the rudest and most neglected dwelling there is some faint indication of that love of decorative effect which is characteristic of the Mexican people. The municipal hall is in a sorry state of decay, but within there is a picture of the last Tarascan King's conversion to Christianity. Further on is the old wall surrounding the churches, and behind it there is a grove of olive trees, planted by the Franciscan clergy, who labored there more than three centuries ago. The cathedral seat was transferred even in Bishop

Quiroga's time; the college was also shifted to Valladolid; the hospital was abandoned, and the church and cloister were left to fall into decay and ruin; but the olive orchard remains fresh and beautiful above the graves where the pious Catholic missionaries were buried in the tangled garden of the convent.

One thing more remains to match the beauty of these olive trees. The parish church is open, and Indians are kneeling in front of the most beautiful picture in Mexico. It hangs in the sacristy of the shabby little enclosure and is dimly lighted by a single square of white glass near the roof. It is a large panel representing the Entombment of Christ, with the Virgin, Magdalen, Saint John, and seven other figures, one of whom is said to resemble Philip II. This is the picture which Titian is reported to have painted, and the King to have sent to Quiroga as a token of his personal regard. Whether the tradition be well authenticated or not, it is a noble work of art, worthy of any master. The strong drawing of the figures, the contrasted coloring of living and dead flesh, the artistic effects of grouping, the delicate bit of landscape in the background, and the profound study of light and shade are evidences that some master hand, whether Titian's or a pupil's, was laboriously employed on this canvas. Even in the dim light of the forlorn little chapel it shines and glows, a masterpiece of coloring and composition, superior to any canvas in the great art gallery in Mexico.

There is perhaps no experience which a sympathetic traveller can have in Mexico more suggestive than is offered by a glimpse of the interior of this parish church. The surroundings are bare and mean, the images of Christ on the high altar are coarse and vul-

gar, and both priests and people are ignorant and superstitious; yet incongruous as the effect seems, an art treasure is jealously guarded and worshipped almost as an idol by the impoverished population of this ruined village. Large sums have been offered both by Americans and by the ecclesiastical authorities in Mexico for this painting, but it cannot be purchased. The Tarascan worshippers at this forlorn shrine kneel beside the picture and offer the incense of simple-minded adoration to the dead Christ and to the living Mary, and in their rude, unlettered way appreciate that they have something almost divine that makes their temple glorious. Perhaps the little Indian women say their prayers and glance with their piercing black eyes at the pictured group, and then creep out of the cloister with a feeling that they have been nearer heaven. Certainly the tall Tarascan men follow a stranger into the church and stand around him while he is there very much as a cordon of police surrounds a suspected pickpocket. The natives are bent upon protecting their art treasure with aboriginal vigilance against the depredations of foreign invaders. It is the last remnant of the faded grandeur of their race, and they cling to it with passionate intensity of feeling.

From Patzcuaro I turned northward, halting at Morelia for a few days, to be refreshed by a second glimpse of its fine Cathedral and lovely plazas, and journeying thence to Acámbaro to renew acquaintance with an American friend, who had accompanied me from Havana to Vera Cruz, Orizaba, Puebla, and Mexico. The railway ride is a charming one all the way from Patzcuaro. Several villages of great antiquity are passed, and one of the finest haciendas to be seen in Mexico flashes into view.

There are entrancing vistas of Lake Cuitzeo, a broad sheet of water inferior only to Lake Patzcuaro in tranquil beauty and in the bold setting of surrounding highlands. Acámbaro lies in a beautiful valley with mountains sloping gently toward the lake. Here the main line of the Mexican National leading from the capital to Laredo is intercepted, and the returning traveller boxes the compass and sets his face in the direction of home.

There was the promise of great progress when this straggling town attained to the dignity of a railway junction. A curious stone bridge built across the Lerma was an antiquated reminder of the importance of the village in earlier times, when it commanded the approaches to Mexico from the Pacific coast. As the town had once been a centre of transit trade and industrial activity, there was ground for hoping that its fortunes would revive in the new era of railway progress. Acámbaro may have disappointed the expectations of railway projectors, but it is a quaint and picturesque halting-place for the traveller, who sees there not only Indian huts and dilapidated adobe houses, but also one of the oldest churches in Mexico. The parish church of San Francisco dates back to 1532, and has an interior which has escaped the reformatory ravages of restoration decorators. The miniature plaza, the churchyard, with its noble trees, a series of little chapels marking the stations of the cross, and the historic bridge offer characteristic glimpses of that old-time Mexico which the American tourist is always eager to see. Acámbaro has also a representative population that occupies middle ground between the degradation of Indian villages and the social progress of the prosperous cities of Mexico. It is a convenient place for striking an average esti-

mate of the real condition of the country. It is conservative almost to the point of sluggishness, but it is not a stationary population. There are signs of progress even in the neglected streets. There are artistic touches in the surroundings of the adobe houses. A charm of manner and a grace of movement in the women favorably impress the visitor.

Aguas Calientes and San Luis Potosí offer a striking contrast between what is stagnant and what is progressive in Mexican civilization. Each was founded in the century of the Spanish Conquest; but one has languished with a declining population and a spurious reputation as a watering-place, while the other has received the impulse of an invigorating industrial movement. Aguas Calientes is a watering-place without wealth, fashion, drives, or scenic attractions. It has a central square and a larger public garden, each ornamented with a fountain and parterres of coarse flowers; but neither is well cared for, nor are there any bewildering effects of tropical trees and luxuriant vegetation. The town is built on the rocky centre of an arid plain, where neither vineyards nor verdure are to be seen. The streets are narrow and dingy; the churches and public buildings are mediocre; and the houses are low, whitewashed adobe structures, without glass in the windows or warmth of color. The alameda is a neglected roadway with a row of tall trees and a trench of tepid water. Morning and afternoon the laundry work of the town is carried on there, and hundreds of Indian hags are seen washing clothes in the trench and hanging them out to dry on bushes and rocks. It is this study from life which is the only novel and characteristic feature of the Mexican watering-place, unless the desiccated

monk in the crypt is to be added, the only catalogued attraction of Aguas Calientes for which I failed to look.

The baths are excellent, whatever may be said of the wanton disregard of conventionalities displayed by the rollicking women outside. A hot-water bath is a wholesome thing for a travel-stained wanderer in Mexico, but it does not offer adequate compensation to the sightseer whose days are numbered in the land of the picturesque. Aguas Calientes with its hideous scrub-women and naked amphibians is hardly worth the attention of the traveller who is pressed for time. He will do better to hasten to Leon and Guanajuato, one a thriving manufacturing city and the other a quaint mining town with picturesque and grotesque surroundings, and not even to waste a day in this dilapidated and uninteresting town. Aguas Calientes seems to lie outside the range of the industrial movement which is transforming the face of Mexico. There is no stir of activity in its streets; there are no new industries; it is a centre of unremunerative agriculture; and its population is declining. With its ill-fed, shambling burros, its clumsy, antiquated carts, and its languid and unprogressive population, it represents old-time Mexico.

San Luis Potosí has been considered in revolutionary times the most important strategic centre for military operations in Mexico. The railways have converted it into a commercial capital of the first rank. The Mexican National made it the centre of its trunk system from Laredo to the city of Mexico, building the handsomest stone railway station to be seen in the country. The Mexican Central, in opening a new port at Tampico, has constructed a branch line to the coast with San Luis Potosí as the core. It is a city with a population

of 60,000, is growing rapidly and already pulsating with business activity. Substantially built and well laid out, with a spacious alameda and three handsome plazas close together, it has an imposing cathedral and many fine churches, a State capital, a public library, a museum, a mint, a college, hospitals, and many other notable structures. Adobe is already giving place to an excellent building stone, which is found in the valley outside the city. New railway depots and other large buildings are in course of construction in every quarter of the town, and there is an unmistakable air of life, bustle, and enterprise in the streets. The stores are stocked with many classes of merchandise not seen in cities further south. There are fine displays of American manufactures and especially of agricultural implements and machinery. The city will profit largely by the commercial development of Tampico, following the successful completion of the jetties. Coal, lumber, cotton, and iron, when exported on a large scale from the United States, will be brought to San Luis Potosí as a smelting and manufacturing centre. The new smelting works with facilities for the reduction of ores of all grades have created an industry which will largely increase the business of the city. Other manufacturing enterprises are already established, and the material prosperity of the town is apparent. He must be a dull observer who does not forecast the growing importance of this flourishing city in the Mexico of the future, which is destined to be vitalized with American energy.

There are more Americans in Monterey than in any other Mexican city except the national capital. The stores are filled with Yankee notions, and the warehouses with improved farm implements and mining

machinery. American capital is going into the largest of the three smelting works under construction, and the other two are under American management. The railways have been built and are operated by Americans. The factories, which are employing a large share of the working population, are falling into American hands. The impulse which the industrial development of northern Mexico has received since the completion of the leading railways, the National, International, and Central, has come from the impact of northern energy. Monterey is destined to become a great centre of manufacturing and border trade, and to be identified more and more closely every year with the commercial and mining interests of the western States of the American Union. While losing its characteristics as a Mexican city, it is assimilating the elements of American enterprise, energy, and progress. There are adequate compensations for the sacrifice of those picturesque effects of architecture and costumes which tourists from the North miss when they are seeing the sights of the town. Monterey must always, however, be a city worth visiting, for it commands a grand prospect of the Sierra Madre, and lies in the centre of a plain between two imposing mountains, Silla and Mitras. With an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea, it has a fine, equable climate and all the conditions required for public health.

As the Rio Grande is approached, signs of American influence are multiplied. At Aguas Calientes there is pie; at Catorce the cream-jug is restored to its place in the domestic economy; at Saltillo there are biscuits and griddle-cakes; and at Monterey breakfast is served at half-past seven, with toast, steak, fried potatoes, and an omelet. To these dietary changes from Central Mex-

ico, where the heavens rain tortillas, and where frijoles and tomalis are gathered like manna in the dewy morning, are added other tokens of contact and affiliation with the northern race. The iron-pointed, crooked stick is replaced by the improved American plow. The clumsy carts with solid wheels have disappeared, and in their place are seen light farm wagons from the North. The saw-toothed sickle has gone out of use, and cradles, reapers, and threshing-machines of American manufacture are in the barns. In Monterey there is a marked reaction against the square, flat-roofed houses with gardens in the interior courts, and a gradual approach to American architecture. The roofs at least are beginning to tilt, and frame houses with piazzas are familiar objects. There is a large and influential northern colony, and it is changing the aspect of the city. English is spoken at every turn. The characteristic Mexican costumes are missed from the plaza. The fanciful names usually applied to Spanish-American shops as street signs are falling into disfavor, and storekeepers are venturing to put their own names in large gilt letters over their doors. The hotels are conducted on the American plan without any attempt at compromise. The most significant sign of all is the general suspension of business on Sunday. In other Mexican cities the stores are open at all hours on that day, but in Monterey the iron gates are closed and the wooden shutters are in place. The band plays in the plaza afternoon and evening, and there is a bull-fight advertised. The Spanish spirit is still disclosed by the recreations of the city; but the old order of ideas, habits, and tendencies is passing away. The Americans have captured Monterey.

Laredo, El Paso, and Eagle Pass are border custom-houses and railway centres, and their commercial importance is increasing every year. On each side of the Rio Grande at these points there are rambling towns bristling with energy. One seems to be on American soil long before he crosses the river. In Nuevo Laredo, where my circuit of the cities of the coast and table-land was rounded out, few characteristic Mexican faces and costumes are seen, and English is practically the only language. A visitor entering Mexico in quest of relics of the grossly overrated Aztec civilization, and preoccupied with premonitions of picturesque scenery, quaint costumes, and Saracenic and Renaissance architecture, finds a country that is essentially modernized and quickened with progressive impulses. Long before he reaches the border, his interest in what is historic and musty is impaired, and progressive Mexico commands his undivided attention. Civilization is doing a great work in that benighted land, and Americans have a large and increasing share in it. Commercial union between the two great silver-producing countries of the world is the order of modern progress. That was what nature intended when the Rio Grande was made a shallow stream that could be easily bridged for international railways, and the Mexican seaboards were left without harbors for the convenience of commerce.

XVI

FUTURE OF MEXICO

THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRIES — THE CACTUS PROCESSION — CONSERVATISM AND LABOR — BLUNDERS OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AND TARIFF-MAKING — COMMERCIAL UNION BETWEEN SILVER-PRODUCING COUNTRIES — SIGNS OF PROGRESS — A NEW ORDER OF INTELLECTUAL INDEPENDENCE

In making the circuit of the cities of Mexico I had travelled from Yucatan and the Gulf ports to the hot lands of the Pacific and thence northward to the border. Such a journey reveals all the important agricultural industries, and also the obstacles to be overcome before Mexico can be converted into a rich and prosperous farming country. The coast belts are narrow and uninhabitable, but on the slopes of the mountains on the Pacific side, as well as at Orizaba and Jalapa on the Gulf side, are coffee, sugar, and tobacco lands of the highest productiveness. There are regions of the greatest promise which practically have not been explored. At Cuernavaca, not fifty miles from the city of Mexico, sugar-cane grows remarkably well, and a short distance from Patzcuaro one of the best coffees of the world is produced, while Guadalajara is on the edge of the famous Colima hot lands; but the railways stop at these outposts and long stretches of the most fertile hot lands of Mexico remain closed to agriculture

and trade. From Cuernavaca it is a week's mule journey over the mountains to Acapulco. From Guadalajara to San Blas there is hardly anything more than a mule track, and to Colima and Manzanillo there is a week's journey by diligence, horse, and mule. From Patzcuaro to Colima there are no regular means of communication, although the Mexican National operates a railway from the terminus to the coast, and has projected a line all the way. The ports on the Pacific are all desolate and ruined towns, languishing for the trade which railways only can supply. Coffee and sugar are carried down the mountains or into Patzcuaro and Guadalajara by mule. The West Coast coffee lands are virtually undeveloped. The railways must first be built, and then the richest agricultural belt of the Republic will be opened. Most of the processes for making sugar are of a primitive kind, and highly improved milling machinery is unknown. Wooden cylinders are still moved by horse-power; and the sugar is crystallized from the old-fashioned mud-pies. The large investment of capital required for successful cultivation of cane prevents the development of this industry. Coffee raised in banana jungles is the best crop of the hot lands. The most remunerative agricultural export in the temperate zone is the fibre of the maguey.

As soon as the cocoanut clumps and banana plantations of the Gulf seaboard have been passed the cactus procession opens, and it does not end until the hot lands of the opposite coast are reached. Nearly every species is to be found growing in grotesque form, from creeping stems and round balls bristling with spikes to columnar masses of prickly pear and organ cactus. The Turk's Cap, set with thorns, springs from crevices

of the rocks at great altitudes. Cereus Grandiflorus wastes the sweetness and glorious radiance of its short-lived bloom in deserted pastures. There are palisades of the tall, shapely organ cactus lining the railways, and there are ragged and loose-jointed hedges of mingled varieties for corralling cattle. In this motley throng the maguey, armed with its bristling sheath of sword-blades, forms the rank and file. All the way from Tehuantepec to the Rio Grande it is seen, now massed in cultivated fields of hundreds of acres, and again straggling in neglected wildness by the roadside, or on the rocky crests of inaccessible hills. So sluggish is its vital action that it grows and thrives where other forms of vegetation perish from sheer inanition. Standing in stony places where the soil is thin and sterile, it repeats in silence the old Mosaic miracle of striking water from the heart of the rock.

The Indian races used the maguey in many ways before the Conquest, and it is still one of their chief resources. It was the Toltec's wine and the Aztec's paper. It is the Mexican pulque, and it is one of the most useful fibres known to textile industry. From the refuse leaves a thatch is made with which the Indian huts are covered, and when there is no other fuel they serve to keep the pot boiling. The Aztec housewives went to the leaves of the maguey as to a needle-book or a work-basket in which to find pins, needles, and thread. The Indian women still use the thorns for pins and the longer spikes for needles, if they do not seek for thread in the fibre of the youngest plants. When the honey water is clarified with lime, boiled down into syrup, and crystallized after filtration, good raw sugar is made. As a valuable fibre-plant the

maguey is the basis of an industry which is steadily increasing in importance. It is still largely a manual process, satisfactory machines for dressing the fibre not having been introduced. The Indian women have the patience required for preparing it for market, and the work is mainly done in their huts. Superior dressing-machines will ultimately displace hand labor, and the production of ixtle fibre will then be greatly increased.

While Mexico is generally reputed to be one of the richest agricultural countries on the continent, it produces barely enough corn and beans to keep an impoverished population alive. With tropical belts on the Gulf and Pacific coasts preëminently adapted for the cultivation of sugar and cotton, it has no surplus of either crop for export. There are no finer coffee lands in the world than the mountain slopes of Vera Cruz, Michoacan, Jalisco, Guerrero, and Oaxaca; but the product is inconsiderable in comparison with that of Brazil. With the exception of coffee, hides, and raw fibre, Mexico has only a small surplus of agricultural produce to send to the American market, which receives the bulk of the exports of the West Indies and South America. The inertia of its working population, combined with a deficient water supply and an unprogressive agrarian system, neutralizes the advantages of vast extent of territory, variety of natural products, and range of climate.

There is no conservatism like that of the Mexican peons. They are accustomed to the old methods of agriculture, and they will not depart from them. On the largest haciendas American plows have been introduced; but the laborers dislike them, and are constantly running them against rocks and deliberately smashing them.

Wherever farming is conducted on a small scale the ancient crooked-stick is used as a substitute for the plow. Sometimes the shorter fork is pointed with iron, but invariably there is a single handle. In Indian villages I saw ox-teams lashed to the longer stick by rawhide thongs fastened to their horns. The peons prefer their own implement, because they do not consider it necessary to do more than to scratch the earth when they raise their corn, beans, and peppers. Deep plowing in their estimation involves waste of energy in a land favored with perpetual spring, and where the maguey grows without cultivation in every hollow and on every hillside.

The Mexican peasant has, in addition to his antiquated plow, a hoe and a sickle, each patterned after those used in Goshen under the Pharaohs. The hoe is ponderous and clumsy, and looks like a huge rammer. The sickle has a full set of teeth in place of a sharp edge. With the hoe the rank growth of weeds is kept down, and irrigating trenches are opened and closed; and with the sickle small grains are harvested. Improved reapers and cultivators are never seen in Central Mexico except on a few large estates. Threshing machines have been sparingly introduced. The old-time method of driving mules around a ring, and having them thresh out the wheat with their heels, is retained. Corn is the staple food of the population, and it is husked by hand and ground with a roller upon a stone after it has been soaked in hot water and lime over night. The chief occupation of women of the lower classes is the preparation of tortillas or maize cakes, the paste when ground by the roller being baked in a shallow pan over a slow fire. The farm vehicles are of primitive construction.

The wheels are solid sections cut from the trunks of trees with the pith punctured for the axle. The roads are so rough that any cart except a very heavy one with block wheels would be in imminent danger of dissolution, and hence conservatism may have its use in the retention of the old-time mule and ox-carts to be seen everywhere on the table-land. Even when more modern vehicles are provided the wheels are of enormous circumference. In the sugar districts ricks for carrying cane are mounted upon wheels large enough to move an obelisk.

Mexico has tropical belts for the cultivation of tobacco, sugar, and coffee on a large scale and a broad plateau, which by reason of its altitude is practically an extension of the temperate zone into southern latitudes. Land alone will not make a country rich. There must be an abundant water supply; there must be an enlightened agrarian system by which the number of self-interested cultivators can be increased year by year; and there must be an intelligent and industrious class of farming laborers. All these conditions are lacking in Mexico.

In the elevated table-land forming nine-tenths of the arable territory the water supply is deficient. Mexican farms are largely dependent upon artificial irrigation for their productiveness. Water has to be collected and stored in reservoirs during the rainy season for distribution during the dry season. In the temperate zone the possibilities of agricultural development are restricted by the resources for irrigation. The great haciendas in the interior are largely waste land owing to the impracticability of obtaining a water supply for general agriculture. This is the chief obstacle to the development

of farming industries, and it is one which seems insuperable since there are no large rivers, very few inland lakes, and tracts of forest land of limited extent. To this is added a system of land tenure and pauperized labor which offers the most unfavorable conditions for successful farming. The system of taxation has operated in Mexico, as in Chili, to prevent the sale of land, the subdivision of great estates, and the creation of an industrious class of small farmers. There are a few very wealthy land-owners, but the mass of the population is improvident and degraded.

In the Argentine Confederation a horde of Spanish and Italian immigrants has been colonized in the interior, and a great impulse has been imparted to the agricultural development of the country. In Mexico no inducements are offered to European settlers. The system of land tenure and taxation excludes immigration. The peons remain the only class of farm laborers which can be employed; and while they have their virtues they are thoroughly untrustworthy and absolutely without ambition and thrift. Peonage is prohibited by law; but in all the Southern and Central States it exists as the only practicable method of controlling farm labor. It would be gross exaggeration to assert that a peon is still a slave, because he is in debt to his employer and compelled to discharge his obligation as in the old days; but it is the common testimony of those who have dealings with this class of laborers, that it is absolutely necessary to lend them money, and to keep them heavily in debt, in order to have work done with any approach to regularity and order.

It would be difficult to find a more worthless class of farm laborers than was to be seen in such sections of

Michoacan as I visited. The Indian is able to keep his family alive on 35 cents a week, and this he can earn by working one day in seven. If he is willing to do more than this he has a small surplus available for pulque and gambling. If he earns little, he has few wants. He has shrewd practical sense, and is neither quarrelsome nor dishonest; but he is contented with his poverty and degradation, and has no desire to better his condition. This is the class of laborers upon which Mexican land-owners are dependent in sections remote from the border. He must be a very credulous traveller who can cross the plateau, mingling with the Indian population, and return with a conviction that a marvellous development of agricultural resources is possible within the next twenty-five or fifty years. In order to convert Mexico into a rich agricultural country a series of miracles needs to be wrought. Even if improved machinery can be introduced on a large scale, and the peons gradually educated and trained in industrial habits, as has already been done in some of the mining regions and in the Border States, the land tenure system cannot be changed without a political and social revolution; nor can the water supply be increased so as to be equal to the requirements of agricultural industries competing with those of the United States. Americans can well afford to be generous in negotiating commercial treaties with Mexico.

The three border custom-houses or international bridges have taken away a portion of the trade of Vera Cruz, but have not drawn upon the commerce of Progreso and the Pacific coast. Their gains mark substantially the increase of trade caused by the construction of railways in Mexico during the last fifteen years.

The volume of foreign trade has expanded from $52,000,000 in 1873 to $101,000,000 in 1889. It is a large increase; but it is not what it would have been if the reciprocity treaty negotiated by General Grant had been ratified by the United States Congress. That convention was made without solicitation from Mexico. The United States Congress appointed a commission, and authorized it to open negotiations for securing closer commercial relations with Mexico. A treaty was agreed upon and promptly ratified by Mexico. The United States after delaying action upon it for several years rejected it. Mexico was left in the humiliating position of a reluctant guest, who, upon being importuned to go to a feast, accepts the hospitality with little appetite, and then finds the table bare and the door slammed in his face. It was not difficult for English and German residents to convince the mercantile and governing classes, that the powerful nation which had dictated, after a war of conquest, the humiliating treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was bent upon maintaining a selfish and unfriendly policy.

The rejection of the treaty of 1883 was a gross blunder on the part of the United States. Veteran whist players are apt to believe that the cards never forgive a misplay. Certainly it was neither generous nor wise to repudiate an equitable commercial agreement which would have been highly beneficial to the productive interests of both countries, and to do it, moreover, in such a way as to cause resentment and intense irritation, since Mexico was brusquely told that it was a poor country whose trade was not worth having. Recently fluxing ores have been practically excluded from the United States by a treasury ruling and the Tariff Act of 1890.

When the Grant-Romero convention was negotiated the exportation of these ores was insignificant. In the course of a few years the valuation of these exported ores ran up to $7,000,000. Without commercial union American capital had been heavily invested in Mexican mines, an advantageous trade had sprung up on each side of the border, and ores were going north to smelting centres and live stock in the other direction. The exclusion of the low-grade ores involved retaliation on the part of Mexico. The duties on American hogs and cattle were heavily increased at the border. This was followed by similar action at Washington in the live-stock schedules of the Tariff Act of 1890. The general effects of this tariff war on the border were an increase in the cost of beef and pork in Mexico, the establishment of the smelting industry on a large scale in Monterey and San Luis Potosí, and the interruption of international trade by which American railways, smelting works, and farms had been greatly benefited.

While this policy was deeply resented by intelligent Mexicans at the outset, as an indication of unfriendliness and hostility, it was not long before they were laughing at Americans for having over-reached themselves. The increased duties on live stock added largely to the Mexican revenues, and this naturally gratified the governing classes; but the construction of smelting works in railway centres near the mining districts, and the establishment of a great industry with American capital, were justly considered to be a national gain. The view which was generally expressed to me by the treasury officials in Mexico, with whom I talked, was that Americans had sought to injure the neighboring Republic, but had only succeeded in hurting them-

selves. When I reminded them of the removal of the duties on raw fibre, one of the chief exports of the country, they explained it as an unintentional act of friendliness on the part of the American Congress. This was an apt illustration of the folly of giving away the privileges of a great market. In the Grant-Romero treaty this was one of the most important concessions made to Mexico. When it was flung away in the Tariff Act of 1890, without any attempt to obtain any compensating advantages, the favor was not appreciated. Mexico was not grateful for the free market for fibre, but loudly complained of the treasury ruling relating to low-grade ores. The long free list including coffee, hides, fibre, sugar, rubber, dyewoods, high-grade ores, and nearly every other important export, was not regarded as an indication of comity and good-will. The short dutiable list comprising lead ores, oranges, tobacco, and wool was magnified into a national grievance. There could not be a more striking illustration of the necessity of employing treaty-makers rather than tariff-makers to adjust the commercial relations of the two countries. Let a tariff be enacted, and the United States is not credited with generosity in enlarging the free market for Mexican produce, but is only charged with hostility in excluding low-grade ores. Let a bargain be struck in a reciprocity convention, and there will be a different feeling. Commercial privileges which are purchased with compensating favors in return will be appreciated, and the two countries which are linked together by their railway systems will be brought into more harmonious relations.

It is the deliberate judgment of all intelligent Americans in Mexico, that the United States can afford to

deal with that country on the broadest terms in reciprocity negotiations. The Aldrich Amendment to the Tariff Act has offered only a narrow margin for commercial union, since sugar is not exported from Mexico, and the surplus of coffee is not very large and can be sold in Europe. If raw fibre had been included in the reciprocity amendment the margin for diplomatic action would have been greatly increased. The true policy of the United States is to obtain what compensations it can for the free market already opened for Mexican exports, and in a new treaty to enlarge it in proportion to the willingness of the Southern Republic to make concessions to the export trade. With thousands of Americans swarming across the border, and actively developing the resources of Mexico, every commercial concession that is made by treaty will yield large results in trade. On the other hand, the Diaz Government is directly interested in a policy which will attract foreign capital, develop national resources, and promote the prosperity of the railways which it has heavily subsidized. In 1879 there were 372 miles of railway; in 1891 there were 5555 miles in operation and 1740 miles under construction. For thirty years charters were granted and nothing was done. Then American capital and energy were employed and great results were accomplished. In the course of a few years subsidies were authorized to the extent of $200,000,000, and when it became necessary to suspend them all the companies were financially embarrassed. With the funding of obligations in long-term bonds, and the resumption of subsidy payments on those railways which were practical enterprises, there has been a marked improvement in the system. The Mexican govern-

ment is directly interested in the success of these subsidized railways, and commercial union with the United States will alone insure their prosperity.

Mexican prejudice against Americans is still a strong popular feeling, but it is declining. Some of the newspapers take advantage of every petty incident to inflame the resentments of their readers. If a man be run over and killed on the railways, a ferocious tirade will appear in a San Luis Potosí journal against the management. The local magnate, the jefe politico, will be called upon to imprison the engineer and the conductor, and to stop the running of trains. Whenever an accident occurs there are clamors from the press, and sometimes an arbitrary exercise of authority by the State government. Even greater irritation is shown when some fancied slight is put upon Mexican officials. There are journalists and officials whose stock in trade is prejudice against Americans. So far as they consider it safe to criticise the Liberal government of the day, they inveigh against the concessions made to American railways, mining companies, and merchants. They delight in harassing and embarrassing American interests. Narrow-minded officials are quick to take advantage of every opportunity for imprisoning Americans for debt under State laws, although under the Federal statutes this is an illegal process. Their political cry is "Mexico for the Mexicans," and there are reactionary and conservative classes which are in sympathy with anti-American agitation.

Naturally these newspaper raids and official persecutions are resented by Americans of high spirit. The fact that many investments have not been highly remunerative, and that the railway corporations have had

a hard struggle, even with the treasury subsidies in their favor, to keep the earnings on a level with the expenditures, does not predispose managers and superintendents to accept affronts with meekness. Their relations with the jefe politico are often strained, and when they pronounce judgment upon the Mexican political system, it is not in complimentary terms. Not infrequently during my journey from Acámbaro to Aguas Calientes, San Luis Potosí and the Rio Grande, I heard influential Americans deliberately express the conviction that the downfall of Maximilian was a grave misfortune to the country, since it deprived the people of a strong and stable government. This was a vagary as extravagant as any of the heated tirades of the Mexican press against Americans.

The truth lies between these extremes of discontent with existing conditions of progress. The construction of the railways and the investment of $300,000,000 of American capital in Mexican mines, ranches, and enterprises of all kinds, have created a strong and stable government and opened a new era of industrial development. Value has been imparted both to the agricultural staples and to the mineral resources by rapid transit for freight, and improved machinery. Not only have the shipments of ixtle and other fibres quadrupled in volume since the opening of the trunk railways, but all kinds of farm produce in the main plateau have become marketable. The mines have largely increased in value, and timber regions in the south which had not been explored have been opened. One of the most beneficial changes is that wrought in the condition of labor, especially in the northern sections. The old system of semi-servitude for debt is disappearing in the Border States. Work-

men are paid by the day or week at most of the northern ranches and mines. With the abolition of degrading methods of debt-slavery, there is less improvidence and ignorance among working people near the border. It is an indication of the approaching amelioration of the condition of the Indian population throughout Mexico. Light is slowly dawning in a benighted land.

No American can return to the Rio Grande from Mexico without being impressed with the results of the last decade of railway construction, industrial development, and material progress. The country is passing through an era of social and political evolution. The organization of an effective telegraph and railway service has promoted the supreme interests of peace and stable government. When the earliest rumors of local discontent and politician intrigue are flashed to the national capital there are facilities for transporting a large military force by railway to remote States. The supremacy of the federal government has been established. Insurrections have ceased. There has been a revival of national pride and public spirit. President Diaz, judged by rigid standards, is a military dictator rather than a constitutional reformer; but he has governed Mexico with an enlightened mind, as well as with a strong arm. Under his administration there have been large expenditures for schools and public works, a restoration of financial credit, with a marked increase in federal income from $16,000,000 in 1873, to $32,000,000 in 1889, and a vast expansion of mining interests and mercantile business. The political power of the clergy has been rigorously restrained, education has been secularized, and brought within the reach of an impoverished population, and the lives of citizens and foreigners alike have been secured by adequate safeguards.

The government of Mexico is oligarchical and military, rather than republican. There is no such thing as a popular election. There are no public meetings, the press is not at liberty to discuss national questions without restraint, and political parties do not exercise their normal functions in supporting or opposing the Government of the day. There is no registration of voters, the ballot-boxes are controlled by those in authority, and both State and National administrations are conducted by military men with an army of 35,000 or possibly 45,000 men behind them. In practice it is military government under the guise of constitutional republicanism. Few citizens take any interest in elections or congressional debates. Public opinion may be defined with a fair degree of accuracy as the policy which President Diaz considers expedient and necessary. Anything like opposition to his wishes is stamped out. This is not republican government; but with the inertia of millions of ignorant and fanatical Indian peons to be overcome, it is probably the best administration that is practicable at present. When a Mexican Liberal is frank, he will state the case in this way: "There must be a strong military government, or there will be anarchy; the administration of the day must prevent the organization of a successful opposition party and perpetuate its own power, for otherwise a degraded population, under the control of the clergy, would inevitably bring on a revolution, if it were allowed to participate in public discussions."

Theoretically, the existing government must be condemned as contrary to the genius of republican institutions; but practically it is not without its merits and compensations. Civil war is at an end. There are

few revolutionary intrigues and cabals. Brigandage and robbery have been suppressed, or at least confined to remote and inaccessible sections of the country. Military guards have been suspended on nearly all the railways; treasure caravans and paymasters in the mining regions no longer require protection; and haciendas have ceased to be fortresses of defence against marauders. National credit has steadily improved, and liberal grants are made for public works and free schools. Above all there is no departure from that rigorous system of nationalizing the Church, and of emancipating the people from ecclesiastical domination which was resolutely introduced by Juarez, one of the greatest of modern Mexicans. American residents who lament the downfall of Maximilian as a national misfortune have as little real knowledge of the currents of progress as seagulls have of the physical tendencies of the Gulf Stream. Maximilian represented ecclesiastical reaction and national stagnation.

Under Spanish domination there was neither higher nor lower education in Mexico outside ecclesiastical schools, and in these very little that was of practical utility was allowed to be taught. During the last twenty years great progress has been made in popular education. Free schools have been opened in every town of any importance, and these have been released from ecclesiastical control. The Church, at the same time, has displayed marked energy in enlarging its educational facilities. There are probably 475,000 pupils in the primary schools supported by the Nation, States, and municipalities; and there are, perhaps, 240,000 more in church and charity schools. With a total population of 12,000,000 this is far from being a satisfactory exhibit;

but it marks a great advance upon the condition of illiteracy prevailing ten years ago. The school appropriations aggregate $2,000,000 a year, and are steadily increasing. The administration of President Diaz has been identified with this educational policy. The country is not stagnating as it was for twenty years after the war with the United States. Slowly and laboriously the mixed races in the towns and villages will be taught to read and to think for themselves. Then the pure Indian stock will be rescued from its appalling ignorance. It is in the direction of popular education that progress unerringly lies in Mexico no less than in Brazil. Juarez and Diaz have created a new order of intellectual independence. In subordinating the Church to the State, and in restoring to the nation resources of wealth which were unproductive, they have armed the clergy with religious influence, and vastly increased its working power. Even with two-thirds of its useless and antiquated buildings secularized or abandoned, and with estates and properties valued as high as $300,000,000 confiscated, the Church to-day in Mexico is vitalized with an energy that was unknown twenty-five years ago. Liberal Government has not paralyzed it. Juarez and Diaz have reinvigorated it.

XVII

THE MOSQUITO RESERVATION

A REGION OF ANOMALIES — MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN BLUEFIELDS — THE MOSQUITO CROWN CAPTURED BY A YANKEE — NEGRO RULE AND NICARAGUAN AMBITION — VOYAGE WITH A CARIB PILOT — THE CORAL CAYS AND MONKEY POINT — A DEAD CALM IN THE CARIBBEAN — A DIET OF YOUNG COCOANUTS

The Mosquito Reservation is a region of anomalies. Bluefields lies on the twelfth parallel from the equator, yet is delightfully cool and has an equable and invigorating climate. It is on the track of one of the famous voyages of Columbus, and consequently is one of the oldest sections of Spanish America; but English is almost the only language spoken, there is not a Catholic church in the town, and there are no adobe houses with flat roofs and enclosed gardens. It is the centre of an Indian reservation; but blacks are the ruling class, and administer laws which they themselves have made. It is in the heart of Spanish America, yet it is under the religious influence of the Moravian Church, and is governed by the bluest of Sunday laws. A series of surprises awaits the traveller arriving at Bluefields. It is a miniature Kingston, with a background of trackless forest, tenanted by intemperate Indian wards. There is a straggling line of frame sheds on stilts seven miles from a high bluff at the entrance of a long, shallow

lagoon. There are pitched roofs, some of them thatched and others of shingles and iron; and there are low piazzas and unregenerate pioneer house-fronts flanking the stony lane where negro saints tramp along singing "Jordan am a hard road to trabble." From the knoll where the Moravian buildings are clustered this valley winds along the shore to picturesque heights with clumps of cocoanut-trees; and midway there is another lane leading to the court-house and jail and to the edge of the forest. Along these neglected roads there are negro cabins and Yankee stores, but not a trace of Spanish architecture is to be seen. There is an Indian chief who is the nominal head of the government, but the negro rules, collects the taxes, enforces law, sits in judgment when white sinners offend, and calls the Indian to repentance.

Something like a series of anomalies was needed in order to restore my interest in Spanish America when I arrived at Bluefields. From the Mexican border I went to New Orleans whence I was doomed to have a tedious and uncomfortable voyage on a fruiting steamer bound for the Caribbean. After leaving the jetties, the *Gussie* headed for Cape San Antonio, and passing the light on the third evening, encountered high seas and rolled heavily. In the forenoon there was a loud swish of steam and the engine stopped. A crack seven feet long had opened in the boiler. For twenty-four hours the ship wallowed in the trough of the sea, with fires extinguished, without steerageway, and at the mercy of a high wind and a heavy swell. During the long watches of a sleepless night I listened to the shrill outcries of a Spanish woman, whenever there was a deep lurch seaward, and to the ceaseless cannonade of chairs

and sofas bowling against the cabin doors. When the engineers had completed the repairs steam could only be carried at low pressure, and the vessel reached the bluff at Bluefields two days behind time. The first announcement from the customs boat was that there would be no steam communication with Greytown for fourteen days. As a day rather than a fortnight had been reserved for the port, this was a most depressing welcome. I was back in Spanish America where the chief resource was time.

The bluff was seven miles from the town. To the north was Pearl Lagoon, where Robert Clarence, chief of all the Mosquitos, black and brown, dwelt with his retinue of tippling followers. The Bluefields River emptied into a bay at the northern edge of the town, a typical tropical stream flowing through a trackless forest. Further north was Great River, with its exhausted rubber trees and mahogany camps. Higher still were gold streams, where a few pioneers in placer mining were industriously washing sand in the pan, and in the long watches of the tropical night dreaming uneasily of a new California. The Mosquito coast is a narrow border of coral reef and sand, deeply indented with bays where the forest rivers pour into the Caribbean Sea their waters, swollen into torrents during the rainy season. In huddles of bamboo huts, on the shores of the lagoons, are a few thousands of degenerate Indians. It is a low-lying level coast, with a white line of curling surf at its base, and a background of wilderness of rich luxuriance and unchanging repose.

The run across the lagoon was made in silence and with a dismal feeling of disappointment; but when the town was reached there was a reaction. An American

landlord provided a palatable dinner, and opened for the accommodation of his guests rooms which were clean and cool. English and Americans were at hand to pilot the visitors in their first stroll through the town. Rough and unpretentious as the Mosquito capital was, it had a picturesque charm of its own and a setting of tropical vegetation of real beauty. A foreign colony of merchants engaged in the banana, mahogany, and rubber trades was revealed in a most hospitable mood.

The mission bell tolled the hour for evening service, for it was Sunday, and a motley congregation of negroes, of many shades of color, assembled in an unpretentious church, men and boys sitting on benches to the right of the preacher's desk, and women and girls to the left. To one who had been tramping for months through Latin cathedrals and Spanish churches, and witnessing the pomp and glory of religious processions and ceremonials, this simple and orderly Protestant service was an almost startling surprise. The preacher spoke with a marked German accent, but his sermon was homely, plain, and practical. There were grotesque glimpses of negro character, but there was more in the mission service to command respect than to excite ridicule. All forms of Sunday amusement are prohibited in Bluefields. There is no cockpit; there are no gambling houses; saloons are closed, and virtuous inhabitants are expected to be in their beds not long after curfew. Bluefields under negro rule assumes to be a strictly moral town.

The Moravian missions are the only religious stations in a rich tract of territory, 200 by 40 miles in area. Protestantism is supreme in the Reservation. When a new chief is elected there is a service corresponding roughly

to a coronation. Robert Clarence, a full-blooded Mosquito Indian, was elevated to the executive office on January 29, 1891. The head men of the tribe were numbered in the supreme court by vice-President Patterson, and their ballots were unanimously cast for this swarthy young prince of the royal line. A procession was formed, and the new chief was conducted in state to the Moravian chapel, where the Reverend Brother Erdemann read passages from the Old Testament, relating to Saul and Solomon, prayed fervently for the lad, and preached a long sermon in the Mosquito tongue. The oath of office was administered, a watch and chain were presented to him by the Nicaraguan commissioners, there was a big feast, and rockets were set off in the evening. The next day the chief was bundled off to Pearl Lagoon, and J. W. Cuthbert, a full-blooded negro, was invested with full political power as Attorney-General and executive adviser. As the mortality among the chiefs is very high, owing either to intemperance or assassination by poisoning, these elections are of frequent occurrence. It is sometimes necessary to baptize the chief on election day; but he is invariably a member of the Moravian Church, and is installed at the mission chapel.

The sceptre of the Mosquito kings has been captured by a Yankee, and smuggled out of Bluefields in a hat-box. Mr. Spellman, representing a Boston firm in the mahogany trade, invited me to his house, after the Sunday evening service, and displayed the crown. As it was midnight, and he was to sail for Boston in the morning, I may claim the honor of being the last witness of the departing glory of royalty on the Mosquito coast. It was a shabby crown of little intrinsic value.

It was a band of tarnished silver, with a red plush velvet cap, and a lining of soiled chamois skin. The silver was beaten out into twelve conventional oak leaves, with a coronet clasp in front. Underneath this line of clumsy ornament, which suggested in a vague way that, in the early days of Mosquito royalty, British clubs were trumps, there were two beaded lines, with spaces in the circlet for alternating diamonds and seals of tortoise shell. The jewels had been removed, and probably pawned, in the vicissitudes of royalty. Each empty space represented demijohns of whiskey consumed by tippling kings. Despoiled of its jewels, the crown was left for safe keeping with a queen mother, and she sold it to a trader. When the lumber camps were opened in the mahogany district, Mr. Spellman procured it, and carried it north, without the knowledge of the Indians.

The crown was originally bestowed, through British intrigue, at Jamaica. The Mosquito coast, while discovered by Columbus, was not occupied by the Spaniards, as there were no indications of gold, and as the natives were degraded and impoverished. During the seventeenth century buccaneers took advantage of its sheltered lagoons. Bluefields received its name, according to local tradition, from Bleevelt, a fine old Dutch corsair, whose hiding-place was behind the bluff. The Indians, named by the Spaniards, Moscos, came in time to be known as Mosquitos. Either from the wreck of a slave-ship, or from the escape of runaway negroes from Jamaica and the Spanish settlements, a hybrid race of Indian-African breed sprang up and took possession of the forest coast. British traders induced a party of chiefs to go to Jamaica, and apply to the authorities there for protection. One of them was made a king,

and returned with a crown. The British flag was subsequently raised on the coast, but the Spanish Government resented the invasion. By treaties, negotiated in 1783 and 1786, England abandoned all claims to the coast, but retained the privilege of cutting logwood in Belize. When the Central American States revolted against Spain, the British protectorate over the Mosquito coast was revived. The farce of coronation was repeated several times at Belize, the sovereigns invariably vindicating their title to royalty by remaining as drunk as princes during their short reigns. After the negotiation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the nominal abandonment of the British protectorate, the kings were known as chiefs, but were generally chosen from the royal family. The silver crown ceased to be a sceptre of royal prerogative guaranteed by England. It was packed away with the old clothes of the royal family, and finally pawned, and surrendered to a Yankee trader.

The sceptre has passed away, but political power remains in the hands of the blacks and the Moravian missionaries. There are several thousands of Indians of the Rama, Wulva, and Smu tribes clustered in small communities on the banks of the rivers and the shores of the lagoons. The independence of these tribes was guaranteed by a treaty negotiated in 1860 between Great Britain and Nicaragua; but practically home rule involves negro domination. There is an Indian chief at the head of the territorial government, but all the officials and magistrates are blacks. The Reservation makes its own laws, collects its own customs revenue, and is virtually independent of Nicaragua. There is a low tariff, and there is also an export duty on rubber;

and while the seaboard is nominally under the dominion of the Spanish Republic, it is practically a self-legislating, self-governing, and English-speaking community. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, supplemented by the convention with Nicaragua, has had the singular effect of establishing the Moravian missions as a State Church and negro rule as the political order.

Nicaragua covets this territory which is hers only in name. The Bluefields River is rapidly becoming the centre of a most profitable banana trade, employing lines of steamers from New Orleans, Galveston, Savannah, New York, and Boston. Great River leads into one of the finest mahogany belts in Central America. About 2,750,000 feet of this lumber were sent to Boston in 1890 for the construction of Pullman cars. The rubber trees, while injured by rough treatment, are an important source of wealth. The streams beyond Great River are reputed to have gold in their beds. The Mosquito coast is a valuable one, and Nicaragua aspires to drive out the negroes and to establish her customs line from Greytown, which by treaty is now a free port, to Cape Gracias. There are signs of an impending conflict for the possession of the Reservation. Recently Corn Island has been occupied, and Rama on the Bluefields River converted into a Nicaraguan garrison, although both are technically within the limits of the Reservation. These were overt acts which excited apprehension among the negroes, and the presence of swaggering Nicaraguan officers at Rama has kept Bluefields in a constant state of panic.

There would be annexation at a moment's notice if the Treaty of Managua did not constitute Great Britain the guardian of the rights of the Indians and their black

masters. It is only fear of complications with England that prevents an invasion of the Reservation from Rama. So one chief after another is baptized, installed, and buried, and the signs of an irrepressible race conflict for the control of the Reservation are multiplied. The Spanish planters on the river will not be satisfied until Bluefields is wrested from the present conditions of negro supremacy and Moravian influence. Every black in the Reservation when he sees a Nicaraguan colonel sauntering along the roadway involuntarily whispers, "I am a British subject and claim protection." These are not the conditions for which Mr. Clayton bargained when he was entrapped into that wretched diplomatic travesty, the Canal Convention of 1850.

The prospect of an enforced delay of fifteen days in a town on the edge of the great Central American forest was so appalling, that I entered into protracted negotiations with the negro postmaster for chartering a small sail boat with a Carib crew to take me to Greytown. Four mornings in succession the postmaster agreed to furnish the boat, if the pilot would consent to make the run, and every evening he reported that the sea was very rough, and that the Caribs were afraid to venture out. Convinced that the Caribs preferred to spend the evenings in furtive dalliance with the dusky maids of Bluefields, and were exaggerating the perils of the treacherous sea that bore their name, I secured from an energetic Canadian in the banana trade the promise of another boat and crew. The start was to be made at five in the morning. At eight the boat was at the wharf and duly provisioned and freighted with baggage. It proved to be the postmaster's boat after all, the Carib pilot having finally consented under stress of competi-

tion to take a more hopeful view of sea and weather. Professor Bailey and I promptly embarked; but the skipper and crew disappeared to take leave of their swarthy friends, and it was ten o'clock before they rejoined the craft. Then there was another detention, the postmaster having decided to put us in charge of the mail for Greytown. The Health Officer inspected the passengers, and the boat was cleared with due formalities. The Caribs hoisted the mainsail and let loose the jib, and the little craft crawled away from the wharf with barely a breath of wind. Even with five hours of unnecessary delay at the pier and with the certainty of being becalmed in the lagoon for two hours, there was an exhilarating sense of triumph in having overcome, after a laborious struggle, the inertia of Nicaraguan existence.

The breeze freshened as the boat drew near the bluff, and the Carib pilot, in order to give his passengers an exhibition of his skill as a navigator, raced with a schooner heading out to sea. His craft sailed so close to the wind that he gained rapidly upon his clumsy rival, soon passed her, and left her a mile behind. No martinet of the quarter-deck could enforce sterner discipline than this good-natured Carib, with weather-beaten face, and a mouth like a hole in a blackened firepot. His orders were issued with as much precision and formality as though he were captain of a European liner instead of skipper of a skiff with two hands under him. A landing was made at the bluff with caution and deliberation, the two lithe sailors being kept well in hand and actively employed. Freight for Greytown was taken on board, for although the passengers had chartered the boat, the Caribs were alive to the chance

of earning a few dollars on their own account. This involved protracted conferences on shore, but at last the little craft headed for the sea. Bluefields passed out of sight. The swirl of the breakers was upon us. The Caribbean which I had seen only a week before dangerously high, when sailing in a disabled and unmanageable steamer, was now pulsating with the faintest breath of life. The breeze was fresh and strong, the canvas was filled, and the boat bowled along right merrily. The old pilot whistled softly for continuance of the wind, and headed the boat for Monkey Point thirty miles away.

Sweetest of all sounds to him who loves the sea is the swirl of the waves under the keel of a sail-boat. There is no creaking rumble of machinery, nor the ceaseless clank of steering chains, nor the loud splash of propeller blades, but only the measured dip and rebound of the boat as it leaps from surge to surge. To hear the deep undertones of the ocean one must be close to the water, and not high above it on a promenade deck, where there is a clatter of human voices. The long dark swells, crested with steel-gray, have a music of their own, but the ear must be near the heaving breast of the sea or it will not be heard. Nature's most delicate effects of light and shade are to be seen in the tropical seas, but not from the deck of a puffing cinder-mill that clouds the air with oily smoke. Under the intense light of the midday sun a changing field of azure, green, and purple flashed its latent fires like an opal, only to grow pale with the deep-shadowed slopes of the breaking swells. It was a lonely corner of the sea; not a single sail was seen in the run to Greytown; but the translucent waters swarmed with countless

forms of life. Columbus, when he sailed the Caribbean Sea, reported that tropical fish rivalled the plumage of the forest birds in color. Under the lea of the coral islands, where the depths were shallowest, there was a carnival of gold lace, silver sheen, and flaming scarlet; and in the broader, unprotected expanse beyond there was a flashing pantomime of flying fish. A fleet of Portuguese men-of-war, with their tiny sails of red and orange, accompanied us down the coast, the more venturesome steering close in and fairly striking the gunwale of the boat. Swarms of low flying birds were in the air, and now and then a white-winged petrel stood on the surface of the waves.

With the wind constantly freshening, and with the current sweeping steadily down the coast, the high bluff at the entrance to the Bluefields lagoon was veiled by wreaths of gray mist. One island after another was passed, each a fairy-like glade of verdure, with surf beating high upon a white beach, and palms which had been bent and twisted by hurricanes, rooted in the coral dust. Seen many miles away, as emerald specks against a bright horizon, they were approached hour by hour, until their loveliness was fully revealed, and then they were watched with lingering regret as they dropped out of sight in the northern reaches of the sea. In the south, Monkey Point had been looming up during the long, tranquil afternoon. Our Carib pilot had promised to take us, if the wind should hold out, into a snug harbor there at nightfall, where we could sleep on the shore in a cabin unless we preferred the open boat under the starlit sky. Already the dark lines on the face of this heavily wooded headland had deepened into ravines; two tiny islands had been detached from its outermost

edge, and the fringe of surf had been rounded out into a curving, ragged beach. Another hour passed as our boat drew up slowly to the rocky cape, and the loud calls of macaws and shrill-voiced parrots, green and yellow, were heard among the high palms. Beyond the point another headland was descried close at hand with two cays anchored off it. Between the capes there was a reach of still water. The promised anchorage had been reached before the sun was down. A few Carib huts were concealed by the thicket on shore — almost the only human habitations on the coast between Bluefields and Greytown.

It was time for a conference with the Carib pilot. Choice was to be made between a night's lodging on the floor of one of the native huts and the bare hospitality of the boat, with a steamer trunk for a mattress and a travelling-bag for a pillow. Unaccustomed as these children of the forest were to glimpses of Yankees, and especially a Western professor in his war paint, they might be inclined to wonder how we would taste, whether the big man would be tough, or the little man tender, if, reverting to the customs of their ancestors of the age of Columbus, they were to roast us to a turn over a slow fire. It was not well to stimulate aboriginal reminiscence. We decided to sleep in the boat, blanketed in our overcoats, and secure against scorpions and fleas. But cocoanuts fresh from the trees were indispensable. Under the fierce sun, ham sandwiches had dissolved with fervent heat, the eggs had addled, and the beer had lost its sweetness and life. We were hungry, and could not face the disintegration of the lunch-hamper. Young cocoanuts would keep us alive until we reached Greytown.

The Caribs leave us at anchor and put out for the shore in a small boat, while we watch the parrots among the tree-tops of Monkey Point. The tropical forest, which stretches across Nicaragua to the coffee tract of the West Coast, borders upon the sea. The trees are not large, for they stand too close together to allow breathing space for growth, but their tufted tops are luxuriant in foliage. Underneath is a maze of vine-tracery. Every trunk is covered with parasitic growths and hidden from view. Orchids are in bloom twenty feet in air, and broad-leaved underbrush and tangled vines are matted together in an impenetrable jungle. The forest may be rich in mahogany, rosewood, rubber, and dye-woods; but its secret recesses are known only to the screaming macaws, the chattering monkeys, and the stealthy tigers. Feathery palms and heavily buttressed trees are on the high crest of the wild woodland of Monkey Point, but there is no trail by which they can be reached and a view obtained of the sombre reaches of the inland forest. The Caribs on the shore never venture far into that broad expanse of untrodden woods. They find it easier to shake down the cocoanuts from the palms lining the shore, and to fish in their canoes, than to cut trails with the machete in the forest. One of them follows our Caribs as they return to us with a boat-load of cocoanuts, our meat and drink during the remainder of the voyage.

The sun has gone down, and the stars are setting their sentinel lines as we raise the anchor and head southward. The glory of a tropical sunset is evanescent, like the beauty of Southern women. The crimson streamers, the orange and lemon bands of color, the purple haze and the scarlet fires centring about the vanishing orb,

quickly fade into gray, and night rolls down suddenly like a black curtain dropped by a scene-shifter, to the signal of a sunset gun. With the sun goes the breeze. There is not air enough to fill the sails, which are flapping from side to side as the boat lurches in a beam sea. As the night deepens, the stars enable us to see the forest-clad shores slowly dropping astern. The current is bearing us out to sea without a breath of wind. What matters it, so long as the stock of young cocoanuts holds out? A few strokes of the knife will open one, and then there is a bowlful of tipple that satisfies both hunger and thirst and steeps one with somnolence. The Professor takes the hummock of baggage for his bed, while I crawl into the bottom of the lifeboat. Around us is the broad expanse of the Caribbean heaving under the steady glow of the tropical constellations. The pilot grasps the tiller firmly as he ostentatiously braces himself for an all-night watch. Passengers and crew are at liberty to sleep as they may.

Morning brings with it a faint violet flush that precedes the sunrise, — a faint tone that is not light, but has the promise of it. The stars are still aglow, and we cannot tell in what quarter the sun will rise. There is no land in sight. The Carib pilot has been heading by guesswork, or more probably he has been dozing the greater part of the night and allowing the boat to take its own course. The Professor whips out a pocket-compass, and discovers that the bow is pointing due northeast, or in the direction of Jamaica. The pilot evidently does not know where he is, but he is too wary a veteran to be tricked by a Yankee toy caught on a watch-chain. He declines to believe that he is going away from Greytown instead of approaching it, and is not to

be convinced until the light is strong enough to enable him to catch a distant glimpse of Round Top, the only hill north of the San Juan. When he sees that familiar landmark the boat is headed about, and passengers and crew unite in a loud call for a breeze. Hour after hour passes and the sails are not drawing. The dead calm stretches through the forenoon, and the glare of the midday sun brings with it no change. At least half of the cocoanuts have been tapped, and the boat only crawls by inches to the haven where dinners are served. This, indeed, is Mañanaland. Yankee energy may fret and fume, but it cannot prevail to drive a boat in the Caribbean that is caught in a dead calm.

At last, soon after noontime, the welcome wind came to help out the sluggish current. The cloud-puff of smoke in the horizon which had been seen from daybreak and identified as the foul breath of one of the canal dredges, drew nearer and larger hour by hour. The cluster of buildings on the outer beach, used by the Canal Company as their headquarters, hospitals, working rooms, and chief engineer's residence, was first seen, and then further up the harbor Greytown itself. The breeze freshened and carried us over the bar to the narrow entrance of the port, where a steam pile-driver and a huge dredge were anchored off the unfinished breakwater. Opposite the dredge were sand heaps midway in the channel. A sharp turn brought us to the opening of the canal, where another dredge was in operation. The lagoon beyond the breakwater was broad and spacious, and the town lay behind it. The Professor and I were not in a condition of mind or body favorable for scientific observation of the canal. We had supped, breakfasted, and lunched on cocoanuts,

and were in need of a change of regimen. The delay caused by the necessity of reporting to the customs officials the arrival of the passengers and mails seemed intolerable. When permission to land was given, the Caribs paddled us up to a little creek and dropped our baggage at a worm-eaten wharf. A short walk brought us to a shabby plaza, with a Catholic church and a Baptist chapel, flanked on the opposite side by two hotels. A street-car trundling by and a club-house were signs of progress. Three crosses a block away, where the Crucifixion scene was to be enacted as a Passion Play with coarse realism in a few days, were intimations of mediæval mummery and superstition. There would be ample leisure for full observation of all these novelties and vagaries. Our first quest after our cruise with the Caribs was a well-cooked English dinner, and we found it, and it was something more than milk in the cocoanut.

XVIII

UP THE SAN JUAN

CONTRAST BETWEEN PANAMA AND GREYTOWN — THE NICARAGUA CANAL — PASSAGE OF THE COLORADO BAR — THE CENTRAL AMERICAN FOREST — THE RIVAL INTEROCEANIC WATERWAYS — LAKE NICARAGUA — WALKER'S EXPLOITS — AMERICAN CONTROL OVER AN INTEROCEANIC CANAL

Greytown has become like Panama the base of engineering operations for the construction of an interoceanic canal, but it has remained a somnolent and reputable town. Two years of sluggish work on the harbor improvements and the canal have not wrought any perceptible change in the morals of the community. The times are dull and there is no feverish excitement. Tainted adventurers, diamond speculators, gamblers, and rakes have not taken possession of the town. At Panama there was a mad revel of profligacy. At Greytown there is a modest club-house where billiards are played and strangers are entertained hospitably; but there are no signs of improvidence, reckless play, and a prolonged debauch of speculative excitement. Nothing has occurred to vary the monotony of drowsy existence. There are no contractors flaunting their jewels and bragging of fortunes made in the course of a few months or lost at the gaming table in a single night. Those employed in the canal work are living quietly, spending very little money, and complaining because they are not well paid. There is every indication of

economical and even close management of the finances of the construction company. Work has either dragged or has been imperfectly and wastefully done from the lack of suitable plant, financial resources, and an adequate force of laborers. The Panama scheme was floated on champagne and cognac. The Nicaragua Canal holds water only; but, unfortunately, it is slack water at a low level.

Every facility for examining the work and plant was offered to me by Mr. Menocal, the Chief Engineer. I saw the dredges in operation at the breakwater and in the entrance cut of the canal, visited the pier, wharves, machine shops, headquarters, and hospitals and went out on the railway ten miles to the advanced camps of the construction parties. The force employed in March, 1891, did not exceed 600 men, large reductions having been effected as soon as the expenditures passed the limit guaranteed by the company in its contract with the Government of Nicaragua. There was an artificial attempt to keep up appearances of work at various points, but no keen observer could go about the lagoon without perceiving that retrenchment was the order of the day. As a long period was allowed for the completion of the canal by the conditions of the contract there was no pressing necessity for haste, and progress would inevitably be slow until arrangements were made in New York, Washington, or London for securing the capital required for successful handling of the plant.

When work was begun in October, 1889, the harbor of Greytown was completely closed by sand dunes lying high above water from shore to shore. At New Orleans and at Bluefields I had been repeatedly told that the harbor was rapidly filling with sand from the

San Juan River, and that engineering operations would ultimately be abandoned because there was not sufficient force in the current to wash out the entrance and to prevent the formation of a new bar. Such criticism was declared by Mr. Menocal to be based upon the erroneous assumption that a sluggish river had sealed the harbor. The real agent had been the sea waves filled with the wash of the Colorado River. These waves striking the spit at the eastern side had heaped it higher and higher with sand year by year, and built it out further and further until the opposite shore was reached. In this way what was once a deep harbor easily approached from the sea was converted into a fresh-water lagoon. The first work was the restoration of the harbor by the formation of a new coast line, which would shelter the entrance channel from the wash of the waves. In fourteen months a breakwater was built, and when it was only half finished the harbor was opened.

While the engineers were successful in the first onset they had not won their battle. Nature is a stubborn antagonist, and has to be conquered foot by foot on her own ground. During the early months of 1891 there was a succession of fierce northers, and while the stability of the jetty was not impaired there were fresh deposits of sand in the entrance passage. Old forces resumed the attack upon the harbor with greatly diminished power, but with sufficient efficiency to diminish the depth of water at least five feet. Experience had shown that a short pier would be required, on the opposite side of the channel from the main breakwater, in order to protect the passage from the swirling of the sand under unusual conditions of wind and current.

While the work will be liable to temporary interruption from the same causes, which have operated to deposit sand shoals across the mouth of the harbor, the engineers are confident that when the two piers are finished the action of the sea waves will be restricted to beach building outside the line of the channel. If their expectations are fulfilled there will be an admirable harbor for shipping entering or leaving the canal. A spacious lagoon will be approached by a broad channel twenty feet deep at the lowest.

The canal cut had been opened in March, 1891, for a distance of 1200 yards, with excavation to the depth of sixteen feet. This was the entrance to the sea-level section, which was to be carried from Greytown to the first lock in the valley of the Deseado, a small stream descending from a high ridge known as the Divide. The dredges were cutting sand and doing good work; but there would be better progress, the engineers declared, when the flat alluvial deposits of loam and clay in that section were reached. The width of the cut was 250 feet; but it would be broadened about 50 feet before the completion of the work. A second pair of dredges following the first would increase the depth of the channel to 35 feet. The sand was carried over the railway which had been constructed for a distance of nine miles toward the Divide, and was dumped upon the roadbed of a new section which had been graded for a distance of another mile. The railway, which has been built through swamps bordering upon the San Juanillo, is to be extended to Ochoa, where the canal will open into the San Juan River above a great dam. The excavations made for the railway have confirmed the results of borings along the line of the canal, and have

demonstrated the facility with which dredging operations can be conducted the greater part of the way. For the first $12\frac{1}{3}$ miles, a depth of 30 feet can be secured with the aid of dredging machinery alone. The rock strata are found where stable foundations are required for the locks. Between Ochoa and Greytown there will be little more than seventeen miles of actual excavation, fifteen miles of free navigation being provided by natural basins. The locks which will be required have already been duplicated in the Lake Superior canals, and have been shown to be equal to the requirements of an enormous carrying trade. There will be three of these locks in the eastern and as many in the western section.

A large plant was purchased by the company at Colon, including seven dredges. The dredges were not adapted for operating successfully in rough water at the breakwater, where accidents were constantly happening owing to the deterioration of the plant while it was at the Isthmus; but in the canal cut they were effective. The working quarters of the company are between two and three miles from Greytown, and are connected with the Chief Engineer's residence and the hospitals by a narrow gauge railway, and by telephone lines with the camps and other points. The machine-shops are hardly equal to the requirements of so great a work, but all the other buildings are substantial structures. The company has a telegraph service extending to Castillo fifty-one miles distant, where connection is made with the government wires. An aqueduct was undertaken for supplying the town and headquarters with water, but was not completed. The staff is strong in the engineering and drafting departments. The final survey of the line cost

$400,000, and occupied a large force for three years. The work has been done with thoroughness, as many as eighty miles having been surveyed for each one of actual canal line. The hospitals, while less pretentious than those at Panama, are well planned and equipped for service; but there has been so little sickness in the working force that the resources of the staff have not been fairly tested. If the records of eighteen months are to be depended upon, it will be safe to conclude that the canal can be constructed without the payment of high tribute in mortality. The working force has been small in comparison with the army employed on the Isthmus; it has not suffered from malarial fevers or any form of pestilence. There were only a dozen patients in the wards when I visited them, and the majority of these were suffering from accidents.

The general impression which I carried away from Greytown was that the staff had shown itself equal to the requirements of planning a great work, but had been hampered by lack of money and appliances. The dredging in the inner channel had been wastefully conducted, because the sand was thrown upon the breakwater where much of it was washed back. The engineers took pains to demonstrate that the expense of every kind of work so far as they had gone, had been less than the estimates. Much of the dredging ought to have been cheap as it was only half-done. When the sand is loaded into barges and dumped into the sea beyond the outer bar there will be a fairer comparison between actual and estimated cost. There were several serious grounds for criticism in the harbor work, such as the delay in filling up sections of the pier with stone. With a larger force and a complete plant there would undoubtedly be signs

of American thoroughness and precision in the engineering operations. A thousand feet of breakwater, twelve hundred yards of canal excavation, ten miles of railway, and a hundred structures of various kinds, the clearing of the line of the canal and a completed survey represented what had been accomplished during eighteen months. The enterprise had barely been begun. The great rock cut at the Divide had not been approached. The Deseado, San Francisco, and Tola basins were to be banked and regulated. Not a stone had been turned for the big dam at Ochoa. A base of operations had been established and much preparatory work had been done; and while the reduction of decimals in estimates of cost might be a pleasant recreation, the staff had really not gone far enough to justify acceptance of any figures for the probable expense of the canal. Mr. Menocal named $65,000,000 in conversation with me. Another expert who had been over every foot of ground and examined the estimates in detail, employed the figure three as a common multiple for the calculations of every section. The staff has hardly won its spurs, much less the battle. It has begun the breakwater, the canal cut, the construction railway and the aqueduct, and has not carried any one of these projects to completion. Its capacity for directing the main engineering works remains to be demonstrated.

The San Juan is a noble river, but it ends ignominiously. Twenty miles from the sea the Colorado taps its current and draws off the main volume of its waters. What remains oozes into shallow lagoons and is scattered among shifting sand bars. When the long rainy season sets in there is enough water for both rivers. For nine months of the year there is unimpeded navi-

gation from Lake Nicaragua to Greytown; but from March to June, when the water is very low, a series of dangerous rapids has to be passed, and the Colorado followed over a line of breakers to the sea. As it was the middle of March when I left Greytown, I had a long and laborious journey from the Caribbean to the Pacific.

The first stage of the journey was the outside passage from the unfinished breakwater to the Colorado bar. It was made in a stanch but leaky galley commanded by an American naval officer. The *Petrel* was passed outside the bar at Greytown, a swaggering little warship, with four formidable guns. The first cape beyond the breakwater is known as Harbor Head, where a passage from the lagoon is gradually silting up with sand. Beyond it there is another outlet of the San Juan, which is flushed out during the rainy season. This opens seaward, and not into the lagoon, which receives the diminished waters of the San Juan and forms the harbor of Greytown. Colorado bar is in Costa Rica. It is a line of reefs, with swirling currents and foaming breakers, where steamers of light draught are in danger of striking submerged rocks even when the sea is smooth. When the water is rough, and a high surf is running over the bar, the passage is one to induce a feeling of giddiness. The naval officer takes charge of the wheel as the breakers are approached, and the glow on his face and the sparkle in his eyes disclose his sense of excitement. It is for the sake of piloting the boat over the bar that he is content with his position as commander of a craft little better than a tow-boat. For three minutes of each passage he has the exhilarating consciousness of being in extreme danger, and of having other men's lives dependent

upon his self-possession and nerve. The line of treacherous reefs is directly ahead; the boat quivers from stem to stern; a moment more and it is in the breakers and has shot through them, its decks showered with spray; and the captain leaves the wheel, his interest in the voyage at an end.

A little steamer named the *Yrma* lay at a wharf near the mouth of the Colorado. It had brought down the river a number of passengers from Managua and Leon, and they had been a week on the way. This did not promise well for a quick passage to the Pacific; but whoever travels in Central America has ceased to borrow trouble or to take note of time, jogging along as rapidly as possible, and counting a little progress each day as a great gain. In the course of two hours, which I passed very pleasantly in conversation with one of the belated passengers, Mr. Hall, formerly United States Minister in Central America, freight was exchanged, and the two steamers started out together, one for Greytown and the other for Machuca Rapids.

The banks of the Colorado are low and marshy in the lower reaches, and the waters swarm with alligators of large size. There are numerous islands covered with sedgy underbrush and stagnant reaches at every turn of the channel. Then opens a dense tract of impenetrable wilderness stretching from the coast to Lake Nicaragua. The trees are bound together with a tangle of parasitic plants and vines. The trunks are bare for fifteen or twenty feet, and then the branches spread out in all directions, loaded with lichens, mosses, and festoons of orchids and creepers. The trees are crowded close together, and are straight and slender, with foliage high above the ground. From a distance

the tropical forest looks like the woodlands along the banks of a northern river; but when the shore is approached tufted tops of palms, and tangled tracery of parasitic vines, are unerring indications of the vegetation of the torrid zone. The San Juan is the only highway through a wilderness, where there are no roads, no clearings, no grassy levels, and no habitations, and where a trail has to be cut with the knife, if mahogany is to be felled or rubber trees are to be milked. It is a forest where the most beautiful orchids hang from bough to bough, and where parrots, toucans, and tanagers are fluttering and screaming in the tree tops. As mile after mile is passed, the heavily wooded banks close like palisades behind the puffing little steamer, and fresh walls of tropical vegetation, ribbed with the white trunks of dead trees, open drearily in advance.

The first night was passed at the junction of the San Juan and Colorado rivers. On the second afternoon Ochoa was reached, at the entrance to the highlands. This is the point where the great dam is projected, so as to increase the depth of water in the river, and to create a ship channel, which will be navigable at all seasons. What can now be seen is a little creek, the Machado, on the north bank, with high wooded hills on each side of the river. The canal will enter the river above the dam, 31½ miles from Greytown, by way of the Deseado and San Francisco basins. The dam is to be 1250 feet long, with abutments of 650 feet, and is to be built of rock filling and earth backing, averaging 61 feet in height above the river bottom, 25 feet in thickness at the top, and 500 feet at the bottom. The material for this dam will be brought by the construction railway, from the Divide, where the great cut is to be made.

Since dams of larger dimensions than those of Ochoa have been built, this engineering work is not to be condemned as impracticable. If the ends are carried well into the hills, and the structure heavily weighted with rock, and provided with substantial concrete walls, it will be strong enough to resist flood pressure during the rainy season. The dam will create a slack-water channel, 1000 feet wide, with depths ranging from 30 to 130 feet. Large areas of river-bank and forest will be flooded, and the river San Carlos, now an insignificant creek, will be enlarged into a spacious lagoon, navigable for long distances, into the heart of Costa Rica.

The channel as it is now, seen at low water, is obstructed by a series of rapids. At Machuca, where a little stream flows into the San Juan from the North, there are two bends, with an island midway, and two lines of rapids, which cannot be passed at high water. The *Yrma's* freight was transferred to barges, which were cautiously poled up the rapids, — an operation requiring three hours. The passengers had to choose between following their baggage in the barges, and walking two miles through the forest, over a rough trail. Then, in due course of Nicaraguan time, — the slowest reach of the pendulum on the planet, — a little steamer, the *Adele*, came down from Castillo, and rescued the passengers from the ravages of mosquitoes and the pangs of hunger. The Bolas rapids were further up the river, opposite a high bank, and not a long way off were the Mica rapids, where a line of rocks stretched across the river. The *Adele* hung off the rocks at least five minutes, unable to make headway against the current, although the furnaces had been raked down, and the steam pressure was beyond the safety mark. The

Castillo rapids were avoided by a short tram route. Another little steamer started under the shadow of a crumbling old fortress, and before breasting the Toro rapids was tied up along shore, where the firemen could clear the furnaces of ashes and pile on the wood, so as to make a roaring blaze. When the steam was at a dangerously high point the boat shot out into the stream, to struggle laboriously against the current, and to gain upon it by inches. With a hundred passengers huddled around a boiler, which ought to have been condemned years before along with the craft, there was ample leisure for conjecturing the consequences of an explosion.

All these rapids, except the Toro, will be covered with 23 feet of water in the dry season by the construction of the Ochoa dam. At Machuca and Castillo some blasting will be done, but at Toro dredging will be required. Apart from the dam at Ochoa, a ship-channel of great breadth and adequate depth will be obtained, with very little effort and expense. The engineers have estimated that not more than 21 embankments will have to be constructed for the control of the increased volume of water. Nature has done a large part of the work of connecting the two oceans, and has greatly facilitated the completion of the waterway by man.

The total length of the proposed canal is 169⅔ miles. Of this only 28.89 miles represent canal in excavation. There will be free navigation for 150.78 miles, 120½ miles in the river and lake and the remainder in artificial basins, which will be regulated by embankments. The geological conditions are most favorable, except at the Divide where there is a rock cut of three miles from the Deseado to the San Francisco basin. The great reservoirs of Lake Nicaragua and Lake Managua will furnish

a high-level water supply adequate for meeting all the requirements of canal lockage and protection of the waterway in the rainy season. At the Isthmus there were mountains to be pierced and brought down to the sea-level; there were floods to be regulated without sufficient area for reservoirs; there was a deadly climate; and there were no winds in the Bay of Panama to carry sailing vessels out into the Pacific from the canal. The engineers there seemed to be working against nature. In Nicaragua nature has nearly worked out the problem of interoceanic transit without assistance from man. The lake is within seventeen miles of the Pacific, and the river is a ship channel for 64 miles, or within $31\frac{1}{3}$ miles of the Caribbean. There are three natural basins of large area which can be flooded during the rainy season without injury to the canal. There is a climate favorable for the construction of a work of the first magnitude. There are prevailing winds which will carry sailing vessels into the canal on either side, without risk of their being becalmed for weeks at the other end. Nature is not antagonized but is the constant ally of the Nicaragua project.

With the passage of the Toro rapids ended the vicissitudes and makeshifts of the journey. The *Managua*, the best steamer of the line, made a quick and delightful passage to San Carlos, and transferred a large company of travellers to the *Victoria*, which crossed the lake in twenty-four hours, calling at various stations. The passage across Lake Nicaragua offers many scenic attractions. From San Ubaldo, the course lies directly across the lake to San Jorge on the western shore. The most impressive mountain of this inland sea is Ometepe, a volcanic peak a little over 5000 feet in

height. It stands on a large island in the lake and like Madera, a companion peak, seems to rise out of the water until its cone cleaves the sky. From San Carlos its shapely outline is clearly seen, but the noble proportions of the volcano are not revealed until the lake is crossed from San Ubaldo. Hour by hour it is approached until the steamer skirts the edge of the island and runs into San Jorge. Further north towards Granada there is another massive volcano, Mombacho, towering to a height of 4700 feet. These mountains being seen from the level of the lake have the effect of being twice as high as they are. Their flanks are covered with dense forest and their summits are streaked with lava streams, unerring signs of old-time energy and destructive force. If the Nicaragua Canal be completed travellers will have magnificent mountain prospects in passing from ocean to ocean. While the San Juan will offer entrancing glimpses of primeval tropical forest, Lake Nicaragua will bring them under the shadow of at least one volcano, which is almost pulsating with life, and is sometimes crowned with a yellow halo of smoke.

The western shore of Lake Nicaragua was the scene of Walker's military operations. Rivas and San Jorge under the shadow of Ometepe and Madera witnessed his earliest successes, and his surrender to a guard from a United States man-of-war. The short road from the lake to the Pacific, which will be followed in the main by the ship canal, was his line of supplies since his reinforcements were drawn from the steamers touching at San Juan del Sur. The withdrawal of these steamers in connection with Marcy's diplomacy involved his ruin, since adventurers could no longer flock to his standard from California and the Southern States.

Masaya was the scene of one of his most brilliant sorties, and Granada was captured by a master stroke of audacity, only to be abandoned and burned when it became necessary for him to concentrate his forces at Rivas as a last line of defence. Houses occupied by him at Greytown, and the camping-grounds of his second army of filibusters on the Colorado, are still pointed out to the traveller who crosses Nicaragua, and his name is indissolubly associated with the barren plazas and battered churches of Granada. The memory of this famous leader of a lost cause has suffered equally from the undiscriminating denunciations of abolitionist foes and the panegyrics of partisans. If his character has been unjustly despoiled of all soldierly qualities and redeeming traits, it has also been idealized by poetic license until the surviving veterans of his picturesque band of filibusters have been unable to recognize the caricature. Walker's chief blunder was his failure to recognize the law of historical environment. A belated Cortes, in the heart of Central America in 1856, was as misplaced and fantastic a figure as a pious, bloodthirsty, and Spaniard-hating buccaneer would have been on the Caribbean.

The intervention of Walker in Nicaraguan affairs was caused by the rivalries between two cities, Granada and Leon, each of which was bent upon ruling the country. The same faction feud has continued to this day. So strong was the feeling of jealousy, that it was necessary to convert a third and more obscure town, Managua, into the capital. One governing cabal is constantly opposed by another, and revolutionary outbreaks and temporary dictatorships follow in natural course. Central American politics involve plot and counterplot, one faction intriguing against another and being mercilessly dealt with in defeat.

Not only is each of the five Republics between Mexico and the Isthmus constantly exposed to political disturbance, but they are intensely jealous of one another. Guatemala and Salvador are constantly menacing each other with attack in the north, and for generations Costa Rica and Nicaragua in the south have been quarrelling over boundaries and cherishing resentments with passionate intensity of feeling. These facts have an important bearing upon the proposed interoceanic waterway. Not only will it pass through a State in which the political conditions are most unstable, but the San Juan River will also be the disputed boundary between two jealous nations. Strong as is the desire of Nicaragua for the successful construction of the canal, it is apparently unable to reconcile itself to the idea of sharing with Costa Rica the honor and advantages of the work. National resentments have been revealed at every stage of the negotiations conducted by Mr. Menocal and Mr. Hall for obtaining the canal concessions. Contracts were made with both governments, for the payment of compensating damages, and for the issue of blocks of stock, in return for the concessions; but while each was satisfied with its own terms, neither was willing to ratify its engagements with the other. Although the frontier dispute was nominally settled by the decision of President Cleveland, Nicaragua has not accepted the results of arbitration, nor united with Costa Rica in the boundary survey. Much diplomatic pressure will be needed from Washington, before these two jealous States can be induced to come to terms, and to live peaceably with each other.

If the canal be completed and opened, it will be necessary to arm some foreign power with the same right of protection which the United States Government has

exercised over the property of the Panama Railway. Under the Monroe Doctrine that power must be the United States. The circuit of canal diplomacy will never be complete until the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is abrogated. So long as that convention, which has never served any useful purpose, retains a semblance of authority as treaty law, it will be a source of international complications. The present guardianship of the Mosquito Reservation by England, under a decision made by the Emperor of Austria, is an adequate warrant for the withdrawal of the United States from that unfortunate compact. The conversion of the lumber settlements at Belize into a Crown Colony has implied as clear a repudiation of the covenant upon which the joint protectorate was based. Before the canal is finished, every prohibition of the right of the United States to hold political control over it in conjunction with the two quarrelsome States through which it passes, and also to fortify and to garrison islands in the lake near San Carlos, ought to be removed by the cancellation or revision of that treaty.

The Nicaraguan Government, as I learned from various trustworthy sources at Managua, was disappointed because the work on the canal was not advancing more rapidly, and was listening credulously to criticism offered by English and German residents, who were doing everything in their power to discredit the enterprise. These opponents of the canal asserted that Americans had been talking for forty years about constructing a waterway, and had accomplished little beyond surface surveys and a half-finished breakwater. They magnified the engineering difficulties of the work, and assumed that the capital never could be raised without a government guaranty, and that the

United States Congress had practically vetoed the proposal precisely as it had rejected the canal treaty negotiated under the Arthur administration. Having demonstrated to their own satisfaction the impracticability of the project, they referred confidently to the railway scheme for connecting the two coasts. An English syndicate has already been formed for constructing a railway from San Ubaldo, on the eastern shore of Lake Nicaragua, to Rama, on the edge of the Mosquito Reservation. This railway of 102 miles will be built through the forest, so as to connect the Caribbean with the lake system. An extension of this line around Lake Nicaragua to Granada is also projected, and this with a loop around Lake Managua will connect the oceans by an all-rail route. Some enthusiasts at Managua have gone so far as to predict that if the Nicaraguan Government can make an amicable arrangement with the population of the Reservation, England will consent to the annexation of the district. The bait is thrown out that when the railway is completed to Rama, the whole coast from Greytown to Cape Gracias will be brought under the control of Nicaragua. How this result is to be accomplished, when the Reservation is violently opposed to annexation, and when its rights are guaranteed by the English treaty and the decision of the Emperor of Austria, these speculative diplomatists do not explain. The fact remains that the syndicate is providing Nicaragua with a new transit route, while an American corporation is conducting with a discouraging degree of deliberation work on the interoceanic canal. There is a sharp contrast here between English performance and American procrastination and inaction.

XIX

GLIMPSES OF CENTRAL AMERICA

CITIES AND SCENERY OF THE WESTERN PLATEAU — PASSION-PLAYS AND RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS — PROGRESS OF COSTA RICA — FACTION FEUDS AND STANDING ARMIES — THE BARRUNDIA AFFAIR — FEDERATION AND RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

NICARAGUA, while the largest of the Central American States in territorial extent, is, with the exception of Costa Rica, the least populous. It has no foreign debt, and while its resources are undeveloped, it is in excellent financial condition. Its chief exports are coffee, rubber, indigo, dyewoods, mahogany, and bananas. East of the lakes there is a fine grazing country, supporting large droves of cattle. Cacao is successfully cultivated on the western plateau, and sugar can be produced on a large scale, when adequate facilities for grinding and boiling the cane are provided. The forests are rich in mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, and rubber. The east coast is admirably adapted for the cultivation of bananas. There are also signs of mineral wealth in the interior. The foreign trade of Nicaragua is chiefly with Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. Germany has the largest share of the imports; but the recent development of the banana trade is bringing the United States into the first place as a market for the exports.

The principal towns of Nicaragua lie on the western plateau that slopes gently toward the Pacific. The largest is Leon with a population of 25,000. The second in importance is Managua, on the southern shore of Lake Managua. It is the capital and is rapidly becoming the business centre of the country. It has a population of 18,000 and has something resembling commercial enterprise. Granada, on the western shore of Lake Nicaragua, was founded as early as 1522, and when burned by Walker was rebuilt without being materially improved. In 1890 it suffered from a series of severe earthquake shocks, and the population, alarmed by the experience, is now declining, not exceeding 15,000. Ten miles from Granada is the Indian town of Masaya, and not far from Corinto, on the coast there is a similar town, Chinandega. Rivas lies to the south of Granada and has a population of 8000. These six cities comprise about one-quarter of the aggregate population of Nicaragua, which in round numbers is 350,000. They are all dreary and unattractive. Masaya, owing to its Indian characteristics, is the most interesting; Leon is the most religious, Managua the most ambitious, and Granada the most dilapidated and the shabbiest.

A description of one town will answer for all. The streets are unpaved and grass-grown, and in the rainy season are sloughs of slimy mud. The sidewalks are raised one or two feet above the street level so as to secure houses and shops against floods. The buildings are low adobe structures, whitewashed at the sides and front, and roofed with red tiles. The walls are very thick, so as to secure stability when there are earthquake shocks, and the floors are paved with brick. In Managua there are government buildings and a minia-

ture school of arts with two stories, and the chief hotels also have an upper floor; and on one side of the plaza in Leon there is a municipal palace, with a second tier of windows; but these are almost the only exceptions to the limitations of ground-floor architecture. The shops are mean and shabby; the houses are forlorn and comfortless; and the churches are tawdry within and ugly without. The largest church in Nicaragua is the cathedral at Leon, fronting upon the plaza; but it is of a debased type of architecture, and has a cold and bare interior. The plaza church in Managua has a façade such as a child could make with building blocks, putting a long one at the base, two shorter pieces above it, with squares at the ends cut out, and a fourth one in the middle above the second layer. A hole is left in the centre for a bell, and two low doorways are cut through at the base. La Merced Church in Granada is somewhat better, but shabby withal. The town also has a university built in a quadrangle, with a superannuated aspect. The most modern structure in urban Nicaragua is the railway depot at Granada.

There is, however, exceedingly varied scenery on the Western plateau. Besides Ometepe and Mombacho, the majestic mountain landmarks of Lake Nicaragua, there is another series of volcanoes known as the Marabios, and seen to great advantage from the steamer in the passage across Lake Managua. These lava-streaked mountains vary in height from 2000 to 7000 feet, and there are fourteen of them clustered between the Lake and the Gulf of Fonseca. Momotombito, an island hummock in the Lake at the base of giant Momotombo, is the southernmost of the series. Viejo, back of Corinto, lies at the northern bound of this old-time centre of vol-

canic energy. Momotombo ordinarily has a curling wreath of smoke ascending from its crater, but it was not on exhibition as an active volcano when I passed it. As a mountain of magnificent proportions, symmetry of form, and boldness of outline, it is unrivalled in Central America. The forests extend from the shore of the lake to the edge of the crater, where there is rank grass among the ash-heaps and lava beds. The little volcano in front of it is a foil for its impressive majesty, and the two mountains once seen across the green level of Lake Managua will linger in the memory as a silhouette of singular beauty.

From this line of volcanoes to the coast there are broad levels, admirably adapted for the cultivation of coffee and cacao. At the base of Momotombo there is a picturesque Indian hamlet where the railway train is taken for Leon and Corinto. The first stage of the journey is made through a forest tract, where there are occasional clearings, and glimpses of the volcanoes. As Leon is approached, wild pineapple fences are seen, with herds of cattle in green pastures. There are cacao and coffee plantations, the shrubs growing in the dense shade of banana and coral trees. Palms become more conspicuous as the coast is approached. The plain of Leon, bounded by the volcanoes and the sea, has great natural beauty. If it were in a high state of cultivation, and the scrub forest were cleared away, it would be the loveliest garden in Central America. Corinto is the chief port of Nicaragua, and the western terminus of the railway and inland water system of transportation. It is an insignificant town, on a low, marshy island.

While Nicaraguan men are short in stature, sharp and irregular in feature, and lean and ill-built in figure, the

women are shapely, with swarthy faces, black hair braided and tightly coiled, and eyes soft and lustrous. Custom allows them to wear low-cut, embroidered chemises and cheap gowns, with their arms, neck, and shoulders bare. Women of the lower class, with their copper-colored complexions, resemble the Mexican half-breeds. They are not as immodest as their style of dress and volatile temperament seem to indicate. There are few countries in Spanish America where the women have so many homely virtues, or where the men are so honest, as in Nicaragua. Although the doors of sleeping-rooms in the hotels are neither bolted nor locked, and guests herd together in public rooms, under conditions favorable for robbery, thieves are unknown. I have never travelled in a foreign country where I had the same sense of security against dishonesty. Even the hackmen in the towns have consciences, and do not seek to over-charge strangers.

Nicaragua is an intensely religious country. I passed from ocean to ocean during Holy Week, and witnessed the image-bearing processions from town to town. At Greytown I missed the closing scenes of the Passion Play, enacted in the bare plaza and the sacred precincts of "Jerusalem." The triumphal entry under palm branches, the Last Supper, the trial before Pilate, the mocking, scourging, and Crucifixion between thieves, and the Resurrection meeting with the holy women, are reproduced there with startling realism. The part of Saviour is taken by a man, and enacted with religious feeling bordering upon fanaticism. The Last Supper is eaten with the twelve on a raised platform. The crowd join in the fierce acclaim, "Crucify him;" and three men hang upon as many crosses in the sight of the town, the

nails only being dispensed with. After the Crucifixion there is a funeral pageant, and a large image of the Saviour is taken in a glass coffin to the church, with the chief men of the town as pall-bearers and honorary guards. Such was the account of the proceedings given to me by residents.

In the western towns religious processions take the place of this crude Passion Play. At Granada, Managua, and especially at Leon, there is a parade every night during Holy Week. A large image is strapped upon a mule on Palm Sunday, and escorted by priests, soldiers, and bands of music through the streets. On Thursday and Friday there are processions, with as many as twenty or thirty images dressed in purple and black. Hundreds of men and women join in the parade behind the hearse, and carry lighted candles, which have been blessed for the occasion and are supposed to possess peculiar sanctity. The bands play dirges, the garrison marches to drum-beat, and the torch-bearers enter the churches, and prostrate themselves before the altar. Business is suspended during these solemn days, and the running of railway trains is prohibited by the Government. Easter finds the churches filled with the images of the Virgin in full mourning, and of the Crucified with riven side and pierced hands and feet. Incongruous as the effects of costume and drapery often are, and coarse, and even vulgar, as are the images, there is no lack of reverence on the part of the people.

From Corinto, after halting in the towns of the western plateau, I sailed for Costa Rica, passing Brito, the canal port, and running into San Juan del Sur for a few hours on the way south. These towns, which were prosperous forty years ago, during the era of the Van-

derbilt transit trade between California and New York, are now desolate places. Punta Arenas is the cleanest and prettiest port to be found in Central America. It stands upon a narrow reach of sandy beach, with a background of forest-clad hills. The Gulf of Nicoya, a spacious arm of the sea, lies in front of the town, its tranquil surface dotted with islands of enchanting loveliness. A broad river empties into the Gulf, and forms a safe harbor of moderate depth. The town is embowered in cocoanut clumps, banana tangles, and tropical gardens. A stroll along the beach, and across the outer rim of grass-grown lanes and commons, reveals nearly all the characteristic trees of the tropics, — magnolias shading the sidewalks, mangoes and palms standing in the fields, and tamarinds, bananas, oranges, and almonds ornamenting the gardens. The luxuriant verdure relieves eyes that are strained by the vivid light reflected from the white sand. The town is unpretentious, with clusters of small shops and cafés, an unfinished church, and rows of bamboo huts with thatched roofs; but it is homelike, cheerful, and bright. The iron wharf on the water front may be out of keeping with the rustic surroundings; but this is quickly forgotten when glimpses of the cactus hedges and fruit gardens are caught, and the simple, unaffected courtesy of the people is revealed.

Costa Rica has a population several degrees lighter in complexion than that of Nicaragua, and markedly superior to it in education and refinement. Land is subdivided until nearly every family owns at least a house and garden, and extreme poverty is rare. The people are contented, prosperous, and light-hearted. If the country is not a Rich Coast, as its name implies, it is because it is thinly populated, and its industrial wealth

undeveloped. In the interior there is an elevated plateau, between Alajuela and Cartago, where seven-eighths of the total population of 214,000 are centred in a territory of 100 square miles. San José, the capital, lies in the heart of this fertile tableland, and is encompassed with extinct volcanoes, ranging between 7000 and 12,500 feet above the sea. It is a handsome and progressive city, with comfortable hotels, and a refined society, noted for hospitality to foreigners. Cartago, the second city, lies close at hand, and Alajuela and Heredia are connected with the capital by the railway system, which extends nearly across the country, from Punta Arenas to Port Limon. There is only one short break in the line, and that is on the Pacific side, from Esparta to Alajuela. As the coffee tract has direct railway connection with Port Limon, the chief staple of the country is now shipped mainly from the Caribbean side. Punta Arenas seems destined to decrease as Port Limon increases. The completion of the railway may repair its shattered fortunes; but with the rival port's superior advantages as a centre of the banana trade, it cannot hope to regain its commercial supremacy. The Caribbean coast, however, is markedly inferior to the Pacific side, being a marshy tract covered with scrub-forest, and it is without a safe anchorage for vessels. The northern and southern sections of Costa Rica are unexplored wilderness, similar to the trackless forests of the San Juan.

Costa Rica, while the least populous, is the most advanced of the Central American Republics. Its capital is lighted by electricity and it has cheap telegraphs. It has good educational and postal systems, and is displaying great enterprise in the completion of public works

and in the development of its resources. It has 161½ miles of railway in operation, and will be the first State to connect the oceans. A railway from the Jimenez to the Frio on the border of Nicaragua has been contracted for, and this will be brought into connection with the main lateral line. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will open a large section of the northern belt by rendering the San Carlos navigable through the slack-water of Ochoa Dam. There is a foreign debt amounting to $11,000,000. Railway projects have been dragging from lack of labor, and the expansion of unrivalled resources as a coffee-growing State is retarded from the same cause. It has, however, an industrious and orderly population, is improving its position year by year, and is to be considered the most promising community in that quarter of Spanish America.

In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the military garrisons head the religious processions, and are mustered in full force during Holy Week. I witnessed the dress parades of these ill-disciplined and tattered battalions, and was not seriously impressed with the horrors of war in Central America. The garrison ordinarily consists of a few files of boys in shirt sleeves and bare-feet, lolling upon benches outside the barracks, whistling snatches from French operas, and toying with their sword bayonets. Every morning an officer, in a faded blue uniform, seeks to impart the rudiments of discipline by drilling them with a swaggering air. As I watched these disorderly evolutions, I found myself wondering what would happen, if a squad of New York police were to file suddenly into the street and charge upon the battalions. Wearing ragged and patched uniforms startling in their range and variety, mounting guard

bare-foot and carelessly flinging their rifles across their shoulders at every angle when they march, they are fantastic and comical soldiers. The standing armies of the four republics, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador, when massed together, would not exceed four thousand men. Guatemala has nominally a larger force under arms, but only about two thousand men are ordinarily on duty. One only needs to look at these warriors in order to understand why the mortality is very low in the battles of the civil wars. Most of the shooting is done by boys and is in the air.

It is not improbable that the political condition of these States would be greatly improved, if the armies were recruited and rendered more efficient. When the military force is weak, it does not serve the useful purpose of maintaining public order and preventing the outbreak of civil war. It is swayed by every breath of intrigue, and is ordinarily reorganized before a general election, when its services are required for controlling the choice of a President. Every one of the five countries is constantly menaced with political disturbance and open revolt. When 700 raw soldiers form the standing army of a State like Costa Rica, cabals are inevitably organized and revolutions frequently occur, since it is practicable for intriguers with comparatively small financial outlay to muster a force equally strong. A good deal of what is known as treason in Central America would be more properly classed as political campaigning. An ambitious Cabinet Minister is anxious to become President, and is baffled by Executive disfavor. In order to keep himself before the public, and to demonstrate his growing importance, he heads a revolt against the government. A little

powder is burned and considerable excitement is caused. It is a political campaign that is opened. While the chances of revolutionary intrigue are multiplied under feeble and inefficient military organization, the horrors of war are materially diminished. A revolt in Costa Rica implies an attempt on the part of scheming politicians to overthrow the President by arming 200 or 400 men and taking a standing army of 700 men by surprise. These revolutions are not attended with much bloodshed, and are not to be regarded as very serious affairs. If the standing armies were larger and under better discipline, there would be fewer political manœuvres of this sort.

General Barrundia was a revolutionist of this type. He had been Secretary of War, and aspired to be President of Guatemala; but those in power had plans of their own, and drove him into exile. Then he had recourse to tactics which are constantly employed in Central America. He sought to advance his political prospects by organizing a revolutionary movement. Taking advantage of the state of war between Salvador and Guatemala, he headed an unsuccessful invasion from Mexican territory. His subsequent tragical end on the steamer *Acapulco* in Guatemalan waters was caused by the connivance and coöperation of the American Minister in an attempt to hand him over to the mercies of his political enemies. While I was on the West Coast the report of the Guatemalan Minister of Foreign Affairs on the Barrundia affair was received. He took pains to disavow having threatened to attack and sink the *Acapulco*, if the surrender of the passenger were refused, and demonstrated that it would have been impossible for the authorities to injure the vessel

even if they had meditated an attack, since there was not at the port of San José a single piece of artillery of any description, with the exception of a little toy cannon, which for many years had done service in the way of firing salutes. This official confession of the weakness of the coast defences served to corroborate a statement made to me in all seriousness by an American resident prominently connected with the life-insurance interests of New York. He declared that the captain of the *Acapulco* could have successfully defended his ship against any assault from shore by calling his chief cook to his aid. With a few pans of boiling water from the galley the Guatemalan officers could have been beaten back to their boats, if they had attempted to board the vessel without the consent of the commander. The assumption that naval assistance from the *Ranger* and her consort was required for the defence of the merchant steamer, is as grotesque as the idea that the artillery in the toy forts on the Central American coast is available for offensive operations. It is hardly practicable for a traveller with any sense of humor to take a serious view either of military or diplomatic matters in that portion of the world.

The progress of Mexico during the last decade is largely to be attributed to the strong military force, which has been kept in reserve and rendered available by the new railway and telegraph systems for rapid operations in any part of the country. Revolution and brigandage have been brought to an end, and industrial progress has been promoted by strong military government, with railways in operation for the transportation of troops. In the same way the construction of a trunk railway system from the Mexican border to Punta Are-

nas and Cartago would be of inestimable benefit to the cause of civilization in Central America. With facilities for the rapid movement of troops, the five governments would not be constantly in dread of revolutionary outbreaks, and by strengthening their armies they would secure what is more urgently needed there than anything else — stability of political institutions. Such a trunk line would tend to bring five jealous States, first into intimate commercial relations, and subsequently into political union under a confederation such as was prematurely planned in 1890. The tentative constitution adopted by the five governments, with a system of alternating national capitals, by which the President of each Republic would have become in turn the Executive of the confederation, was the work of the politicians then in power. President Menendez of Salvador was the most influential leader of the movement, and was supported by a majority of the legislators of his State. Political rivals opposed the scheme, succeeded in assassinating him, and obtained control of the Government. Their supremacy with the subsequent hostilities between Guatemala and Salvador proved an insuperable obstacle to the federation plan. This was a great misfortune, since the substitution of one powerful nation for five feeble and quarrelsome States would have been a great gain for civilization in Spanish America. The revival of the federation project can hardly be expected until the coffee republics are brought into intimate commercial relations by the construction of a trunk railway from the Mexican border to the heart of Costa Rica.

The foreign trade of the five Republics, with a population of nearly 3,000,000, and an area equal to that of New England, the Middle States, and Maryland, now

amounts to $31,000,000 annually, and is steadily increasing. Coffee is the most important product, and it is exported on a large scale from all the States except Honduras. The commercial development of Central America has been to a large extent the result of steamship service on the Pacific coast. Coffee has been carried either to San Francisco or Panama, and from the Isthmus it has been trans-shipped mainly to Europe during recent years. The import trade has been controlled by English and German merchants. The completion of three lateral lines of railway in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and Guatemala will ultimately transfer the base of commercial operations from the Pacific to the Caribbean ports. As these ports are already centres of the banana trade, and are in constant steam communication with the Gulf and Atlantic seaboards, there will be cheap freights for coffee, hides, and dye-woods in that direction. American trade with Central America will be directly promoted by the construction of these lateral railways, even if the trunk line on the West Coast be deferred for another generation, and the interoceanic canal be abandoned. The reciprocity conventions made with Costa Rica, Guatemala, and Salvador at the close of 1891, and with Honduras and Nicaragua in 1892, will bring the United States into closer commercial union with the coffee republics, and facilitate an exchange of products of essentially different zones. The completion of the Nicaragua Canal will inevitably tend to increase trade with these countries; but the interests of peace and stable government are mainly dependent upon railway progress and ultimate federation.

XX

OUR CONTINENT

EUROPEAN COMMERCIAL DEPENDENCIES — THE MONROE DOCTRINE UNINTELLIGIBLE TO SOUTHERN RACES — THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS — THE RECIPROCITY POLICY — THE THREE AMERICAS' RAILWAY — INTEROCEANIC CANALS — AMERICAN TRADE DEPENDENT UPON THE REPRODUCTION OF EUROPEAN ENTERPRISE

With my return to Panama in April, 1891, where I received a warm welcome from Mr. Adamson, the United States Consul-General, and many other friends whom I had met during the previous year, my journeys in Tropical America came to an end. The circuit which I had been making was that of the vast empire won by the maritime genius of mediæval Spain, liberated by virtues smacking of the soil of the New World, and converted during the last fifty years into a commercial dependency of Europe. A hundred years ago, the Southern countries were inspired with a love of liberty and independence, when the American Colonies rose in revolt against England. The work of Washington in the North was taken up by Bolivar in Venezuela and New Granada, by Hidalgo and Morelos in Mexico, and by San Martin in the far South. Americans strongly sympathized with the Spanish Republics in their protracted struggle against foreign domination. When the victory was won everywhere except in Cuba and

Porto Rico, Spanish America was left to work out its destiny unaided and neglected by the Northern Republic whose institutions it had copied. For fifty years maritime Europe has been trading systematically with these Southern countries, supplying immense masses of capital for the development of their resources, employing a well-equipped commercial marine, and funding and refunding their national and railway debts. A commercial empire lost in the Northern hemisphere at Yorktown has been regained by England under the Southern Cross, and Americans preoccupied with the development of their own industrial resources have been content to have it so. Whoever visits Tropical America will find much to criticise in the operation of republican institutions, and much, withal, to admire in the civic and material progress of races of mixed blood. If he be an American he will be constrained to lament his own country's neglect of commercial opportunities and political responsibilities in contributing to the world's work of civilization.

Maritime Europe has taken possession of the import markets of these Southern countries, and converted them into commercial dependencies, while Americans have been juggling with a phrase. That is a rough way of stating the case. England, Germany, and France have opened rapid steamship communications with Brazil, the Plate countries, the West Coast and the Isthmus, and secured the general introduction of their manufactures by the establishment of mercantile houses in the chief centres of population. They have assiduously cultivated trade relations with that portion of the world, deliberately studied the requirements of the climate and the tastes and habits of the people, and supplied the

capital required for the construction of railways and the development of mineral and agricultural resources. From Guatemala to Patagonia the weight of English money and the force of German mercantile energy have been felt. The tremendous expansion of European commerce during the last thirty years, and the enormous investments of English and French capital in the mines and public works of that vast region, are facts easily understood by nations without financial resources of their own, and in need of a progressive policy of internal improvement. Tropical America has been largely Europeanized while the English-speaking race of the Northern Republic has been allowing its commercial marine to disappear from the seas, and its statesmen to conjure aimlessly with the high-sounding phrases of the Monroe Doctrine.

Dread of European colonization and encroachment has passed away, except in Venezuela; and each nation is confident of its own ability to repel foreign invasion without assistance or moral support from the Northern Republic. It never enters into the Spanish-American's mind that the diplomacy of Washington has been helpful to him during the present century. He attributes the political emancipation of his country to his own civic virtues, and its material development to his own energy aided by European investments. The Monroe Doctrine as a proclamation of the homogeneity of all interests affecting the American Continent is wholly unintelligible to him.

This confusion of mind respecting what is often described as the chief canon of American diplomacy ought not to excite surprise in view of the historical evidence of the uncertainty and vacillation with which

MOUTH OF THE CHAGRES

the Monroe Doctrine has been carried into practice. As soon as it was proclaimed the Spanish-American States endeavored to make use of it by inviting the United States to send delegates to an amphictyonic council to be held at Panama. The scheme appealed at once to the imagination of Mr. Clay, who was then Secretary of State, and had been an enthusiastic champion of the liberties of the races rising in revolt against Spain. The Administration of the second Adams warmly approved of the project, and nominated a Commission to represent the United States in an assembly of Spanish-American States, which were apparently anxious to place themselves under the leadership of the Northern Republic, as well as to take common counsel for promoting mutual security and independence. President Adams, while enumerating in a special Message the advantages to be derived from the united action of republican States, and from the establishment of liberal principles of commercial intercourse, maritime neutrality, and religious toleration, announced that the Panama Congress would probably adopt the Monroe Doctrine as an agreement that each country must guard its own territory from European encroachment. This interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine by its real author seemed to forestall the idea that the United States intended to extend its protection to Spanish-American countries menaced with European invasion. It was a plain intimation that each country was to defend its own territories by resources at its command. The special Message excited acrimonious debate in the United States Senate, and the Commission was not authorized without strenuous resistance and protracted delay. The International Conference was gradually narrowed at

Washington into a benevolent scheme for giving good advice to the Spanish countries on various safe subjects. The original purpose of forming a league for common defence and for the liberation of Cuba was abandoned. The American commissioners arrived at Panama after the adjournment of the Congress, which in the absence of encouragement from the United States proved a failure.

This was the first attempt to test the practical efficacy of the Monroe Doctrine, and the results did not impress Spanish America favorably. As time went on, the principle was revived only to be compromised in connection with projects for the construction of an interoceanic water-way across Central America. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the withdrawal of all English claims to sovereignty over the coasts of Nicaragua and Honduras was nominally secured by the United States. In return for a series of promises which have not been fulfilled to this day, either in Belize, or in the Mosquito Reservation, Great Britain was admitted in 1850, to an equal share in the protectorate of any interoceanic canal, which might be constructed. There was nothing in that tangled skein of baffled and inexplicable American diplomacy to inspire Spanish America with respect for the Monroe Doctrine. The Convention with Colombia, for securing American protection of the Panama Railway, was more intelligible; but when the French Canal was projected, a generation afterward, it seemed to be impracticable for the United States to embody in its diplomatic policy a definite basis of action. Equally inefficient were the protests of the Washington Government against the invasion of Venezuelan territory by the English colonists of Guiana. The French evac-

uation of Mexico, and the control of the railway at the Isthmus, were the chief results of fifty years of diplomatic exposition of the Monroe Doctrine. The effect of these achievements was largely counteracted by failures elsewhere, and particularly in Central America.

The memories of the Panama Congress were revived on October 2, 1889, when the Pan-American Congress met in Washington to discuss measures tending to promote the peace and prosperity of all republican nations on the American continent. This meeting was held in response to invitations which the American Congress had authorized the government to issue. The sessions were prolonged for twenty weeks, during which reports were received on commercial union, international arbitration, steamship communications, railways, banking facilities, coinage, weights, measures, patents, and trademarks. As the Pan-American Congress was not armed with treaty-making powers, its recommendations had no binding force; but the moral effect of promoting an amicable exchange of thought, and neighborly goodwill, was produced. The most important results of the meeting were the recommendations respecting partial treaties of reciprocity, the adoption by representatives of all the powers except Chili, of a resolution in favor of compulsory arbitration, as an expedient for preventing war, and the authorization of preliminary surveys for a system of railways to connect the Three Americas.

The majority report of the Committee on Customs Union condemned as impracticable, or at least as premature, an unrestricted exchange of products between the American nations; but advised the negotiation of partial schemes of reciprocity, based upon equivalent advantages. The United States promptly acted upon

these recommendations, and is now carrying out a policy which received in advance the approval of the representatives of all the powers except Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Paraguay. In order to convert reciprocity into a lever for opening Southern markets, it was only necessary to bring it to bear upon Brazil, and the Spanish West Indies, from which the United States was drawing its main supplies of coffee and sugar. If it had been impracticable to negotiate any commercial conventions, all the States and European dependencies would have remained on equal terms when the privileges of a free market were withdrawn. As soon as Brazil and Spain were drawn into diplomatic engagements, a basis for future discrimination in their favor was secured. The United States Government was highly favored by circumstances in making the earliest conventions. Brazil was readily brought into a commercial alliance after the Revolution. The youngest Republic was grateful to the United States. It strongly supported the Pan-American policy at Washington, promptly accepted the principle of compulsory arbitration, and as soon as it was approached on the subject of commercial union, made a treaty highly favorable to the United States. This convention, which was grounded upon a permanent free market for coffee, became a base for diplomatic action with Venezuela, Mexico, and Central America, whose chief product would be exposed to a discriminating duty in the United States, after January 1, 1892, if they neglected to comply with the requirements of equitable trade.

The Spanish Convention furnished a similar base for opening the sugar-producing countries to American exports. It was followed almost immediately by a

convention with San Domingo. The United States Government was aided in its diplomacy in that quarter by the rivalries existing between the black republics. When Hayti, whose trade was largely controlled by France, rejected the proposals for the lease of a coaling-station, and displayed indifference to commercial relations with the United States, the less prosperous rival, on the other side of the island, solicited reciprocity, and obtained it, on more favorable terms than either Brazil or the Spanish West Indies had done. By arrangements, subsequently made with Germany, concessions were obtained for American agricultural products, in return for the free market for beet sugar. Toward the close of 1891 Commissioners from British Guiana, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes, and the Windward and Leeward groups of the British West Indies, succeeded in securing the same market by agreeing to reduce the import duties upon American flour and other products. Hawaii being already included in the reciprocity arrangements, the resources of the free market for sugar were practically exhausted when, on the basis of the importations of 1890, conventions were made with Brazil, the Spanish West Indies, San Domingo, Germany, and the British West Indies, from which 86.15 per cent of the foreign supply of the United States was obtained. Reciprocity conventions with Brazil, Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and the West Indies provided fair exchange for the bulk of the coffee importations.

Reciprocity is the first practical attempt to substitute for the vague phrases of the Monroe Doctrine, a basis of economic union between the various nations of the American Continent. It involves an equalization of

commercial relations by the reduction of revenue duties on each side. The free market provided in the United States for Southern produce has cheapened staples of food by the removal of revenue duties. In the same way the import duties levied upon flour and provisions in Brazil, Spanish America, and the West Indies have been large sources of revenue. When these are reduced, or taken off altogether, as the result of reciprocity, the imported food supplies of impoverished populations are cheapened. Here is an economic principle of inestimable benefit to all the countries brought into commercial union. What has determined the negotiation of the treaties, and the success of the policy, is the weight of the American market. The total imports in 1890 from South America, the West Indies, Central America, and Mexico into the United States amounted to $198,940,575. The fact that the bulk of the produce of the Southern countries now finds not only its best, but an essentially free market in the United States, has been brought to bear upon the problem of equalizing exchanges. Europe has invested not less than $1,500,000,000, during the last thirty years, in railways, mines, and national securities in Brazil, the Argentine, Chili, Peru, and other South American States. That enormous mass of capital has exerted an attractive force in promoting general trade with Europe. The requirements of a nation of 63,000,000 of consumers, on the other hand, have created a great market for tropical produce in the United States. The weight of that market is to be felt hereafter as a determining force in regulating commercial exchanges.

Another recommendation of the Pan-American Congress has been carried into effect by the organization of an international commission for making prelimi-

nary surveys for a continuous line of railway uniting the two hemispheres. On the Isthmus this project is regarded as chimerical. This is natural, for Colon and Panama owe their existence to the transit trade between the two oceans. Transportation on North and South lines is considered as visionary as rapid transit to the moon. All the traditions of the Isthmus from the days when Columbus coasted from the Gulf of Honduras to the Bay of Limon in search of a passage to the East Indies are arrayed against it. Panama is separated by long reaches of trackless wilderness from the Magdalena valley on one side and on the other from the fruitful plateau of San José in Costa Rica. It lacks the imagination required for anticipating the construction of a railway from Southern Mexico to Bogotá. When enthusiasts assure them that only 5000 miles of roadbed will have to be graded and put in operation in order to establish railway service between New York and Buenos Ayres, residents of Panama politely intimate that adequate facilities for humane treatment of the insane are lacking on the Isthmus. "Take your map of the world," one of the most influential Americans on the Isthmus said to me, "and you will see that the main railway systems follow the parallels rather than the meridians. Read the history of commerce, and you will learn that the lines of trade have always run east and west, never north and south. The law of the planet on its axis is the law of modern progress. The winds of heaven were designed to blow the whitening sails of commerce through an interoceanic canal. It is easier and more natural to marry two oceans than two continents."

As I listened to these generalizations I recalled a

bright morning in Buenos Ayres when two railway enthusiasts took my maps and demonstrated to their own satisfaction the facility with which the United States could be brought into railway communication with the Plate. One of my visitors was ex-Minister Osborne, who had secured from the Government of Paraguay concessions for the construction of two lines of railway above Asuncion across the Chaco to the Bolivian border. The other was Russell R. Peeler, who had given emphatic testimony before the United States commissioners in favor of a continental trunk railway as a means of reviving American trade. They did not believe that competition with European maritime powers was practicable on the sea, but considered the establishment of a trunk railway, which could be tapped by various countries, as the only possible expedient for the restoration of American commercial ascendency in the Southern hemisphere. Mr. Peeler's face lighted up with a fine glow of enthusiasm as he worked out on paper the details of the Three Americas Railway. On another occasion an American Minister over a bottle of champagne traced for me an alternative route through Brazil to Maranhão as a terminal point, and still another American diplomatist indicated Puerto Cabello in Venezuela as the Caribbean base of a railway system to be constructed under a guarantee of interest payments from Washington.

With these exceptions all sober-minded Americans whom I met in my journeys ridiculed these railway projects as vagaries of speculators and dreamers of the Sellers type. Mr. Thorndike, in Lima, who had been an active railway manager and owner for many years, told me that he had no faith in the Three Americas line, and expressed surprise that it should be seriously con-

sidered in the United States. The distances, in his judgment, were so great that if the continental railway were built, freight could not be carried in competition with steamers. Consul-General Adamson in Panama frankly confessed that he lacked the patience required for discussing so chimerical a scheme as a continental railway. My own observations were in accord with these conclusions with the single exception that the extension of the Mexican system to Costa Rica seemed to me entirely feasible. In Buenos Ayres I was told that the greater part of the work had already been provided for by the Southern Republics, and that an American corporation would not have to construct more than 1,500 miles of railway; but I have failed to find in my journeys any important link in the continental system. In Colombia there are only a few short railways. In Ecuador there may be a line some day between Quito and Guayaquil, but it will be hundreds of miles to the west of any practicable trunk route. In Peru there is a series of lateral railways, but no line which would be a link in the chain running north and south. The Chilians have carried a railway from Antofagasta into Bolivia, but that would be only a feeder for a continental line. Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso will be brought into railway communication within three years by the tunnelling of the Cumbre in Uspallata, but that system follows the parallels rather than the meridians. The narrow gauge line from Cordova to the Bolivian frontier could not be connected with the proposed trunk railway. The coffee railways of Brazil lie outside the range of the continental scheme.

Certainly the distances are appalling even to one who has not been trained to believe that the Isthmus

was designed by nature to facilitate trade from ocean to ocean. From New York to Buenos Ayres by the most practical route yet proposed there would be a railway mileage of over 8100. From the southern terminus of the Mexican system to New York there is now railway communication for a distance of 3200 miles. About 5000 miles of railway will be required in order to connect Buenos Ayres with New York and Chicago. Not only are all the links missing, but the sections through which the projectors hope to carry the line are either inhabited by Indians or are forests without population. The necessity of avoiding, on one side, the Cordilleras, and, on the other, rivers which cannot be bridged, diverts the proposed line from the populated seaboard to unexplored and uninhabited regions like the Chaco and the Peruvian Montaña. In order to convert such a railway into a remunerative enterprise, it would be necessary to open vast tracts to immigration, and to empty the surplus population of Europe into them. When the country was once populated, and industries established in what is now a wilderness with huddles of Indian huts, the movement of freight would be toward the coast by the lateral lines, rather than northward to the United States. A merchant marine equal in efficiency to that of maritime Europe would be indispensable for the development of American trade, even if the continental railway project were carried out. The distances would be so great that tropical produce could not be supplied to the northern market by rail in competition with steamship freights.

An interoceanic canal would be as inefficient an expedient as a continental railway for the development of American trade unless it were supplemented by

maritime and mercantile energy. The Panama Canal, if completed, will bring the west coast of South America into direct water communication with New York; but unless there are American steamship lines on that coast, and American wholesale houses for the introduction of manufactures, the waterway cannot directly promote trade. When either the Panama or the Nicaragua Canal is advocated as a necessity for the enlargement of American trade with the West Coast, Central America, China, Japan, and Australia, the fact is overlooked that with San Francisco as a base there is already direct water communication with all these countries. What has been lacking has been American energy in opening these foreign markets. With California producing everything required for two thousand miles of rainless coast in South America, there has been no organized attempt to compete with the English and Chilians in the carrying trade. Australia and China have not been converted into foreign markets by maritime energy and mercantile enterprise. The waterway may be constructed, but unless there is a change of American policy, it will be used mainly by European shipping in carrying English and German manufactures to foreign markets, where American competition is not conducted with intelligence and success.

A direct proof of this statement is to be found in the effect of the construction of the Panama Railway. That was an American enterprise undertaken in the interest of American trade; but it has benefited European manufactures to a large extent. The control of the transit trade, now averaging $50,000,000 a year, by an American corporation, has not retarded the development of English and German trade with the West

Coast. American trade was not promoted by that enterprise at the expense of foreign interests. The control of six-sevenths of the shares of the railway passed into the hands of the French Canal Company without having any appreciable effect upon foreign trade. Whether the canal be French, English, or American, the markets opened by more direct water communication will be controlled by that nation whose merchants and steamship lines vigorously and successfully compete for them.

An interoceanic canal, either at Panama or at Nicaragua, will have the important effect of bringing the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards into closer relations for purposes of military and naval defence. On this ground an American policy is needed respecting the Canals. The United States can anticipate the completion of either waterway with European capital by taking hold either of one or of the other as a government work and controlling it as such for military purposes, while opening it to the commerce of the world. This would be a practical application of the Monroe Doctrine, and it would be understood both in Europe and throughout Spanish America. The generalizations which have appeared in Presidential messages and Congressional resolutions during the last twenty years may have been rhetorical and patriotic, but they have not furnished a basis for a definite canal policy. What is needed is action by which one canal or the other may be built without engineering mismanagement, and speculative recklessness, shorter lines of ocean transportation opened, and the control of the waterway resolutely asserted and maintained. Such a work might cost $100,000,000 or even $200,000,000; but it would be an investment

under American control, and not like the $1,000,000,000 which Europe flung into the whirlpool of Argentine speculation.

Whether the continental railway be built, or an interoceanic waterway opened, or a complete series of reciprocity treaties negotiated, the permanent development of American trade with the Southern Republics requires the reproduction of European mercantile and maritime enterprise. These policies, singly or collectively, must be supplemented by the multiplication of steamship lines and the establishment of wholesale houses in all the important centres of Southern trade. While reciprocity will be a substantial gain to consumers North and South, and will tend to increase the exchanges of the food products of essentially different zones, its efficiency as a lever for opening foreign markets for manufactures of cotton, rubber, leather, iron, steel, glass, and paper, will probably be less than is generally supposed. This is a conclusion which I have formed after talking with merchants in all portions of Tropical America, and observing the lack of intelligence and enterprise displayed by Northern manufacturers. Reciprocity offers large opportunities for an expansion of American commerce and influence; but full advantage cannot be taken of an enlightened policy so long as mercantile energy is confined to the home market, and the Southern Hemisphere is neglected and surrendered to European competitors. American manufacturers have not known what was wanted in tropical countries. American merchants have not learned how to ship, pack, and sell goods for the Southern market. Ignorance of the commercial requirements and social conditions of the Spanish Republics has been, and still remains, the chief

obstacle to the enlargement of American trade. Unless this difficulty can be overcome, differential advantages of twenty-five or fifty per cent secured by treaty in cottons and hardware will be of little avail.

At Pará I found an American wholesale house and one also in Pernambuco; but hardly another one on the Atlantic seaboard south of the Amazon until I reached Montevideo. On the West Coast there were several mercantile houses dealing largely but not exclusively in American goods. In Venezuela, Cuba, and British West Indies and Mexico there are Americans on the ground, and the effect of their presence and intelligent supervision of the details of business is disclosed by a substantial increase in the sale of manufactures from the United States. In the Brazilian coast towns, in the Plate countries, on the West Coast, in Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies, English, French, and German merchants are found in wholesale houses. They are conversant with all the details of customs law, interior transportation, invoicing of goods, and the peculiarities of public taste. They carry large stocks from which retail dealers can replenish their shelves whenever they choose to order goods, and there is no delay in filling orders, and there are no costly blunders in packing and invoicing by which duties are unnecessarily increased. This is the method adopted by mercantile Europe in introducing its manufactures. American manufacturers, meanwhile, have been seeking to compete with them by soliciting the aid of consuls in peddling their wares, and by sending over the ground commercial travellers unfamiliar with the native language, and unprepared to tell retail dealers what importations from the United States would cost when

placed on their counters or when they could get them. The establishment of wholesale houses in all the important centres of population of the West Indies, Mexico, Central America, and South America would be of greater practical value in promoting the introduction of American manufactures than all the reciprocity conventions which have been negotiated.

Maritime energy, by which a new commercial marine can be brought into existence under the national flag, is also needed in order that full advantage may be derived from favorable commercial conventions. There are now six American steamship lines participating in the carrying trade of the Southern countries, a feeble remnant of a merchant fleet which was once the pride and glory of a maritime nation. Only one of these crosses the equator, calling at St. Thomas, Martinique, and Barbadoes before making the circuit of the Brazilian coast. The exports of the Southern countries, amounting, in 1890, to nearly $200,000,000, were largely brought into American ports by foreign ships, many of which returned to the tropics by way of Europe, thereby depriving merchants and manufacturers of the advantage of direct trade in exchange. I talked with Americans in all the countries which I visited, and ascertained that there was no divergence of opinion among them on this subject. They all attributed the commercial ascendancy of maritime Europe very largely to the intelligence and energy with which steam communication had been opened with Tropical America. When commerce is undertaken with nations which have no merchant fleets of their own, the flag advertises foreign enterprise. The absence of the American flag, in ports crowded with European shipping, is accepted as an unerring indica-

tion of lack of energy. When the United States ceases to be the only nation which deliberately neglects its shipping interests, large results may be confidently anticipated from the reciprocity policy, but not otherwise. Wherever Americans have made an earnest effort to compete with foreigners, as in Cuba, Venezuela, and Mexico, they have been successful. With mercantile energy and ample steamship, mail, and banking facilities, they will not fail in any quarter of Tropical America. Preoccupied with the development of their own country, they have neglected a great field, where there is a foreign trade of over $1,200,000,000 a year. It is a commerce worth competing for with all the resources of American energy.

The moral effect of intimate trade relations, between the United States and the Southern Republics, will be very great. Countries which have been powerfully influenced by nations dominated by monarchical ideas have much to learn from the Northern Republic, whose political institutions they have imperfectly assimilated. Whoever visits Tropical America has to make allowance for cycles of retarded development before he can be adequately impressed with the fact that the Latin race, while it has a different strain from Anglo-Saxon blood, is performing useful functions in the economy of civilization. The Southern half of the continent bears at once the impress of the vices and the virtues of Spanish and Portuguese conquest. The vices are military supremacy, irresponsible power and official corruption, and contact with Europe, where a spirit of militarism prevails, and where bond-holding syndicates are reaching after the highest rates of interest to be obtained from impoverished nations, has enlarged and aggravated

them. The virtues are sturdy independence, a genuine love of liberty, flexibility in dealing with mixed races, and faith in the superior resources of the New World.

These virtues would have been promoted by closer commercial intercourse with the United States. The Argentine, as a commercial dependency of Europe, has been ruled by political cabals, debauched by foreign money-lenders, and plundered by speculative adventurers. Mexico, under the influence of American capital and railway construction, has a strong and enlightened national government, and a well-ordered system of finance. The United States can do more than Europe, in Tropical America, toward organizing and directing the moral force of public opinion, upon which the success and practical efficiency of genuine republican institutions depend. It only needs to be brought into constant commercial intercourse with all the Southern countries in order to accomplish a great work for civilization.

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